This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Harvard College
Library

FROM THE BEQUEST OF
SAMUEL SHAPLEIGH
CLASS OF 1789
LIBRARIAN OF HARVARD COLLEGE
1798–1800

THE

POETS AND POETRY

OF

SCOTLAND.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE

POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME

COMPRISING CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL

VOL. II.

FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL TO MARQUIS OF LORNE.
BORN A.D. 1777 BORN A.D. 1845

NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
FRANKLIN SQUARE
1876

11423.44.150(2)
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Copyright, 1875, by Harper & Brothers.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Portrait—THOMAS CAMPBELL—From the picture by Lonsdale, ... *frontis.* 1
" JOHN WILSON ('Christopher North')—From the picture by Lauder, ... *to face* 72
" D. M. MOIR ('Delta')—From a Photograph, ... " 166
" HORATIUS BONAR—From a Photograph, ... " 308
" ROBERT BUCHANAN—From a Photograph, ... " 491

PAGE

LIST OF AUTHORS, ... xv

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777–1844), ... 1
The Pleasures of Hope, ... 5
Death of Gertrude (extract), ... 17
Hallowed Ground, ... 19
Lord Ullin's Daughter, ... 20
Ye Mariners of England, ... 20
Lochiel's Warning, ... 21
The Last Man, ... 22
Battle of the Baltic, ... 22
Hohenlinden, ... 23
Glenara, ... 23
The Exile of Erin, ... 24
Cora Linn, ... 24
Lines written in Argyleshire, ... 25
Ode to Memory of Burns, ... 25
Lines on Revisiting Cathcart, ... 26
The Soldier's Dream, ... 26
To the Evening Star, ... 27
The Dirge of Wallace, ... 27

BROWN, THOMAS (1778–1820), ... 28
The Faithless Mourner, ... 28
The Non-Descript, ... 29
Consolation of Altered Fortunes, ... 29
The Lute, ... 29

TRAIN, JOSEPH (1779–1852), ... 30
Blooming Jessie, ... 31
Wi' Drums and Pipes, ... 31
Garryhorn, ... 31
My Doggie, ... 32
Old Scotia, ... 32

WATSON, WALTER (1780–1854), ... 33
Maggie an' Me, ... 33
The Braes o' Bedlay, ... 34
Sae will we Yet, ... 34
My Jockie's far awa', ... 35

LAIDLAW, WILLIAM (1780–1845), ... 35
Her bonnie black E'e, ... 36
Lucy's Flittin', ... 36
Alake for the Lassie! 37

PAGE

JAMIESON, ROBERT (1780–1844), ... 37
Sir Oluf and the Elf-king's Daughter, ... 38
Annie o' Tharaw, ... 38
The Quern Lilt, ... 39
My sweet wee Laddie, ... 39
Balade, ... 40
Go to him, then, ... 40
My Wife's a winsome wee Thing, ... 40

GRAY, CHARLES (1782–1851), ... 41
The Lass of Pittenweem, ... 41
When Autumn, ... 41
Sequel to Maggie Lauder, ... 42
Louisa's but a Lassie yet, ... 42
The Minstrel, ... 42

NICHOLSON, WILLIAM (1782–1849) 43
The Brownie of Blednoch, ... 44
The Braes of Galloway, ... 45
My ain bonnie May, ... 45

FINLAY, JOHN (1782–1810), ... 46
Archy o' Kilspindie, ... 47
I heard the evening Linnet's voice, ... 48
O! come with me, ... 48

TENNANT, WILLIAM (1784–1848), ... 48
Anster Fair (canto i.), ... 50
Tammy Little, ... 55
Ode to Peace, ... 56
To my Mother's Spinning-wheel, ... 57

RODGER, ALEXANDER (1784–1846), ... 57
Shon M'Nab, ... 58
Behave yoursel' before Folk, ... 59
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen, ... 60
Robin Tamson, ... 61

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784–1842), ... 61
The Mermaid of Galloway, ... 64
The Poet's Bridal-day Song, ... 66
The Downfall of Dalzell, ... 67
She's gane to dwall in Heaven, ... 67
De Bruce! De Bruce! 68
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, ... 68

11423.44.150(2)

Copyright, 1875, by Harper & Brothers.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Portrait—THOMAS CAMPBELL—From the picture by Lonsdale, ... *frontis.* 1
" JOHN WILSON ('Christopher North')—From the picture by Lauder, ... *to face* 72
" D. M. MOIR ('Delta')—From a Photograph, ... " 166
" HORATIUS BONAR—From a Photograph, ... " 308
" ROBERT BUCHANAN—From a Photograph, ... " 491

PAGE

LIST OF AUTHORS, ... xv

CAMPBELL, THOMAS (1777–1844), ... 1
The Pleasures of Hope, ... 5
Death of Gertrude (extract), ... 17
Hallowed Ground, ... 19
Lord Ullin's Daughter, ... 20
Ye Mariners of England, ... 20
Lochiel's Warning, ... 21
The Last Man, ... 22
Battle of the Baltic, ... 22
Hohenlinden, ... 23
Glenara, ... 23
The Exile of Erin, ... 24
Cora Linn, ... 24
Lines written in Argyleshire, ... 25
Ode to Memory of Burns, ... 25
Lines on Revisiting Cathcart, ... 26
The Soldier's Dream, ... 26
To the Evening Star, ... 27
The Dirge of Wallace, ... 27

BROWN, THOMAS (1778–1820), ... 28
The Faithless Mourner, ... 28
The Non-Descript, ... 29
Consolation of Altered Fortunes, ... 29
The Lute, ... 29

TRAIN, JOSEPH (1779–1852), ... 30
Blooming Jessie, ... 31
Wi' Drums and Pipes, ... 31
Garryhorn, ... 31
My Doggie, ... 32
Old Scotia, ... 32

WATSON, WALTER (1780–1854), ... 33
Maggie an' Me, ... 33
The Braes o' Bedlay, ... 34
Sae will we Yet, ... 34
My Jockie's far awa', ... 35

LAIDLAW, WILLIAM (1780–1845), ... 35
Her bonnie black E'e, ... 36
Lucy's Flittin', ... 36
Alake for the Lassie! 37

PAGE

JAMIESON, ROBERT (1780–1844), ... 37
Sir Oluf and the Elf-king's Daughter, ... 38
Annie o' Tharaw, ... 38
The Quern Lilt, ... 39
My sweet wee Laddie, ... 39
Balade, ... 40
Go to him, then, ... 40
My Wife's a winsome wee Thing, ... 40

GRAY, CHARLES (1782–1851), ... 41
The Lass of Pittenweem, ... 41
When Autumn, ... 41
Sequel to Maggie Lauder, ... 42
Louisa's but a Lassie yet, ... 42
The Minstrel, ... 42

NICHOLSON, WILLIAM (1782–1849) 43
The Brownie of Blednoch, ... 44
The Braes of Galloway, ... 45
My ain bonnie May, ... 45

FINLAY, JOHN (1782–1810), ... 46
Archy o' Kilspindie, ... 47
I heard the evening Linnet's voice, ... 48
O! come with me, ... 48

TENNANT, WILLIAM (1784–1848), ... 48
Anster Fair (canto i.), ... 50
Tammy Little, ... 55
Ode to Peace, ... 56
To my Mother's Spinning-wheel, ... 57

RODGER, ALEXANDER (1784–1846), ... 57
Shon M'Nab, ... 58
Behave yoursel' before Folk, ... 59
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen, ... 60
Robin Tamson, ... 61

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN (1784–1842), ... 61
The Mermaid of Galloway, ... 64
The Poet's Bridal-day Song, ... 66
The Downfall of Dalzell, ... 67
She's gane to dwall in Heaven, ... 67
De Bruce! De Bruce! 68
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea, ... 68

PAGE
The Lovely Lass of Preston-mill, . . . 69
It's Hame, and it's Hame, ... 69
My Nanie, O, ... 70
Saturday's Sun, ... 70
Awake, my Love, ... 70
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose, . . 71
The Sun rises bright in France, . . . 71
Bonnie Lady Ann, ... 71

WILSON, JOHN (1785–1854), ... 72
A Lay of Fairy-land, ... 74
My Cottage, ... 77
Lines written in a Highland Burial-ground, 79
Address to a Wild Deer (extracts), . . 80
To a Sleeping Child (extracts), ... 81
Mary Gray's Song, ... 81
The Three Seasons of Love, ... 82
The Past, ... 83
The Evening Cloud, ... 83
Loughrig Tarn, ... 83

GRANT, ROBERT (1785–1838), ... 85
Litany, ... 85
"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?" . 86
"Blessed is the Man whom Thou Chastenest," 86
Comfort under Affliction, ... 86
The Brooklet, ... 87

BEATTIE, GEORGE (1786–1823), ... 87
John o' Arnha' (extract), ... 88
The Dream, ... 90

CARRICK, JOHN DONALD (1787–1837), ... 91
The Muirlan' Cottars, ... 91
The Song of the Slave, ... 92
The Harp and the Haggis, ... 92

LAING, ALEXANDER (1787–1857), ... 93
Archie Allan, ... 94
The Brownie of Fearnden, ... 96
The Trysting-tree, ... 97
The Happy Mother, ... 97
Adam Glen, ... 97
Auld Eppie, ... 98
The Young Inquirer and Aged Christian, 98

CARLILE, ALEXANDER (1788–1860), ... 98
Wha's at the Window? 99
The Vale of Killean, ... 99
The Corbie and Craw, ... 99
My Brothers are the Stately Trees, . . 100

PRINGLE, THOMAS (1789–1834), ... 100
Afar in the Desert, ... 101
The Lion and Giraffe, ... 102
Come awa', come awa', ... 103
Farewell to Teviotdale, ... 103
Maid of my Heart, ... 103

BURTT, JOHN (1789–1866), ... 104
On the Divine Mercy, ... 105
The Farewell, ... 105
O'er the Mist-shrouded Cliffs, ... 105

PAGE
O! Lassie I lo'e dearest, ... 106
Sweet the Bard, ... 106

KNOX, WILLIAM (1789–1825), ... 106
The Wooer's Visit, ... 107
Mortality, ... 108
Harp of Zion, ... 109
The Dear Land of Cakes, ... 109
To-morrow, ... 110
The Season of Youth, ... 110

GLEN, WILLIAM (1789–1826), ... 110
The Battle-song, ... 111
Wae's me for Prince Charlie, ... 112
How Eerily, how Drearily, ... 113
The Battle of Vittoria, ... 113
The Maid of Oronsey, ... 114
Mary Gray, ... 114

MACDIARMID, JOHN (1790–1852), ... 114
Evening, ... 115
My Faithful Somebody, ... 116
Nithside, ... 116
On the Death of a Child, ... 117

VEDDER, DAVID (1790–1854), ... 117
Sir Alan Mortimer, ... 118
The Temple of Nature, ... 120
Gideon's War-song, ... 120
Jeanie's Welcome Hame, ... 121
The Sun had slipped, ... 121

NEVAY, JOHN (1792–1870), ... 122
The Fall of the Leaf, ... 122
A Summer Love-letter, ... 123
The Dreaming Lover, ... 124

AINSLIE, HEW (b 1792), ... 125
"Stands Scotland where it did?" . . . 126
The Rover o' Lochryan, ... 126
The Sweetest o' them a', ... 127
On wi' the Tartan, ... 127
The Last Look of Home, ... 127
The Ingle Side, ... 128
A Hameward Sang, ... 128
Sighings for the Sea-side, ... 128

LYLE, THOMAS (1792–1859), ... 129
Kelvin Grove, ... 129
I ance knew Content, ... 130
Dark Dunoon, ... 130

FINLAY, WILLIAM (1792–1847), ... 131
The Mighty Munro, ... 131
The Dream of Life's Young Day, . . . 132
The Widow's Excuse, ... 132

BEATTIE, WILLIAM (1793–1875), ... 133
Monody on Death of Thomas Campbell, 134
Lines on a Portrait, ... 136
Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds, 136

LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS (1793–1847), ... 137
Evening, ... 138
On a Naval Officer buried in the Atlantic, 138

PAGE
Grace Darling's Death-bed, ... 139
"Lo, we have left all," 140
Abide with Me, ... 140

LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON (1794–1854), ... 141
Captain Paton's Lament, ... 143
Broadswords of Scotland, ... 144
The Lamentation for Celin, ... 144
Bernardo and Alphonso, ... 145
Zara's Ear-rings, ... 146
Beyond, ... 147
Lines written on Tweedside, ... 147
The Bridal of Andalla, ... 148

HAMILTON, JANET (1795–1873), ... 149
The Skylark—Caged and Free, . . . 150
Gran'faither at Cam'slang, ... 150

CARLYLE, THOMAS (b. 1795), ... 151
Tragedy of the Night-moth, ... 152
The Sower's Song, ... 153
Adieu, ... 153
Cui Bono? 154
Psalm xlvi., ... 154
Mason-lodge, ... 154
The Frog and the Steer, ... 155

WEIR, DANIEL (1795–1831), ... 155
The Midnight Wind, ... 156
On the Death of a Child, ... 157
'Neath the Wave, ... 157
Raven's Stream, ... 157

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM (1797–1835), ... 157
The Master of Weemys, ... 159
The Wooing Song, ... 160
The Merry Summer Months, ... 161
Jeanie Morrison, ... 162
My Heid is like to rend, Willie, . . . 163
The Mermaiden, ... 164
Wearie's Well, ... 164
The Midnight Wind, ... 165
The Dying Poet, ... 165
The Cavalier's Song, ... 166

MOIR, DAVID MACBETH (1798–1851), ... 166
Casa Wappy, ... 167
The Winter Wild, ... 168
Heigh-ho! 169
To my Infant Daughter, ... 170
Mary Dhu, ... 170
The Sabbath, ... 171
Moonlight Churchyard, ... 171
Rural Scenery, ... 171
The School Bank, ... 171

SMART, ALEXANDER (1798–1868), ... 172
Spring-time, ... 172
Madie's Schule, ... 173
Oh, leave me not, ... 173

PICKEN, JOANNA B. (1798–1850), ... 174
An auld Friend wi' a new Face, . . . 174
The Death-watch, ... 175

PAGE
CONOLLY, ERSKINE (1798–1843), ... 175
The Greetin' Bairn, ... 176
Mary Macneil, ... 176
To my first Gray Hair, ... 177

GILFILLAN, ROBERT (1798–1850), ... 177
The Autumn Winds are blawing, . . . 178
O! what is this World? 178
Manor Braes, ... 178
Janet an' Me, ... 179
The Happy Days o' Youth, ... 179
The Exile's Song, ... 180
Fare thee well, ... 180
The Bonnie Braes o' Scotland, ... 180
In the Days o' Langsyne, ... 181

HYSLOP, JAMES (1798–1827), ... 181
The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath, . . 182
The Cameronian's Dream, ... 184
The Cameronian's Vision, ... 185
A Love Song, ... 188
Song—To You, ... 188
Let Italy boast, ... 189
Fragment of a Dream, ... 189

RIDDELL, HENRY SCOTT (1798–1870), ... 190
The Crook and Plaid, ... 192
Our Mary, ... 193
Would that I were where wild woods wave, 194
Scotland Yet, ... 194
The wild Glen sae Green, ... 194
The Minstrel's Grave, ... 195
The Emigrant's Wish, ... 195

POLLOK, ROBERT (1798–1827), ... 196
The Course of Time (book i.), ... 197
Helen's Tomb, ... 202

THOM, WILLIAM (1799–1848) 202
The Blind Boy's Pranks (No. 1), . . . 204
Dreamings of the Bereaved, ... 204
Jeanie's Grave, ... 205
The Mitherless Bairn, ... 205
The Drunkard's Dream, ... 205

HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE (1799–185.), ... 206
The Convict Ship, ... 206
The Dead Trumpeter, ... 207
The Gondola Glides, ... 207

LAWSON, JAMES (b. 1799), ... 208
The Approach of Age, ... 209
To a Lintie, ... 209
When Spring arrayed in Flowers, . . 210
Campsie Glen, ... 210

IMLAH, JOHN (1799–1846), ... 211
Where Gadie rins, ... 211
Auld Scotia's Sangs, ... 211
Thou'rt sair Alter'd, ... 212
The Gathering, ... 212
There lives a Young Lassie, ... 213

PAGE

KENNEDY, WILLIAM (1799–1849), ... 213
The Arrow and the Rose (extract), . . 214
The Dirge of the Last Conqueror, . . 215
The Pirate's Serenade, ... 216
I love the Land, ... 216
The Grave of William Motherwell, . . 217

TELFER, JAMES (1800–1862), ... 217
The Gloamyne Buchte, ... 218
Saint Ullin's Pilgrim, ... 220
Oh! will ye Walk? 222

PENNEY, WILLIAM, Lord Kinloch (1801–1872), 222
Gifts to God, ... 222
A Lost Day, ... 223
Dying in Darkness, ... 223
Desire of Death, ... 223
The Star in the East, ... 223
Litany, ... 224
Bread on the Waters, ... 224

WILSON, WILLIAM (1801–1860), ... 224
To my Children, ... 226
Sweet Lammas Moon, ... 227
Auld Johnny Graham, ... 227
A Welcome to Christopher North, . . 227
Jean Linn, ... 228
Richard Cœur de Lion, ... 228
Britannia, ... 228
Jeanie Graham, ... 229
Sabbath Morning in the Woods, . . . 229
Work is Prayer, ... 230
Waning Life and Weary, ... 230

ATKINSON, THOMAS (1801–1833), ... 230
To the Aurora Borealis, ... 231
The Proud Heart's Pain, ... 231
Alas! I cannot Love! 232
Mary Shearer, ... 232
The Hour is Come, ... 233

WILSON, ROBERT (b. 1801), ... 233
America, ... 233
Humbie Wood, Aberdour, ... 234
The Old Churchyard of Aberdour, . . 235

MACNISH, ROBERT (1802–1837), ... 236
To the Rhine, ... 237
The Lover's Secret, ... 237
To a Child, ... 238

CHAMBERS, ROBERT (1802–1871), ... 238
The Peerless One, ... 240
Scotland, ... 241
The Prisoner of Spedlins, ... 242
Young Randal, ... 242
Lament for the old Highland Warriors, 243
The Ladye that I Love, ... 243

AIRD, THOMAS (1802–1876), ... 243
The Captive of Fez (extract), ... 244
The River, ... 245
The Swallow, ... 246

PAGE

The Holy Cottage, ... 246
My Mother's Grave, ... 247

BENNET, WILLIAM (b. 1802), ... 248
Blest be the Hour of Night, ... 249
I'll think on thee, Love, ... 249
The Rose of Beauty, ... 250
Ode to Craigdarroch Water, ... 250

MILLER, HUGH (1802–1856), ... 250
Oh! softly sighs the Westlin' Breeze, . 252
On Seeing a Sun-dial in a Churchyard, . 253
Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go, ... 253
Ode to my Mither Tongue, ... 254

PICKEN, ANDREW BELFRAGE (1802–1849), ... 254
The Bedouins (extract), ... 255
The Home Fever, ... 256
Mexico, ... 256

WHITE, ROBERT (b. 1802), ... 257
Lady Jean, ... 257
My Native Land, ... 258
Morning, ... 259
The Caged Bird, ... 260

RAMSAY, JOHN (b. 1802), ... 260
On seeing a Redbreast shot, ... 261
Farewell to Craufurdland, ... 261

HETHERINGTON, WM. MAXWELL (1803–1865), 261
The Heart's Dirge, ... 262
The Torwood Oak, ... 263
The Hawthorn Tree, ... 263
The Graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, 264
The Voice of Streams, ... 264

BETHUNE, ALEXANDER (1804–1843), ... 265
Musings of Convalescence, ... 266
A Mother's Love, ... 266
On his Brother's Death, ... 267

MOORE, DUGALD (1805–1841), ... 267
The Voice of the Spirit, ... 268
To the Clyde, ... 268
Hannibal on Drinking the Poison, . . 269

ANDERSON, WILLIAM (1805–1866), ... 269
To a Wild Flower, ... 270
At E'ening whan the Kye, ... 270
I'm Naebody noo, ... 271
Dryburgh Abbey, ... 271
Through the Wood, ... 271

BELL, HENRY GLASSFORD (1805–1874), ... 272
Mary Queen of Scots, ... 273
The King's Daughter, ... 275
Blossoms, ... 276
I loved Thee, ... 277
My *Vis-à-Vis*, ... 277
The End, ... 278
Why is my Spirit sad? 278

ALLAN, GEORGE (1806–1835), ... 279
Is your War-pipe asleep? 279

PAGE
Old Scotland, ... 280
Young Donald, ... 280
I will think of thee yet, ... 280

STERLING, JOHN (1806–1844), ... 281
To a Child, ... 282
The Rose and the Gauntlet, ... 282
The Spice-tree, ... 283
Shakspere, ... 283
The Husbandman, ... 284
The Two Oceans, ... 284
Louis XV., ... 284
Mirabeau, ... 285

BRYDSON, THOMAS (1806–1855), ... 286
The Fallen Rock, ... 286
All Lovely and Bright, ... 287
Dunolly Castle, ... 287
Po'k-head Wood, ... 287
I kenna what's come ower Him, . . . 288
The Earthquake, ... 288
The Gipsies, ... 288
Falling Leaves, ... 288
Retrospection, ... 288
A Remembered Spot, ... 289
A Thought, ... 289

PARK, ANDREW (1807–1863), ... 289
Silent Love (extract), ... 290
Sandyford Ha', ... 290
Hurra for the Highlands! 291
The Auld Folks, ... 291
Flowers of Summer, ... 291
The Banks of Clyde, ... 291
There is a bonnie Flower, ... 292

MACDONALD, JAMES (1807–1848), ... 292
The Wilderness Well (extract), . . . 293
The Three Ages, ... 293
Hymn—Oh, God above, ... 295
The Thistle, ... 296
O, Leeze me on the Glen, ... 297
The Pride o' the Glen, ... 297

BALLANTINE, JAMES (b. 1808), ... 298
Harvest-home, ... 299
The Snawy Kirkyard, ... 300
Falling Leaves, ... 301
The Feeding Shower, ... 301
Lay up Treasures in Heaven, ... 301
Wifie, come Hame, ... 302
Naebody's Bairn, ... 302
A Stieve Heart and a Sturdy Step, . . 302
Ilka Blade o' Grass, ... 303

MACCOLL, EVAN (b. 1808), ... 303
Glory to the Brave, ... 304
A Visit to Staffa, ... 304
My Rowan-tree, ... 305
A May Morning in Glenshira, ... 306
To the Falling Snow, ... 307
The Child of Promise, ... 307
Evening Address to Loch Lomond, . . 308

PAGE
BONAR, HORATIUS (b. 1808), ... 308
A Little While, ... 309
Newly Fallen Asleep, ... 310
Heaven, ... 311
The Martyrs of Scotland, ... 311
Lucy, ... 311
No more Sea, ... 312
All Well, ... 312
The Meeting-place, ... 313

HUME, ALEXANDER (1809–1851), ... 313
Menie Hay, ... 314
My Bessie, ... 314
Sandy Allan, ... 315
I've Wandered on the Sunny Hill, . . 315
Oh! Years hae come, ... 315

BLACKIE, JOHN STUART (b. 1809), ... 316
The Death of Columba, ... 317
The Lay of the Brave Cameron, . . . 319
Benedicite, ... 320
The Two Meek Margarets, ... 320
The Emigrant Lassie, ... 321
October, ... 321
A Song of the Country, ... 322
The Highland Manse, ... 322
Beautiful World! 322

SMIBERT, THOMAS (1810–1851), ... 323
The Widow's Lament, ... 324
The Hero of St. John d'Acre, ... 324
My ain dear Land, ... 325
The Voice of Woe, ... 325

STODDART, THOMAS TOD (b. 1810), ... 326
Loch Skene, ... 326
The Angler's Trysting-tree, ... 327
The British Oak, ... 328
Let ither Anglers, ... 328
Musings on the Banks of the Teviot, . . 328
Flower-life, ... 329

BETHUNE, JOHN (1810–1839), ... 330
Hymn of the Churchyard, ... 332
A Spring Song, ... 332
Sacramental Hymn, ... 333
Withered Flowers, ... 333

MILLER, WILLIAM (1810–1872), ... 334
Willie Winkie, ... 335
Cockie-leerie-la, ... 335
The Wonderfu' Wean, ... 336
Gree, Bairnies, gree, ... 337
Spring, ... 337
Lady Summer, ... 337
Hairst, ... 337
November, ... 338
John Frost, ... 338
Our ain Fire-end, ... 339
When Jamie comes Hame, ... 339
The Blue Bell, ... 339
The Haw Blossom, ... 340
Sonnet to a Lady, ... 340

PAGE

MACLAGAN, ALEXANDER (b. 1811), ... 340
A Sister's Love, ... 341
The Outcast, ... 342
Love's Evening Song, ... 343
The Auld Meal Mill, ... 343
Curling Song, ... 344
Aye keep your Head aboon the Water, . 345
"Dinna ye hear it?" 345
"We'll ha'e nane but Highland Bonnets," 346
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen, . . 346
To a Wounded Sea-bird, ... 346

SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL (b. 1811), ... 347
Sonnet—My Mother, ... 348
Woodstock Maze, ... 348
Parted Love, ... 350
Saint Margaret, ... 350

SIMPSON, MRS. JANE CROSS (b. 1811), ... 351
The Longings of Genius, ... 351
Good Angels, ... 352
Going to the Country, ... 353
Tedium Vitæ, ... 354
I know not, ... 354
To a Friend, ... 354
Prayer, ... 355

SINCLAIR, WILLIAM (1811–1870), ... 355
The Royal Breadalbane Oak, ... 356
Is not the Earth, ... 356

BENNOCH, FRANCIS (b. 1812), ... 357
May-day Fancies, ... 357
The Lime Tree, ... 358
Our Ship, ... 359
London, ... 359
Florence Nightingale, ... 360
Over the Hills, ... 360
Under the Linden, ... 360
Verses addressed to Hawthorne, . . . 361

MACLEOD, NORMAN (1812–1872), ... 361
Dance, my Children, ... 363
Trust in God, ... 363
Curler's Song, ... 363
We are not there, Beloved! 364
The Anxious Mother, ... 364
Tempora Mutantur, ... 365
Sunday in the Highlands, ... 365
A Mother's Funeral, ... 365

GUTHRIE, JAMES CARGILL (b. 1812), ... 366
The Unseen, ... 367
The Links o' Barry, ... 367
The Minstrel's Lay, ... 368
Forget her! 368
Wills' Bonnie Braes, ... 368
The Bonnie Braes o' Airlie, ... 369
The Flower of Strathmore, ... 369

NICOLL, ROBERT (1814–1837), ... 370
Life's Pilgrimage, ... 371

PAGE

The Morning Star, ... 372
A Maiden's Meditation, ... 373
The Ha' Bible, ... 373
Ordé Braes, ... 374
We are Brethren a', ... 374
The Herd Lassie, ... 375
Be still, thou beating Heart, ... 375
The Place that I love best, ... 375
The Puir Folk, ... 376
Milton—A Sonnet, ... 377
Death, ... 377

HEDDERWICK, JAMES (b. 1814), ... 378
First Grief, ... 378
The Emigrants, ... 379
Sorrow and Song, ... 380
The Land for Me, ... 380
Middle Age, ... 380
Waiting for the Ship, ... 381

MACKAY, CHARLES (b. 1814), ... 381
The Child and the Mourners, ... 383
The Good Time Coming, ... 383
Remembrances of Nature, ... 384
O ye Tears, ... 384
Under the Holly Bough, ... 385
What might be Done, ... 385
A Candid Wooing, ... 385
Little and Great, ... 386
A Lover's Dreams, ... 386
To the West, ... 387
Apologue from "Egeria," 387
Lament of Cona, ... 387

AIRD, MARION PAUL (b. 1815), ... 389
Hope, ... 389
The Fa' o' the Leaf, ... 390
Far, far away, ... 390
The Auld Kirkyard, ... 391
The Ministry of Angels, ... 391
The Herd Laddie, ... 391
A Memory Dear, ... 392

MARTIN, THEODORE (b. 1816), ... 392
The Interment of Thomas Campbell, . . 393
The Dying Girl's Song, ... 394
Mark Bozzari, ... 394
Napoleon's Midnight Review, ... 395
The Serenade, ... 396

CRAWFORD, JOHN (1816–1873), ... 396
My Auld Wife Jean, ... 397
The Land o' the Bonnet and Plaid, . . 397
Ann o' Cornylee, ... 398
The Waes o' Eild, ... 398

MACDONALD, HUGH (1817–1856), ... 398
Wee Annie o' Auchineden, ... 399
The Birds of Scotland, ... 400
To the Clyde, ... 401
The Bonnie Wee Well, ... 402
To October, ... 402

PAGE

M'LACHLAN, ALEXANDER (b. 1818), ... 403
I winna gae Hame, ... 403
Old Hannah, ... 404
The Halls of Holyrood, ... 404
May, ... 405
Lord Lindsay's Return, ... 405
Scotland Revisited, ... 406

MAXWELL, WILLIAM STIRLING (b. 1818), ... 407
Ruth, ... 407
The Abdication of Charles V., ... 408
Shallum, ... 410

LATTO, THOMAS C. (b. 1818), ... 410
The Grave of Sir Walter Scott, . . . 411
The School Examination, ... 413
When we were at the Schule, ... 414
The Kiss ahint the Door, ... 415
Tell me, Dear, ... 416
The Blind Lassie, ... 416
Sly Widow Skinner, ... 416

MACDUFF, JOHN R. (b. 1818), ... 417
In Memoriam, ... 417
David Livingstone, ... 418
Farewell to Palestine, ... 420
Nature's Hymn, ... 421
"The City of the Crystal Sea," . . . 422

SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL (b. 1819), ... 424
The Sacramental Sabbath, ... 424
The Clearance Song, ... 426
The Moor of Rannoch, ... 427
The Bush aboon Traquair, ... 428

PATON, JOSEPH NOEL (b. 1821), ... 428
The Tomb in the Chancel, ... 429
Song, ... 429
Sir Launcelot, ... 430
Ulysses in Ogygia, ... 430
Love and Friendship, ... 431
The Chieftain's Coronach, ... 431

LEIGHTON, ROBERT (b. 1822), ... 432
The Baptecsement o' the Bairn, . . . 433
Scotch Words, ... 436
Incense of Flowers, ... 437

BURNS, JAMES D. (1823–1864), ... 437
Porto Santo, ... 438
Discovery of the North-west Passage, . 439
The Wanderer, ... 440
Rise, Little Star, ... 440
Friends I Love, ... 440
Chastening, ... 441
The Death of a Believer, ... 441

MURDOCH, WILLIAM (b. 1823), ... 441
The Bagpipes, ... 442
Address to my Auld Blue Bonnet, . . 443
The Highlander's Wife, ... 444

SMITH, JAMES (b. 1824), ... 445
Wee Cockielorum, ... 445

PAGE

Wee Joukydaidles, ... 446
Burd Ailie, ... 447
Doun Fair Dalmeny's Rosy Dells, . . . 447
The Lintwhite, ... 447
Lilly Lorn, ... 448
Clap, clap Handies, ... 448
The Harebell blossomed rarely, . . . 448

MACDONALD, GEORGE (b. 1824), ... 449
The Sheep and the Goat, ... 450
An old Sermon with a new Text, . . . 450
What makes Summer? 451
Baby, ... 452
O Lassie ayont the Hill! 453
The Waesome Carl, ... 453
Time and Tide, ... 454
Annie she's dowie, ... 455
A Parable: Tell me, ... 455

SYMINGTON, ANDREW J. (b. 1825), ... 456
On hearing Jessica play sweet Music, . 456
The Dream Harp, ... 457
Summer Evening, ... 458
Bertram's Last Picture, ... 458
How much ow'st thou? 459

WINGATE, DAVID (b. 1828), ... 459
The Streamlet, ... 460
October, ... 461
The Deein' Fisher, ... 462
A Day amang the Haws, ... 463
John Frost, ... 464

VEITCH, JOHN (b. 1829), ... 465
Cademuir (extract), ... 465
The Cloud-berry, ... 466
The Hart of Mosfennan, ... 466
Among the Hills! Away! 467

SMITH, ALEXANDER (1830–1867), ... 467
Squire Maurice, ... 469
The Night before the Wedding, . . . 474
Glasgow, ... 475

KNOX, ISA CRAIG (b. 1831), ... 477
Ode on the Centenary of Burns, . . . 477
The Way in the Wood, ... 479
A Song of Summer, ... 480
Going out and Coming in, ... 481
My Mary an' Me, ... 481
"Our Father," 481

MACFARLAN, JAMES (1832–1862), ... 482
The Lords of Labour, ... 483
Bookworld, ... 483
The Midnight Train, ... 483
The Widow's Wake, ... 484
The Ruined City, ... 484
Shadows on the Wall, ... 485

GRAY, DAVID (1838–1861), ... 485
The Yellow-hammer, ... 486
The Harebell, ... 487

PAGE
The Golden Wedding, ... 487
An October Musing, ... 488
Sonnet, ... 488

LEIGHTON, WILLIAM (1841–1869), ... 488
The Leaf of Woodruff, ... 489
Summers Long Ago, ... 489
The Cloud, ... 490
Baby Died To-day, ... 490

BUCHANAN, ROBERT (b. 1841), ... 491
Willie Baird, ... 491
The Dead Mother, ... 495
The Ballad of Judas Iscariot, ... 496
The Battle of Drumliemoor, ... 499
The Starling, ... 500

ANDERSON, ALEXANDER (b. 1845), ... 501
Blood on the Wheel, ... 502
Agnes Died (extract), ... 503
The Lost Eden found again, ... 504
A' his Lane, ... 504
Keats and David Gray, ... 505

LORNE, MARQUIS OF (b. 1845), ... 505
Guido and Lita (extract), ... 506

APPENDIX.

ALEXANDER, WILLIAM LINDSAY (b. 1808), . . . 511
The Last Wish, ... 511

ANDERSON, JOHN, ... 511
The Fountain of Life, ... 511

BINNING, LORD, Chas. Hamilton (1696–1732), 512
Ungrateful Nannie, ... 512

BLACKIE, WALTER GRAHAM (b. 1816), ... 512
My Mammy, ... 512

BURNE, NICOL, ... 513
Leader Haughs and Yarrow, ... 513

CAMERON, WILLIAM (b. 1801), ... 514
Sweet Jessie o' the Dell, ... 514

CAMPBELL, MRS. ELIZABETH (b. 1804), ... 514
Willie Mill's Burn, ... 514

DOUGLAS, WILLIAM, ... 515
Annie Laurie, ... 515

DUNBAR, WILLIAM (1780–1861), ... 515
The Maid of Islay, ... 515

DUNLOP, JOHN (1755–1820), ... 516
Oh! dinna ask me, ... 516

ERSKINE, HON. ANDREW (d. 1793), ... 516
How sweet this Lone Vale, ... 516

EWEN, JOHN (1741–1821), ... 516
O weel may the Boatie row, ... 516

PAGE
GALLOWAY, ROBERT, ... 517
The Twa Lairds of Lesmahagow, . . . 517

GLOVER, JEAN (1758–1801), ... 518
O'er the Muir, ... 518

GORDON, DUKE OF (1743–1827), ... 518
Cauld Kail in Aberdeen, ... 519

GRAHAM, DOUGALD (1724–1779), ... 519
Turnimspike, ... 519

GRAHAM, JANET (1724–1805), ... 520
The Wayward Wife, ... 520

GRAHAM, ROBERT (1750–1797), ... 520
O tell me how to woo thee, ... 520

GRANT, MRS., of Carron (1745–1814), ... 520
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, ... 520

GRIEVE, JOHN (1781–1836), ... 521
'Twas Summer Tide, ... 521

HALKET, GEORGE (d. 1756), ... 521
Logie o' Buchan, ... 521

HALL, G. BUCHANAN, ... 521
Muckle-mou'd Meg, ... 521

HAMILTON, MRS. ELIZABETH (1758–1816), ... 522
My ain Fireside, ... 522

HASTINGS, LADY FLORA (1806–1839), ... 522
Faith and Hope, ... 522

HOGG, ROBERT (1799–1834), ... 523
When Autumn Comes, ... 523

JEFFREY, FRANCIS, LORD (1773–1850), ... 523
Perish the Love, ... 523
While yet my Breast, ... 524

JOHNSTON, ELLEN (d. 1873), ... 525
Lines to the Memory of a Beloved Wife, 525

LEWIS, STUART (1756–1818), ... 526
Annan's Winding Stream, ... 526

LYON, MRS. AGNES (1762–1840), ... 526
Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky, . . . 526

M'CHEYNE, ROBERT MURRAY (1813–1843), . . . 527
The Sea of Galilee, ... 527

MACDUFF, ALEXANDER (1817–1866), ... 527
Isabelle: a Legend of Provence, . . . 527

MACPHAIL, HUGH BUCHANAN (b. 1817), ... 529
On the Death of Wellington, ... 529

MALCOLM, LIEUT. JOHN (1795–1835), ... 530
A Christmas Reverie, ... 530

MAYNE, JAMES (d. 1842), ... 530
Maggy Maclane, ... 530

MERCER, ANDREW (1775–1842), ... 531
The Cottar's Sang, ... 531

MOFFAT, JAMES C. (b. 1811), ... 532
Alwyn: a Romance of Study (extracts), . 532

PAGE

MURDOCH, ALEXANDER G. (b. 1843), ... 532
The Flittin' o' auld Aunty Gartley, . . 532

NICOLL, WILLIAM, ... 533
The Poet's Grave, ... 533

OUTRAM, GEORGE (1805–1856), ... 533
The Annuity, ... 533

PATTISON, THOMAS, ... 535
Dear Islay, ... 535

RICHARDSON, MRS. C. E. S. (1777–1853), ... 536
The Fairy Dance, ... 536

ROBERTSON, JOHN (1767–1810), ... 536
The Toom Meal Pock, ... 536

SMALL, JAMES G. (b. 1817), ... 537
Voices from Heaven, ... 537

SPOTTISWOODE, LADY JOHN SCOTT, ... 537
When thou art near me, ... 537

TAIT, JOHN (1748–1817), ... 537
The Banks of Dee, ... 537

PAGE

TYTLER, JAMES (1747–1805), ... 538
I ha'e laid a Herring in Saut, ... 538

WAKE, CHARLOTTE, LADY (b. 1801), ... 538
Grizell Cochrane; or, the Daughter Dear, 538

WANLESS, ANDREW (b. 1824), ... 539
Our Mither Tongue, ... 539

WATSON, THOMAS (1837–1875), ... 540
The Log, ... 540

WEBSTER, DAVID (1787–1837), ... 540
Tak' it, man, tak' it, ... 540

WRIGHT, JOHN (1805–1853), ... 541
Kiss the Goblet, ... 541

YESTER, LORD (1645–1713), ... 542
Tweedside, ... 542

YOUNG, ANDREW, ... 542
The Happy Land, ... 542

INDEX, ... 543

GLOSSARY, ... 549

LIST OF THE AUTHORS,

SELECTIONS FROM WHOSE WRITINGS ARE GIVEN IN THIS VOLUME.

	PAGE
Ainslie, Hew,	125
Aird, Marion Paul,	389
Aird, Thomas,	243
Alexander, William Lindsay,	511
Allan, George,	279
Anderson, Alexander,	501
Anderson, John,	511
Anderson, William,	269
Atkinson, Thomas,	230
Ballantine, James,	298
Beattie, George,	87
Beattie, William,	133
Bell, Henry Glassford,	272
Bennet, William,	248
Bennoch, Francis,	357
Bethune, Alexander,	265
Bethune, John,	330
Binning, Lord,	512
Blackie, John Stuart,	316
Blackie, Walter Graham,	512
Bonar, Horatius,	308
Brown, Thomas,	28
Brydson, Thomas,	286
Buchanan, Robert,	491
Burne, Nicol,	513
Burns, James D.,	437
Burtt, John,	104
Cameron, William,	514
Campbell, Mrs. Elizabeth,	514
Campbell, Thomas,	1
Carlile, Alexander,	98
Carlyle, Thomas,	151
Carrick, John Donald,	91
Chambers, Robert,	238
Conolly, Erskine,	175
Crawford, John,	396
Cunningham, Allan,	61
Douglas, William,	515
Dunbar, William,	515
Dunlop, John,	516
Erskine, Hon. Andrew,	516
Ewen, John,	516
Finlay, John,	46
Finlay, William,	131
Galloway, Robert,	517
Gilfillan, Robert,	177
Glen, William,	110
Glover, Jean,	518
Gordon, Duke of,	518
Graham, Dougald,	519
Graham, Janet,	520
Graham, Robert,	520
Grant, Mrs., of Carron,	520
Grant, Sir Robert,	85
Gray, Charles,	41
Gray, David,	485
Grieve, John,	521
Guthrie, James Cargill,	366
Halket, George,	521
Hall, G. Buchanan,	521
Hamilton, Mrs. Elizabeth,	522
Hamilton, Janet,	149
Hastings, Lady Flora,	522
Hedderwick, James,	378
Hervey, Thomas Kibble,	206
Hetherington, Wm. Maxwell,	261
Hogg, Robert,	523
Hume, Alexander,	313
Hyslop, James,	181
Imlah, John,	211
Jamieson, Robert,	37
Jeffrey, Francis, Lord,	523
Johnston, Ellen,	525
Kennedy, William,	213
Kinloch, Lord,	222
Knox, Isa Craig,	477
Knox, William,	106
Laidlaw, William,	35
Laing, Alexander,	93
Latto, Thomas C.,	410
Lawson, James,	208
Leighton, Robert,	432
Leighton, William,	488
Lewis, Stuart,	526
Lockhart, John Gibson,	141
Lorne, Marquis of,	505
Lyle, Thomas,	129
Lyon, Mrs. Agnes,	526
Lyte, Henry Francis,	137
M'Cheyne, Robert Murray,	527
MacColl, Evan,	303
MacDiarmid, John,	114
MacDonald, George,	449
Macdonald, Hugh,	398
Macdonald, James,	292
Macduff, Alexander,	527
Macduff, John R.,	417
Macfarlan, James,	482
Mackay, Charles,	381
M'Lachlan, Alexander,	403
Maclagan, Alexander,	340
Macleod, Norman,	361
Macnish, Robert,	236
MacPhail, Hugh Buchanan,	529
Malcolm, Lieut. John,	530
Martin, Theodore,	392
Maxwell, Sir Wm. Stirling,	407
Mayne, James,	530
Mercer, Andrew,	531
Miller, Hugh,	250
Miller, William,	334
Moffat, James C.,	532
Moir, David Macbeth,	166
Moore, Dugald,	267
Motherwell, William,	157
Murdoch, Alexander G.,	532
Murdoch, William,	441
Nevay, John,	122
Nicholson, William,	43
Nicoll, Robert,	370
Nicoll, William,	533
Outram, George,	533

PAGE
Park, Andrew, ... 289
Paton, Sir Joseph Noel, . 428
Pattison, Thomas, . . . 535
Penney, William, . . . 222
Picken, Andrew Belfrage, . 254
Picken, Joanna Belfrage, . 174
Pollok, Robert, ... 196
Pringle, Thomas, . . . 100

Ramsay, John, ... 260
Richardson, Mrs. C. E. Scott, 536
Riddell, Henry Scott, . . 190
Robertson, John, . . . 536
Rodger, Alexander, . . . 57

Scott, William Bell, . . . 347
Shairp, John Campbell, . 424
Simpson, Mrs. Jane Cross, 351
Sinclair, William, . . . 355
Small, James G., ... 537
Smart, Alexander, . . . 172
Smibert, Thomas, . . . 323
Smith, Alexander, . . . 467
Smith, James, ... 445
Spottiswoode, Lady John S., 537
Sterling, John, ... 281
Stoddart, Thomas Tod, . 326
Symington, Andrew J., . 456

Tait, John, ... 537
Telfer, James, ... 217
Tennant, William, . . . 48
Thom, William, ... 202
Train, Joseph, ... 30
Tytler, James, ... 538
Vedder, David, ... 117
Veitch, John, ... 465

Wake, Charlotte, Lady, . 538
Wanless, Andrew, . . . 539
Watson, Thomas, . . . 540
Watson, Walter, ... 33
Webster, David, ... 540
Weir, Daniel, ... 155
White, Robert, ... 257
Wilson, John, ... 72
Wilson, Robert, ... 233
Wilson, William, ... 224
Wingate, David, ... 459
Wright, John, ... 541

Yester, Lord, ... 542
Young, Andrew, ... 542

THE

POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

PERIOD 1777 TO 1876.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORN 1777 — DIED 1844.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, so justly and poetically called the "Bard of Hope," was born in High Street, Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and was the youngest of a family of eleven children. His father was connected with good families in Argyleshire, and had carried on a prosperous trade as a Virginian merchant, but met with heavy losses at the outbreak of the American war. The poet was particularly fortunate in the intellectual character of his parents, his father being the intimate friend of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Reid, author of the *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, after whom he received his Christian name, while his mother was distinguished by her love of general literature, combined with sound understanding and a refined taste. Campbell afforded early indications of genius; as a child he was fond of ballad poetry, and at the age of ten composed verses exhibiting the delicate appreciation of the graceful flow and music of language for which his poetry was afterwards so highly distinguished. At the age of thirteen he entered the university of his native city, and though noted for his love of fun and boyish mischief, he made great progress, especially in his classical studies. The example of Professor Young, a most enthusiastic and accomplished Greek scholar, was not lost upon the congenial mind of his pupil, whose poetical translations at this period showed not only his mastery over the Greek language, but the power he already possessed over his own. At a later period of life, when travelling in Germany, he availed himself of the instructions of the celebrated Heyne, and attained such proficiency in Greek and the classics generally that he was regarded as one of the best classical scholars of his day. In speaking of his college career, which was extended to five sessions, it is worthy of notice that Professor Young, in awarding to Campbell a prize for the best translation of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced it to be the best exercise which had ever been given in by any student belonging to the university. In original poetry he was also distinguished above all his classmates, so that in 1793 his "Poem on Description" obtained the prize in the logic class. Amongst his college companions Campbell soon became known as a poet and wit; and on one occasion, the students having in vain made repeated application for a holiday in commemoration of some public event, he sent in a petition in verse, with which the professor was so pleased that the holiday was granted in compliment to his production. This incident was often referred to in after years by his affectionate mother, as the first-fruits of his poetical genius.

For some years our author pursued his studies with the avowed object of entering the ministry, but circumstances of which we have no authentic account induced him to change his plan. He applied himself for a short time to business, but soon gave it up, to proceed to the Highlands as a private tutor. There he found a happy home, and beautiful and romantic scenery to delight his poetic fancy, and there we can trace

the germs of his first great poem. In writing to his friend Hamilton Paul, Campbell had bemoaned his solitary lot in being so far removed from all his family and friends, and begged him to send him some lines calculated to cheer him. Paul sent him a piece consisting of twelve stanzas, entitled the "Pleasures of Solitude," accompanied by a letter, in which he says: "As you have almost brought yourself to the persuasion that you are an anchorite, I send you a few lines adapted to the condition of a recluse. It is the sentiment of Dr. Moore, that the best method of making a man respectable in the eyes of others is to respect himself. Take the lines, such as they are, and be candid, but not too flattering. We have now *three* pleasures, by first-rate men of genius: the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude,' let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope' that we may soon meet again in old Alma Mater." Trivial as was the hint contained in the foregoing, the circumstances under which it reached Campbell caused it to produce a powerful effect on his future career. Placed among the grandest scenery of Scotland, and without sufficient means of mental occupation, he spent much of his time in visiting the romantic localities of the neighbourhood, while the words "Pleasures of Hope" filled his mind, and at length ripened into the full fruition of his splendid poem.

Campbell had also tried the study of law, but after a brief experience of its drudgery he abandoned the idea of the legal profession; and in 1798 we find him in Edinburgh, along with his parents, in the hope of obtaining literary employment, and gaining a livelihood meanwhile by private teaching. "And now," he says of himself, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But the 'Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines, and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on my pupils fell off." At length his poem was completed and sold to a publisher for £60. On its appearance it was received with a universal outburst of admiration, and edition after edition was rapidly sold. The young poet of twenty-one was at once accorded an honourable position in the front rank of the poets of Great Britain.

Though his reward was rather in celebrity than in pecuniary profit, Campbell was enabled by the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," for each succeeding edition of which he received the sum of £50, to gratify his desire to see foreign lands. His choice settled upon Germany, already become famous in Scotland by its rising literature and the works of Wieland, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. He crossed over to Hamburg and proceeded inland as far as Ratisbon, where he saw the conflict that gave to the French possession of that town, and which he describes in a letter to his brother. Amidst the uncertainties produced by the war the poet's rambles were brief and irregular. He returned to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Anthony M'Cann, an Irish refugee who was accused of being a leader in the rebellion of 1798. Of this gentleman he formed a favourable impression, and his expatriation from his native land suggested one of Campbell's most exquisite poems. Our author finally settled for the winter at Altona, but the appearance of a British fleet off the Sound gave him sudden warning to provide for his safety. He therefore embarked in a small trading vessel for Leith; but, in consequence of being chased by a Danish privateer, the vessel put into Yarmouth for shelter. A trip to London naturally followed, where he was at once welcomed by the best society. Returning to Edinburgh by sea, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he writes in his memoranda of 1801: "A lady passenger by the same ship, who has read my poems, but was personally unacquainted with me, told me, to my utter astonishment, that I had been arrested in London for high-treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed! I was equally unconscious of having either deserved or incurred such a sentence." He found, however, on reaching Edinburgh, that this ridiculous report was circulating in the streets, and had reached the ears of his anxious mother. It was a wild period of rumour and suspicion, and he found that the fact of his having messed with the French officers at Ratisbon during the armistice, having been introduced to General Moreau, and having sailed as a

fellow-passenger with an Irishman, had been amplified into a plot concocted between himself, the gallant Moreau, and the Irish at Hamburg, to land a French army in Ireland! He at once called upon the sheriff of Edinburgh, and found to his astonishment that he believed in his guilt, and that a warrant was issued for his apprehension. This was intolerable, and the poet could not help exclaiming, "Do I live to hear a sensible man like you talking about a boy like me conspiring against the British Empire?" He submitted to a strict examination, and a box of letters and papers which he had left at Yarmouth to be forwarded to Edinburgh, but which had been seized at Leith, was at the same time opened and carefully examined. But its contents soon put all suspicion at an end, for it contained nothing more treasonable than "Ye Mariners of England;" and the matter ended with a hearty laugh and a bottle of wine.

In 1803 Campbell espoused his cousin Matilda Sinclair, and the same year settled in London, where his reputation secured him ample literary employment. Besides a magnificent quarto edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," by which he made £600, he published in three volumes a work entitled *Annals of Great Britain*, for which he received £300. In due course Campbell became a father; and we must quote the poet's own account of his feelings, which he describes with such beauty and tenderness. "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. . . . Oh, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! Shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood—especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out." Such was an event, which, though an important era in the life of every man, is especially so in that of a poet; and such is the description which none but a poet, and that of the highest order, could have so embodied. The above quotation is worthy of a place by the side of Campbell's best poetical productions.

In 1805 the government granted him a pension of £200 per annum, one-half of which the poet settled on his widowed mother and unmarried sisters. Had Goldsmith met with similar good fortune, how different might have been his fate, and how many more the world-famous poems that would have borne his name! In 1809 "Gertrude of Wyoming," by many considered at the time the best of all Campbell's poems, was published. It met with unbounded applause, and raised its author to the highest pinnacle of his fame. At intervals between 1805 and 1809 the "Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," and "O'Connor's Child" had appeared in the periodicals of the day, and were greatly admired. A portion of his time was devoted to writing for the magazines; but perhaps the most agreeable and profitable of his labours was the delivery of a course of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and which he afterwards re-delivered in some of the large cities throughout the kingdom.

In 1814 Campbell visited Paris, when he was introduced to Wellington, Humboldt, and many other magnates assembled there at that time, and met his old friend and correspondent Madame de Staël. On his return from the Continent his friend Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to secure him a chair in the University of Edinburgh, but his efforts were not attended with success. In 1819 he published in London

the *Specimens of British Poets*, and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of £600 per annum. To the columns of this periodical he contributed many short pieces of great merit, among others "The Last Man," one of the grandest poems in the English language. A second visit to Germany, which he accomplished immediately after the commencement of his editorial duties, suggested to him the idea of the London University; and this scheme, aided by the practical minds of Brougham and Hume, was, after much difficulty, brought to a successful termination in 1825. In the following year he received the gratifying intelligence that his own *alma mater* had bestowed on him her highest honour by electing him Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. This honour was the most valued of his life; it was afterwards enhanced by his re-election to the office for the second and third time—a rare occurrence in the history of the college.

Prior to this time an event happened which tended to alleviate the necessity for continual toil, and brighten the prospects of his future life. This was a legacy bequeathed to him by a relative amounting to about £5000. But amidst all this distinction and good fortune the mind of the poet had much to grieve and try him. In 1826 his affectionate wife, in whom he had found so congenial a partner, died, and he found himself alone in the world. Of his two sons, the younger died in childhood, while his first-born, of whom he wrote so touchingly, had for years been in a state of lunacy, and was obliged to be kept in confinement. He was thus even worse than childless. The *New Monthly Magazine*, too, that had prospered so greatly under his care, and been a comfortable source of emolument, passed from under his management by one of those unlucky accidents to which periodical literature is especially exposed. A paper was inserted by mistake in its pages without having been subjected to his editorial examination; and as the article in question was offensive in the highest degree, Campbell abandoned the magazine and the salary which he derived from it. Soon after this an event of a public and political character moved him still more than any pecuniary loss could have done. This was the sanguinary capture of Warsaw in 1831, and the national miseries with which Poland was afterwards visited. He had embraced the cause of that most injured nation with a poet's enthusiasm, and its exiles found in him their warmest and most disinterested friend. He spoke, wrote, declaimed upon the miseries of Poland; pictured them in poetry and in prose; appealed against them in companies of every shade of political belief; exerted himself to make all feel that, instead of being a mere party question, it was the common cause of justice, honour, and humanity; and to evince his sincerity, bestowed liberally, not only of his time and labour, but also of his money, in behalf of the Polish sufferers, at a season when money was the commodity which he least could spare. And his labours were not in vain. He awoke a deep sympathy in behalf of Poland wherever his influence extended, and succeeded in establishing a committee in London for relieving the wants of thousands of Polish exiles in England.

In 1833 he finished the life of his friend Mrs. Siddons; the year following he crossed over to France, and soon after surprised his friends at home by embarking for Algiers, finding there abundant store of new and gay subjects for his pen, which he put in the form of *Letters from Algiers*, and which were afterwards published in two volumes. The "Pilgrim of Glencoe," the last of his considerable poems, published in 1842, was not successful even in his own estimation. For some time previous he had felt his strength drooping, and apprehending that his end was near he sold off his household furniture, and in July, 1843, repaired with a favourite niece to Boulogne, with the avowed purpose of dying there, away from the din and bustle of busy London, where there were so many objects likely to intrude upon his thoughts and time. His faithful friend, physician, and biographer, Dr. Beattie, hastened to him when he was informed that the end was at hand, and arrived with other friends in time to cheer his last hours with their affectionate sympathy. He died June 15, 1844, aged sixty-seven. No posthumous honours were wanting to Thomas Campbell. His body was removed to London, and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey while preparations were made for the funeral. The most illustrious literary men and nobles

attended his funeral, and a guard of Polish exiles asked and obtained permission to escort his remains to the Poets' Corner. His friend Dean Milman read the service, and a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko the Polish hero, that had been treasured for the purpose, was thrown into the grave of the noble Scotchman who had written so eloquently and laboured so successfully in behalf of Poland. His ashes now rest by the side of Sheridan's, and near the graves of Goldsmith and Addison, and over his tomb there stands a beautiful marble statue, the work of one of England's most eminent sculptors.

"There are but two noble sorts of poetry," wrote Lord Jeffrey, "the pathetic and the sublime: and we think that he (Campbell) has given us very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both." Sir Walter Scott said to Washington Irving, "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write oftener and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch them. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself: the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his after efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

IN TWO PARTS.[1]

PART I.

ANALYSIS.—The poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in pagan tradition, that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister-band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

[1] The "Pleasures of Hope" is one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language.—*Lord Byron.*

Primeval HOPE, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropped on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore.
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark
delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore[1]—

[1] The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description given in the poem. After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched

In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend![1]

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand-in-hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim)
Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.[2]

"The Swedish sage[3] admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,[4]
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.[5]
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,

root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

[1] Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

[2] The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

[3] Linnæus.

[4] Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephoræ of Æschylus.

[5] See Ex. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star:
So, Heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo! nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and shrieking, in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch; 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lovely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies[1]—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,[2]
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man![3]

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—

---

[1] Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

[2] Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his *Travels through Siberia*, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

[3] The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease,—and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men, th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,

And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,
When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumined zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of Nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow;
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew;[1] at that alarum knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!
So falls the heart at Thraldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,[2]
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scimitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main;
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;[3]
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no! to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

---

[1] The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

[2] To elucidate this passage I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity. "The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history. The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that by the destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan" (*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*; by Eliza Hamilton).

[3] See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camöens, by Mickle.

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore:[1]
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;[2]
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high;
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flick'ring sword; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With hearts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,[3]
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

[1] The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied" (*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145).

[2] Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. *Avatar* is the word used to express his descent.

PART II.

ANALYSIS.—Apostrophe to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

[3] Camdeo is the god of love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adorning pride securely mail'd:—
But triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade![1]—
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
Should heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece,
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined!
Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

[1] "Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade" (*Dryden*).

Let Winter come—let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion![1] and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor,[2] and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

[1] Falconer, in his poem "The Shipwreck" (canto iii.), speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

[2] See Schiller's tragedy of "The Robbers," scene v.

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great![3]
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy shore;[4]
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum;
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie;
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint,[5] a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind

[3] The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at 2,000,000 men.

[4] "In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa) "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that 2000 men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

[5] The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return![1]

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them still.

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
Oh! that, for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh, deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, to terror-mingled trust,
The shot that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;

[1] See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the *Rambler*.

And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heaven.
Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit?
Ah me! the laurell'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds.
Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!
For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!
Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!

Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah, no! methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

(EXTRACT.)[1]

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds.

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? O God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown;
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;

[1] The greatest effort of Campbell's genius, however, was his "Gertrude of Wyoming," nor is it ever likely to be excelled in its own peculiar style of excellence. It is superior to the "Pleasures of Hope" in the only one thing in which that poem could be surpassed—purity of diction; while in pathos and in imaginative power it is no whit inferior.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh, by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstacy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud,
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"And I could weep," the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair.

"But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst;—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound;
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword a voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! But Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace! love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given,
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above!
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason, on his mortal clime,
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace, Independence, Truth, go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird,
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempests gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down.
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling!—all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. O! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of
fame.

THE LAST MAN.[1]

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,—
The sun himself must die,—
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,—
The earth with age was wan,—
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,—
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting, with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by:—
Saying,—we're twins in death, proud sun!
Thy face is cold,—thy race is run—
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though, beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,—
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrownéd king of day!
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that, beneath thee, sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go!—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again!
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew, to writhe,—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe!

Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire!
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast:
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again,—and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,—
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun! while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go!—tell the night, that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

[1] Campbell's fame, says the London *Spectator* of Oct. 1875, "is likely, we think, to be permanent, for no alteration of popular taste, no fashions in poetry, as evanescent sometimes and as absurd as fashions in dress, can affect the reputation of such poems as 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The Battle of the Baltic,' 'Hohenlinden,' or 'The Last Man.' These are Campbell's noblest works, in which whatever lyrical inspiration was in him finds fullest expression."—Ed.

Like Leviathans afloat,
  Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
  On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;—
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts' to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,—
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
  The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
  To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heav'n,
  Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
  Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling, dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
  Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
  And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
  Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They marched all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;—
"Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;
When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Helen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Helen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Helen of Lorn!

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger,
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?
Ah, my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?—
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, mavournin—Erin-go-bragh!"

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past,
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Ev'n hedges, busk'd in bravery,
Look'd rich that sunny morn;

The scarlet hip and blackberry
So prank'd September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright—
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far
Extended like th' array of hosts
In broad, embattled war!

His voice appals the wilderness:
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosomed the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-wood and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstacies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-souled peasantry

What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted poet views,)
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms
In Burns' carol sweet recals
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings:
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb
And greet with fame thy gallant shade!

Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine—oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good,
Edward that died at Waterloo![1]

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

LINES ON REVISITING CATHCART.

Oh! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd
By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd glade.

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a *friend.*

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
While friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And twice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

---

[1] Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron, in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.—

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!"—
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven,
By absence, from the heart.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.[1]

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

"Now sing ye the song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here.
For a nightmare rides on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie."

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

O! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn,
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer
At the sound of the huntsman's horn.
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace wight
For his much-lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be balm'd,
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start,
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd.

---

[1] Campbell declined to have these lines included in his collected works, because he had been accused of borrowing from Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." They should be published in all future editions of his poems.—Ed.

THOMAS BROWN.

BORN 1778 — DIED 1820.

THOMAS BROWN, one of the most eminent of modern metaphysicians, was the youngest son of Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and was born in the manse of that parish, January 9, 1778. Having lost his father when very young, he was placed by a maternal uncle at various academies in England; and in his fourteenth year he entered the University of Edinburgh, attending, among other courses of lectures, those of Professor Dugald Stewart. The young student made rapid progress in his studies, and soon gained the friendship of his celebrated preceptor. In the year 1797 Brown became a member of the "Academy of Physics," a philosophical association established by a few young men of talent, some of whom were afterwards the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*. As a member of this society he formed the acquaintance of Brougham, Jeffrey, Leyden, Sydney Smith, and others subsequently greatly distinguished in the walks of literature.

At the age of twenty-five he received his diploma as a physician, and formed a partnership with Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh. But the medical profession proved no more congenial than that of the law, which he had previously abandoned after one year's study. His favourite pursuits were poetry and philosophy —a somewhat rare combination. In 1804 Dr. Brown published a volume of poems, mostly written during his college days; and he was among the earliest contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, established in 1802—the leading article in the second number on "Kant's Philosophy" being from his pen. An essay on Hume's *Theory of Causation* established his growing reputation, and soon after, when Professor Stewart's declining health obliged him to be occasionally absent from his chair, Brown was appointed his substitute. In this new sphere he met with gratifying success, and after two years was appointed joint-professor with his former teacher.

In 1814 appeared the *Paradise of Coquettes*, his largest poetical work. A reviewer of note declared it to be "by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice." In 1816 he published another poem, entitled the "Wanderer in Norway," followed soon after by "Agnes," and "Emily," two separate volumes of poems, all of which met with considerable favour and success. Professor Brown died at Brompton, London, April 2, 1820, and his remains were removed to the churchyard of his native parish. After his decease his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* were published in four 8vo volumes, and have deservedly obtained a high reputation.

Miss Margaret Brown, sister of the philosopher, a lady of gentle Christian character, was the author of a number of very respectable poems, which were collected and published at Edinburgh in 1819, in a small 12mo volume.

THE FAITHLESS MOURNER.

When thy smile was still clouded in gloom,
  When the tear was still dim in thine eye,
I thought of the virtues, scarce cold in the tomb,
  And I spoke not of love to thy sigh!

I spoke not of love; yet the breast,
  Which mark'd thy long anguish deplore
The sire, whom in sickness, in age, thou hadst bless'd,
  Though silent, was loving thee more.

How soon wert thou pledged to my arms,
  Thou hadst vow'd, but I urged not the day;

And thine eye grateful turn'd—oh, so sweet were its charms,
That it more than atoned the delay.

I fear'd not, too slow of belief—
I fear'd not, too proud of thy heart,
That another would steal on the hour of thy grief,
That thy grief would be soft to his art.

Thou heardst—and how easy allured
Every vow of the past to forswear;
The love, which for thee would all pangs have endured,
Thou couldst smile as thou gav'st to despair.

Ah, think not my passion has flown!
Why say that my vows now are free?
Why say—yes! I feel that my heart is my own,
I feel it is breaking for thee.

THE NON-DESCRIPT.[1]

Thou nameless loveliness, whose mind,
With every grace to soothe, to warm,
Has lavish Nature bless'd, and shrined
The sweetness in as soft a form!

Say on what wonder-beaming soil
Her sportive malice wrought thy form—
That haughty science long might toil,
Nor learn to fix thy doubtful name!

For this she cull'd, with eager care,
The scatter'd glories of her plan,—
All that adorns the softer fair,
All that exalts the prouder man.

And gay she triumph'd—now no more
Her works shall daring systems bound;
As though her skill inventive o'er,
She only traced the forms she found.

In vain to seek a kindred race,
Tired through her mazy realms I stray;
Where shall I rank thy radiant place?
Thou dear perplexing creature, say!

Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,
Thy voice for pity's tones so fit—
All speak thee Woman; but thy mind
Lifts thee where bards and sages sit.

[1] These verses were addressed by their author to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, and were by him entitled "The Non-Descript—To a very Charming Monster."—Ed.

CONSOLATION OF ALTERED FORTUNES.

Yes! the shades we must leave which my childhood has haunted;
Each charm by endearing remembrance improved;
Those walks of our love, the sweet bower thou hast planted,—
We must leave them to eyes that will view them unmoved.

Oh, weep not, my Fanny! though changed be our dwelling,
We bear with us all, in the home of our mind;
In virtues will glow that heart, fondly swelling,
Affection's best treasure we leave not behind.

I shall labour, but still by thy image attended,—
Can toil be severe which a smile can repay?
How glad shall we meet! every care will be ended,
And our evening of bliss will be more than a day.

Content's cheerful beam will our cottage enlighten;
New charms the new cares of thy love will inspire;
Thy smiles, 'mid the smiles of our offspring, will lighten;
I shall see it—and oh, can I feel a desire?

THE LUTE.

Ah! do not bid me wake the lute,
It once was dear to Henry's ear.
Now be its voice for ever mute,
The voice which Henry ne'er can hear.

Though many a month has pass'd since spring,
His grave's wan turf has bloom'd anew;
One whisper of those chords will bring,
In all its grief, our last adieu.

The songs he loved—'twere sure profane
To careless Pleasure's laughing brow
To breathe; and oh! what other strain
To Henry's lute could love allow?

Though not a sound thy soul hath caught,
To mine it looks, thus softly dead,
A sweeter tenderness of thought
Than all its living strings have shed.

Then ask me not—the charm was broke;
With each loved vision must I part;
If gay to every ear it spoke,
'Twould speak no longer to my heart.

Yet once too blest!—the moonlit grot,
Where last I gave its tones to swell;
Ah! the *last* tones—thou heardst them not—
From other hands than mine they fell.

Still, silent slumbering, let it keep
That sacred touch! And oh! as dim
To life, would, would that I could sleep—
Could sleep, and only dream of *him!*

JOSEPH TRAIN.

BORN 1779 — DIED 1852.

JOSEPH TRAIN was born in the parish of Sorn, Ayrshire, November 6, 1779. When he was eight years of age his parents removed to Ayr, where, after being a short time at school, he was apprenticed to a trade, at which he continued for some years, zealously devoting his leisure time to mental improvement. In 1799 he entered the Ayrshire militia, and remained with his regiment for three years, till it was disbanded. On one occasion, when stationed at Inverness, he ordered a copy of Currie's edition of *Burns*, then sold for a guinea and a half. This circumstance becoming known to Sir David Hunter Blair, colonel of the regiment, he not only presented the book to Train, but interested himself in his behalf, and on the disbanding of the regiment obtained for him an agency for an extensive manufacturing firm in Glasgow. In 1808, through Sir David's influence, he obtained an appointment in the excise, which he held for nearly thirty years, when his name was placed on the retired list.

Train's first work was a small volume entitled *Poetical Reveries*, published in 1806, followed in 1814 by *Strains of the Mountain Muse*, which brought him under the notice of Sir Walter Scott, and during a long series of years Scott was indebted to him for many curious legendary tales, historical facts, and antiquarian *ana*, the fruits of which are found in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," *Guy Mannering*, *Old Mortality*, and many other of the *Waverley Novels*. In 1820, through the kindly offices of Sir Walter, he was promoted to the position of supervisor, and was stationed successively at Cupar-Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queensferry, Falkirk, and lastly, Castle-Douglas, from all of which districts he obtained curious data for his distinguished friend, as well as various objects of antiquity for the armoury at Abbotsford. Train was a frequent contributor of both prose and verse to such periodicals as *Chambers's Journal*, the *Dumfries Magazine*, &c. Having obtained from Scott a copy of Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, a very scarce and curious work, he formed the design of writing a history of that island, which appeared in 1845, in two large octavo volumes. In the course of his researches for materials he obtained possession of several ancient records relative to the annals of the island, and transmitted to Sir Walter some interesting particulars to be found in *Peveril of the Peak*. Train's last work was *The Buchanites from First to Last* (Edinburgh, 1846), being the history of a religious sect once well known in Scotland. He died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, December 7, 1852, aged seventy-three years. In 1803 he married Miss Mary Wilson, by whom he had five children; and after his death a pension of £50 was conferred upon his widow and daughter by the government "in consequence of his personal services to literature and the valuable aid derived by the late Sir Walter Scott from his antiquarian and literary researches prosecuted under Sir Walter's direction."

A writer in 1873 remarks: "Train was no mere dry-as-dust antiquarian. He was a man of taste and of some poetical ability. Already he had published two successive volumes of poetry before his acquaintance with Scott began. His second volume met with a very favourable reception. But no sooner did he discover how he could be useful to the greater poet than he abandoned all ambitious aims for himself, and turned his efforts to promote the literary projects of his

friend, and that without pay, and apparently without expectation that his name would ever be heard in connection with his work. I doubt whether history can adduce another such instance of a literary man so consecrating himself to be absorbed into the splendour of another."

BLOOMING JESSIE.

On this unfrequented plain,
What can gar thee sigh alane,
Bonnie blue-eyed lassie?
Is thy mammy dead and gane,
Or thy loving Jamie slain?
Wed anither, mak nae main,
Bonnie blooming Jessie.

Though I sob and sigh alane,
I was never wed to ane,
Quo' the blue-eyed lassie.
But if loving Jamie's slain,
Farewell pleasure, welcome pain;
A' the joy wi' him is gane;
O' poor hapless Jessie.

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Was he ever true to thee,
Bonnie blooming Jessie?
Was he ever frank and free?
Swore he constant aye to be?
Did he on the roseate lea
Ca' thee blooming Jessie?

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Aft he on the dewy lea
Ca'd me blue-eyed lassie.
Weel I mind his words to me,
Were, if he abroad should die,
His last throb and sigh should be—
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Far frae hame, and far frae thee,
I saw loving Jamie die,
Bonnie, blue-eyed lassie.
Fast a cannon ball did flee,
Laid him stretch'd upo' the lea;
Soon in death he closed his e'e,
Crying, "Blooming Jessie!"

Swelling with a smother'd sigh,
Rose the snowy bosom high
Of the blue-eyed lassie.
Fleeter than the streamers fly,
When they flit athwart the sky,
Went and came the rosy dye
On the cheeks of Jessie.

Langer wi' sic grief oppress'd
Jamie couldna sae distress'd
See the blue-eyed lassie.
Fast he clasp'd her to his breast,
Told her a' his dangers past,
Vow'd that he would wed at last,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

WI' DRUMS AND PIPES.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang,
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I crossed the main,
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;
An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
And though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

GARRYHORN.

Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn,
Ye might be happy, I ween;
Albeit the cuckoo was never heard there,
And a swallow there never was seen.

While cushats coo round the mill of Glenlee,
And little birds sing on the thorn,
Ye might hear the bonnie heather bleat croak
In the wilds of Garryhorn.

'Tis bonnie to see at the Garryhorn
Kids skipping the highest rock,
And, wrapt in his plaid at midsummer day,
The moorman tending his flock.

The reaper seldom his sickle whets there,
To gather in standing corn;
But many a sheep is to sheer and smear
In the bughts of Garryhorn.

There are hams on the bauks at Garryhorn
Of braxy, and eke a store
Of cakes in the kist, and peats in the neuk,
To put aye the winter o'er.

There is aye a clog for the fire at Yule,
With a browst for New-Year's morn;
And gin ye gang up ye may sit like a queen
In the chamber at Garryhorn.

And when ye are lady of Garryhorn,
Ye shall ride to the kirk with me;
Although my mither should skelp through the mire,
With her coats kilted up to the knee.

I woo not for siller, my bonnie May,
Sae dinna my offer scorn;
"No! but ye maun spoer at my minny," quo' she,
"Ere I gang to Garryhorn."

MY DOGGIE.

The neighbours a' they wonder now
I am sae ta'en wi' Maggie;
But ah! they little ken, I trow,
How kind she's to my doggie.
Yestreen, as we linked o'er the lea,
To meet her in the gloamin',
She fondly on my Bawtie cried,
Whene'er she saw us comin'.

But was the tyke not e'en as kind,
Though fast she beck'd to pat him?
He louped up and slaked her cheek,
Afore she could win at him.
But save us, sirs, when I gaed in
To lean me on the settle,
Atween my Bawtie and the cat
There rose an awfu' battle.

An' though that Maggie saw him lay
His lugs in bawthron's coggie,
She wi' the besom lounged poor chit,
And syne she clapp'd my doggie.
Sae weel do I this kindness feel,
Though Mag she isna bonnie;
An' though she's feckly twice my age,
I lo'e her best of ony.

May not this simple ditty show
How oft affection catches,
And from what silly sources, too,
Proceed unseemly matches;
An' eke the lover he may see,
Albeit his joe seem saucy,
If she is kind unto his dog,
He'll win at length the lassie.

OLD SCOTIA.

I've loved thee, old Scotia, and love thee I will,
Till the heart that now beats in my bosom is still.
My forefathers loved thee, for often they drew
Their dirks in defence of thy banners of blue;
Though murky thy glens, where the wolf prowl'd of yore,
And craggy thy mountains, where cataracts war,
The race of old Albyn, when danger was nigh,
For thee stood resolved still to conquer or die.

I love yet to roam where the beacon-light rose,
Where echoed thy slogan, or gather'd thy foes,
Whilst forth rush'd thy heroic sons to the fight,
Opposing the stranger who came in his might.
I love through thy time-fretted castles to stray,
The mould'ring halls of thy chiefs to survey;
To grope through the keep, and the turret explore,
Where waved the blue flag when the battle was o'er.

I love yet to roam o'er each field of thy fame,
Where valour has gain'd thee a glorious name;
I love, where the cairn or the cromlech is made,
To ponder, for low there the mighty are laid.
Were these fall'n heroes to rise from their graves,
They might deem us dastards, they might deem us slaves;
But let a foe face thee, raise fire on each hill,
Thy sons, my dear Scotia, will fight for thee still!

WALTER WATSON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1854.

WALTER WATSON, the author of several admirable songs and poems abounding in pawky Scottish humour, was born in the village of Chryston, Lanarkshire, March 29, 1780. His father being in very humble circumstances could give his son but a scanty education. When eight years old he was sent to herd cows in summer, picking up a little more instruction during the winter months. After trying weaving and other occupations for a time he at length, in 1799, enlisted in the famous cavalry regiment the Scots Greys, where he remained for three years, and was discharged on the reduction of the army after the peace of Amiens. It was about this period that he became known as a poet by the songs "Jockie's Far Awa," "Sae Will we yet," and others, which have acquired great popularity. After leaving the army Watson resumed his former trade of weaving, married, and settled in his native village. Encouraged by the success of his fugitive pieces, he published in 1808 a small volume of songs and ballads, which gained him something more than a local reputation. In 1823 a second volume appeared, and in 1843 a third collection of miscellaneous poems from his pen was published. Ten years later a selection of his best pieces, with a memoir by Hugh Macdonald, was published in Glasgow. In 1820 Watson left Chryston for Kilsyth, and after many migrations during the next thirty years he finally settled at Duntiblae, near Kirkintilloch, where he died September 13, 1854. His remains were interred in the churchyard of his native parish, and a handsome granite monument was erected to his memory in 1875.

A notice of the poet written at the time of his death says: "Independent of his merit as one of the best of our minor Scottish poets, he was a good and worthy man, beloved by all who knew him;" and the kindly hand of a brother poet thus sketches him in old age: "In the course of nature he is now drawing near the close of his career, and amidst age and the infirmities incident to a more than ordinarily extended span is now earning his living on the loom in the village of Duntiblae. Yet is the old man ever cheerful. He has many friends among his lowly compeers, and the respect in which he is held by them has been manifested in many ways, which must have been alike gratifying to his feelings and ameliorative of his necessities."

MAGGIE AN' ME.

The sweets o' the simmer invite us to wander
  Amang the wild flowers, as they deck the green lea;
An' by the clear burnies that sweetly meander,
  To charm us, as hameward they rin to the sea.
The nestlin's are fain the saft wing to be tryin',
As fondly the dam the adventure is eyein',
An' teachin' her notes, while wi' food she's supplyin'
  Her tender young offspring, like Maggie an' me.

The corn in full ear, is now promisin' plenty, .
  The red clusterin' row'ns bend the witch-scarrin' tree,
While lapt in its leaves lies the strawberry dainty,
  As shy to receive the embrace o' the bee.
Then hope, come alang, an' our steps will be pleasant;
The future, by thee, is made almost the present;
Thou frien' o' the prince, an' thou frien' o' the peasant,
  Thou lang hast befriended my Maggie an' me.

Ere life was in bloom we had love in our glances,
  An' aft I had mine o' her bonnie blue e'e;
We needit nae art to engage our young fancies,
  'Twas done ere we kent, an' we own it wi glee.
Now pleased, an' aye wishin' to please ane anither.

We've pass'd twenty years since we buckled thegither,
An' ten bonnie bairns, lispin' faither an' mither,
Hae toddled fu' fain atween Maggie an' me.

THE BRAES O' BEDLAY.[1]

When I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,
My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;
My heart loups licht, an' I join in a sang
Amang the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay.
How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the wishes,
When luve fa's a-wooing, and modesty blushes,
Whaur Mary an' I meet amang the green bushes
That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's nane sae trig or sae fair as my lassie,
An' mony a wooer she answers wi' "Nay,"
Wha fain wad hae her to lea' me alane,
An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.
I fearna, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,
Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell her;
Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threatnin' can sell her—
It's luve leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin' burnie,
Whaur aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray;
Whaur luve was invited and cares were beguiled
By Mary an' me, on the braes o' Bedlay.
Sae luvin', sae movin', I'll tell her my story,
Unmixt wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,
Whaur wide-spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient and hoary,
Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.

SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your crack,
Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;
Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

---

[1] The Braes of Bedlay are situated near Chryston, about seven miles to the north of Glasgow. Hugh Macdonald, a friend of the poet, relates the following amusing incident connected with the origin of this song:—"A rumour having reached Watson that the laird of Bedlay House had expressed a favourable opinion of some of his verses, nothing would serve him, in the vanity of his heart, but that he should write something new, and present it to the great man in person. Casting about for a subject, he at length came to the conclusion that were he to compose a song the scene of which was laid on the gentleman's own estate, he would be quite certain of a favourable reception. The 'Braes o' Bedlay' was accordingly written, and 'snodding' himself up with his Sunday braws, the young poet took the road one evening to the big house. On coming to the door he tirled bravely at the knocker, and was at once ushered into the presence of the laird. In the eyes of the young weaver he looked exceedingly grand, and he almost began to repent his temerity in having ventured into such company. 'Well, who are you, and what do you want?' said the laird (who was evidently in one of his bad moods), with a voice of thunder. 'My name's Walter Watson,' faltered the poet, 'and I was wanting you to look at this bit paper.' 'What paper,' said the grandee, 'can you have to show me? But let me see it.' The manuscript was placed in his hands, and, stepping close to the candle, he proceeded to peruse it. 'It'll be a' richt noo,' thinks his bardship. The laird, reading to himself, had got through with the first verse, when he repeated aloud the last two lines—

"Whaur Mary and I meet amang the green bushes
That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay."

'Who is Mary?' quoth he abruptly. 'Oh, I dinna ken,' said the poet; 'but Mary's a nice poetical name, and it suited my measure.' 'And *you* actually wrote this!' added the laird. 'Yes,' replied the poet, gaining confidence; 'you'll see I've put my name to the verses.' 'Well,' vociferated his lairdship, raising himself to his full altitude, 'are you not a most impudent fellow to come here and tell me that you have been breaking my fences and strolling over my grounds without leave? I'm just pestered with such interlopers as you on my property, and now that I have the acknowledgment of the offence under your own hand, I've really a very good mind to prosecute you for trespass! Get away with you to your loom! and if ever I catch either you or your Mary among my green bushes again, depend upon it I'll make you repent it.' Saying this, he flung the manuscript scornfully at the poet (who stood trembling, half in fear and half in indignation), and ringing the bell, ordered him at once to be ejected from the house. Alas! poor fellow, he went home that night with an aching heart and sadly crest-fallen. His song was given to the world, however, and immediately attained a considerable degree of popularity, a great portion of which, we are happy to say, it still retains. The laird has left the land which he so churlishly guarded, and his memory is fast falling into oblivion, while that of Walter Watson, who sung its beauties, will be entwined with the spot for ages. Truly there is a lairdship in genius which is more potent and lasting than that which is associated with rent rolls and title-deeds! It is but fair to state, however, that the laird and the poet afterwards became good friends, and that the friendship was in many respects beneficial to the humble bard."—Ed.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:
Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
As we journey through life let us live by the way.
Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,
For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;
We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,
For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!
Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,
For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
And success to his forces by land and by sea!
His enemies to triumph we never will permit,
Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will they yet.
And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily roun',
For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes down;
Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time enough to flit;
When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will we yet.
And sae will we yet, &c.

MY JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,
The woods wi' leaves sae green,
An' little birds around their bowers
In harmony convene;
The cuckoo flees frae tree to tree,
While saft the zephyrs blaw;
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?
When Jockie's far awa' on sea,
When Jockie's far awa';
But what are a' thae joys to me,
When Jockie's far awa'?

Last May mornin', how sweet to see
The little lambkins play,
Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,
Did kindly walk this way!
On yon green bank wild flowers he pou'd,
To busk my bosom braw;
Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
But now he's far awa'.
But now, &c.

O gentle peace, return again,
Bring Jockie to my arms,
Frae dangers on the raging main,
An' cruel war's alarms;
Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
While we hae breath to draw;
Nor will I sing, wi' aching heart,
My Jockie's far awa'.
My Jockie's far awa', &c.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1845.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, the author of the beautiful song of "Lucy's Flittin'," and the trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott, was the son of James Laidlaw, a respectable sheep-farmer at Blackhouse, in the Yarrow district, Selkirkshire, where he was born November 19, 1780. He was the eldest of three sons, and received part of his education at the grammar-school of Peebles. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was for some years servant to his father, and the two young men formed here a lasting friendship. "He was," says the Shepherd, "the only person who for many years ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose." In 1801, when Sir Walter Scott visited Ettrick and Yarrow to collect materials for his *Border Minstrelsy*, he made the acquaintance of young Laidlaw, from whom he received much assistance. Laidlaw began life by leasing a farm at Traquair, and afterwards one at Liberton, near Edinburgh, but the business proving unsuccessful he gave up the lease in 1817, and accepted an invitation from Sir Walter Scott to act as his steward at Abbotsford. Here he continued for some years, being held in high esteem and confidence by

his employer, whom he in turn greatly loved and revered. Whilst at Abbotsford part of Laidlaw's time was occupied in writing under Sir Walter's direction for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. After the unhappy reverse in the affairs of his benefactor Laidlaw left Abbotsford for a time, but returned in 1830, and continued there till Sir Walter's death in 1832. He afterwards acted as factor for Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan, Ross-shire; but his health failing, he gave up this position, and went to reside with his brother James at Contin, near Dingwall, where he died May 18, 1845, aged sixty-five. Besides the far-famed song of "Lucy's Flittin'," which was first printed in 1810 in Hogg's *Forest Minstrel*, Laidlaw was the author of the sweet and simple songs "Her bonnie black E'e" and "Alake for the Lassie." He also wrote on Scottish superstitions for the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, contributed several articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and was the author of a geological description of his native county.

HER BONNIE BLACK E'E.

On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud, loud, the win' blaws,
An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the tree;
I heedna the win' nor the rain when I think on
The kind lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
The cauld norlan' win' ca's the drift owre the lea',
Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the mountain,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
Though a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to me;
I sigh and sit dowie, regardless what passes,
When I miss the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the gray gloamin',
When a' round the ingle sae cheery to see;
Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin' an' laughin', the lave they are merry,
Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun be;
Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I turn dowie,
An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's awa' never,
She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;
An' this is my wish, may I leave it if ever
She rowe on anither her love-beaming e'e.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'in',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served in "The Glen" a' the simmer;
She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in';
Richt sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see.
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in,
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.
As doun the burnside she gaed slaw wi' the flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang.
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh! what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.

Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He cudna say mair but just Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he groet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE!

Alake for the lassie! she's no right at a',
That lo'es a dear laddie an' he far awa';
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain
To see my dear laddie, to see him again;
My heart it grew fain, an' lapt light at the thought
O' milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie gray morn scarce had open'd her e'e,
When we set to the gate, a' wi' nae little glee;
I was blythe, but my mind aft misga'e me richt sair,
For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair.

I' the hirin' richt soon my dear Jamie I saw,
I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie an' braw;
I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,
In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:
At length I gaed up an' just smiled in his face;
I wonder aye yet my heart brakna in twa,—
He just said, "How are ye?" an' steppit awa'.

My neebour lads strave to entice me awa';
They roosed me an' hecht me ilk thing that was braw;
But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind!
He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;
An' sud he do sae, he's be welcome to me—
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1844.

ROBERT JAMIESON, an accomplished scholar and antiquary, was born in Morayshire in the year 1780. When a young man he became classical assistant in a school at Macclesfield, and during this time he set himself to collect all the Scottish ballads he could meet with. He tells us that his object in doing this was to preserve the traditions of habits and customs of his countrymen that were fast disappearing, and so help to fill up the great outlines of history handed down by contemporary writers. After some years' labour the work appeared at Edinburgh in 1806, under the title of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions; with Translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor." The collection is one of great value, and is ably illustrated with notes, but it was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved. Much of Jamieson's materials was obtained from Mrs. Brown of Falkland in Fifeshire, a lady who was remarkable for the extent of her legendary lore and the accuracy of her memory.

On the completion of his book Jamieson proceeded to Riga in Russia, there to push his fortune; but he does not appear to have met with success, and on his return to Scotland he obtained, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, a post in the General Register House at Edinburgh, which he held for many years. He died in London, September 24, 1844, aged sixty-four. Jamieson's acquaintance with the

Northern languages enabled him to share with Walter Scott and Henry Weber the editorship of a work entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities from the Earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances," a copy of which, presented by him to the Editor's father, now lies before us. He also edited an edition of Burt's "Letters from the North of Scotland." In his "Popular Ballads" are found a number of original songs composed in early life, the merit of which, and of his poetical translations, entitles Jamieson to a place in this Collection.

SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

Sir Oluf the hend has ridden sae wide,
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree.

And there danced four, and there danced five;
The elf-king's daughter she reekit bilive.

Her hand to Sir Oluf, sae fair and free;
"O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me!

"O welcome, Sir Oluf! now lat thy love gae,
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."

"To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may;
The morn it is my bridal day."

"O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me;
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee;

"Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

"And hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me;
And a silken sark I'll give to thee;

"A silken sark, sae white and fine,
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

"I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee;
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me,
And a helmet o' gowd I'll give to thee."

"A helmet o' gowd I well may hae;
But dance wi' thee, ne dare I, ne may."

"And winna thou dance, Sir Oluf, wi' me?
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee!"

She's smitten Sir Oluf—it strak to his heart;
He never before had kent sic a smart;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red;
"And now, Sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my ain dear son,
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan?"

"O well may my lire be wan and blae,
For I hae been in the elf-woman's play."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my son, my pride,
And what shall I say to thy young bride?"

"Ye'll say that I've ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, when night was gane,
The bride she cam' wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the wine:
"O whare is Sir Oluf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,
And there lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

ANNIE O' THARAW.

(FROM THE PRUSSIAN LOW DUTCH.)

Annie o' Tharaw, I've waled for my fere,
My life and my treasure, my gudes and my gear.

Annie o' Tharaw, come weal or come wae,
Has set her leal heart on me ever and aye.

Annie o' Tharaw, my riches, my gude,
Ye're the saul o' my saul, ye're my flesh and my blude.

Come wind or come weather, how snell sae or cald,
We'll stand by ilk ither, and closer ay hald.

Pain, sickness, oppression, and fortune unkind,
Our true-love knot ay but the faster sall bind.

As the aik, by the stormy winds tossed till and fra,
Ay roots him the faster, the starker they blaw;

Sae love in our hearts will wax stranger and mair,
Thro' crosses and down-drug, and poortith and care.

Should ever my fate be frae thee to be twinn'd,
And wert thou whare man scarce the sun ever kenn'd,

I'll follow thro' deserts, thro' forests and seas,
Thro' ice and thro' iron, thro' armies o' faes.

Annie o' Tharaw, my light and my sun,
Sae twined our life-threads are, in ane they are spun.

Whatever I bid you's ay sure to be dane,
And what I forbid, that ye'll ay lat alane.

The love may be warm, but how lang can it stand
Whare there's no ae heart, and ae tongue, and ae hand?

Wi' cangling, and wrangling, and worrying, and strife,
Just like dog and cat, live sic man and sic wife.

Annie o' Tharaw, that we'll never do,
For thou art my lammie, my chuckie, my dow.

My wish is to you ay as gude's a comman',
I lat *you* be *gudewife*, ye lat *me* be *gudeman;*

And O how sweet, Annie, our love and our lee,
Whan thou and I ae soul and body sall be!

Twill beet our bit ingle wi' heavenly flame;
But wrangling and strife mak' a hell of a hame.

THE QUERN LILT.

The *cronach* stills the dowie heart,
The *jurram* stills the bairnie;
The music for a hungry wame
Is grinding o' the quernie!
And loes me o' my little quernie!
Grind the gradden, grind it:
We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done,
And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his jay may prize,
The lover prize his arles;
But gin the quernie gangna round,
They baith will soon be careless.
Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But gradden is the ballast gars
It steady gang and fairly.
Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
And o'er the ingle hings us;
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe, whatever dings us.
Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'!
Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,
And flytin' but and ben be;
Let but the quernie play, they'll soon
A' lown and fidgin'-fain be.
Then loes me, &c.

MY SWEET WEE LADDIE.

O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie,
That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;
And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie,
Tho' far awa' now frae his babie and me.

It's aft ha'e I sitten, and sair ha'e I grutten,
Till blear'd and blinded wi' tears was my e'e:
And aft I bethought me, how dearly I've bought thee;
For dear hast thou been, and dear art thou to me.
Yet blessings attend, &c.

O lanely and weary, cauld, friendless, and dreary,
To me the wide warld's a wilderness a';
Yet still ae dear blossom I clasp to my bosom,
And oh! 'tis sae sweet—like the joy that's awa'!
And blessings attend, &c.

When thou lyest sleeping, I hang o'er thee weeping,
And bitter the tears that thy slumbers bedew;
Yet thy innocence smiling, sae sweetly beguiling,
Half mak's me forget that I sorrow e'er knew.
And blessings attend, &c.

Then smile, my sweet laddie—O smile like thy daddie;
My heart will be light tho' the tear's in my e'e;
I canna believe he will ever deceive me,
Sae leal and sae kind as he kythed aye to be.
And blessings attend, &c.

And O, mid my mourning to see him returning!—
Wi' thee to his arms, when with rapture I fly—
Come weal or come wae then, nae fear I can hae then,
And wha'll be sae blest as my babie and I!
Then blessings attend, &c.

BALADE.

(FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF GOWER.)

Now in this jolly time of May,
To Eden I compare the ground;
While sings the merle and popingay,
Green herb and tree bloometh around,
And all for Nature's feast are crown'd;
Venus is Queen, all hearts obey,
And none to Love may now say Nay.

When this I see, and how her sway
Dame Nature over all extends;
And all that lives, so warm, so gay,
Each after kind to other tends,
Till liking life and being blends;—
What marvel, if my sighs bewray,
That none to Love may now say Nay.

To nettles must the rose give way,
And Care and Grief my garland weave;
Nor ever Joy dispense one ray
To chear me, if my Lady leave
My love unblest, and me bereave
Of every hope to smile, and say
That none to love may now say Nay.

Then go and try her ruth to move,
If aught thy skill, my simple lay;
For thou and I too well approve,
That none to love may now say Nay.

GO TO HIM, THEN, IF THOU CAN'ST GO.

Go to him, then, if thou can'st go,
Waste not a thought on me;
My heart and mind are a' my store,—
They ance were dear to thee.
But there is music in his gold
(I ne'er sae sweet could sing),
That finds a chord in every breast
In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell,
The honest loves retire,
The finer sympathies of soul
Far other charms require.
The breathings of my plaintive reed
Sink dying in despair,
The still small voice of gratitude,
Even that is heard nae mair.

But if thy heart can suffer thee
The powerful call obey,
And mount the splendid bed that wealth
And pride for thee display.
Then gaily bid farewell to a'
Love's trembling hopes and fears,
While I my lanely pillow here
Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him
That half thy worth ne'er knew,
Oh! think na on my lang-tried love,
How tender and how true!
For sure 'twould break thy gentle heart
My breaking heart to see,
Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it's tholed,
And yet maun thole for thee.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
My dear, my constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be;
It warms my heart to view her,
I canna chose but lo'e her,
And oh! weel may I trow her
How dearly she lo'es me!

For though her face sae fair be
As nane could ever mair be;
And though her wit sae rare be,
As scenil do we see;
Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
Nor baith sae lang retained me,
But for her love to me.

Whan wealth and pride disown'd me,
A' views were dark around me,
And sad and laigh she found me,
As friendless worth could be;
Whan ither hope gaed frae me,
Her pity kind did stay me,
And love for love she ga'e me;
And that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cald, I
That charm o' life will hald by:
And, though my wife grow auld, my
Leal love aye young will be;
For she's my winsome wee thing,
My canty, blythesome wee thing,
My tender, constant wee thing,
And evermair sall be.

CHARLES GRAY.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1851.

CHARLES GRAY, long known as a successful song-writer, was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, March 10, 1782. He was the schoolfellow of Dr. Chalmers, and Tennant the author of "Anster Fair," who were natives of the same town. In 1805 he obtained a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines, and continued in the service for over thirty-six years, when he retired on full pay. In 1811 he published a small volume of "Poems and Songs," which was well received, and a second edition of these was issued in 1815. In 1841, on retiring from the service, he took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he soon became a favourite in society, and was well known throughout the country for his extensive knowledge of Scottish song, his enthusiasm for everything connected with it, and his tasteful, genial, and spirited contributions to it. In the same year, in compliance with the wish of some of his much-valued friends, conveyed in the form of a "Round-robin," he published his collected pieces in an elegant volume, entitled "Lays and Lyrics, by Charles Gray, F.A.S.E., Captain, Royal Marines." This volume is dedicated to his friend Professor Tennant, and contains a curious facsimile of the round-robin presented to him bearing the autographs of many of his brother poets. A Scottish reviewer, in criticizing the book, says, "Captain Gray strikes the Scottish harp with a bold and skilful hand, producing tones in accordance with the universal song of nature which will not readily be forgotten." He died after a long illness, April 13, 1851, leaving an only son, now a captain of marines.

THE LASS OF PITTENWEEM.

The sun looked through an evening cloud,
His golden rays glanced o'er the plain;
The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud
Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.
Far in the east the rainbow glow'd
In painted lines of liquid light;
Now all its vivid colours show'd—
Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight.

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,
Down by yon ancient abbey wall,
Gay spring her vesture had renew'd,
And loud was heard the partridge' call:
The blackbird's song rang through the wood,
Rich in the red sun's parting gleam;
When fair before me, smiling, stood
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

O, I have wandered far and wide,
And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,
Where trees shoot up in palmy pride,
And golden domes and spires arise:—
But here is one, to my surprise,
Sweet as a youthful poet's dream;
With love enthroned in her dark eyes—
The lovely lass of Pittenweem!

"Where dost thou wander, charming maid,
Now evening's shades begin to fall?"—
"To view fair nature's face," she said,
"For nature's charms are free to all!"—
"Speak ever thus in nature's praise;
Thou giv'st to me a darling theme;
On thee I'll lavish all my lays,
Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem!"

There is a magic charm in youth,
By which the heart of age is won:
That charm is innocence and truth,
And beauty is its summer sun!
Long may it shine on that fair face,
Where rosy health and pleasure beam;
Long lend its magic spell to grace
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

WHEN AUTUMN.

When autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;

When come is the hour o' gloamin' gray,
Oh! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin' about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are rypet, the cannal a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,
And the bicker is reamin' with pithy brown ale;
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle side,
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
When the nichts were lang and the sea ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,
By some demon on message of mischief sent;
O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

SEQUEL TO MAGGIE LAUDER.

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster Fair,
And spier'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himself ne'er played a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring—
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was tied
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

LOUISA'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Louisa's but a lassie yet,
Her age is no twice nine;
She lang has been her mammie's pet,
I wish that she were mine!
She's licht o' heart and licht o' foot—
She's blythe as blythe can be;
She's dear to a' her friends about,
But dearer far to me!

A fairer face I may ha'e seen,
And passed it lightly by;—
Louisa's in her tartan sheen
Has fixed my wandering eye:
A thousand beauties there I trace
That ithers canna see;
My blessings on that bonnie face—
She's a' the world to me!

Oh, love has wiles at his command!
Whene'er we chance to meet,
The slightest pressure o' her hand
Mak's my fond bosom beat;
I hear the throbbing o' my heart
While nought but her I see;—
When shall I meet, nae mair to part,
Louisa, dear, wi' thee?

THE MINSTREL.[1]

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale:
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be nacthing but a wreath o' snaw.

"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped whare gorcocks whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,
To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow! it's sweet!
E'en though she bans and scaulds a wee:
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!

---

[1] This song, with the exception of the concluding twelve lines added by Gray, has by some authorities been attributed to George Pickering of Newcastle. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald* in 1794. "Donocht-head is not mine," said Burns; "I would give ten pounds it were."—ED.

"Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire,
And mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame ha'e I," the minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'erturned my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve o' life,
I wander through a wreath o' snaw."
"Waes me, auld carle! sad is your tale—
Your wallet's toom, your cleeding thin;
Mine's no the hand to steek the door
When want and wae would fain be in."

We took him ben—we set him doun,
And soon the ingle bleez'd fu' hie:
The auld man thought himself at hame,
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.
He took his pipes and play'd a spring—
Sad was the strain, and full of woe;
In fancy's ear it seemed to wail
A free-born nation's overthrow.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1849.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, the Galloway poet, was born at Tanimaus, parish of Borgue, Galloway, August 15, 1782. In his youth weak eyesight prevented his progress at school, and afterwards unfitted him for the occupations of shepherd or ploughman. He therefore began life as a pedlar or packman, and wandered up and down his native district for thirty years singing his own verses, which soon became popular. In 1814 he issued a small 12mo volume entitled, "Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Manners," by which he cleared £100. In 1828 a second edition of his poems appeared, with a memoir of Nicholson by Mr. Macdiarmid of Dumfries. Latterly the poet fell into sadly dissipated habits, playing at fairs and markets with his bagpipes as a gaberlunzie or beggarman; and at last the grave closed in gloom over the ruins of a man of true genius. He died at Kildarroch in Borgue, May 16, 1849, aged sixty-seven.

Dr. John Brown says of Nicholson and his poems—"They are worth the knowing; none of them have the concentration and nerve of the 'Brownie,' but they are from the same brain and heart. 'The Country Lass,' a long poem, is excellent; with much of Crabbe's power and compression . . . Poor Nicholson, besides his turn for verse, was an exquisite musician, and sang with a powerful and sweet voice. One may imagine the delight of a lonely town-end, when Willie the packman and the piper made his appearance, with his stories, and jokes, and ballads, his songs, and reels, and 'wanton wiles.' There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake he still heard the strains. He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes and walked across the field, everything but that strange wild melody still and silent in this 'the sweet hour of prime.' As he got nearer the 'beasts,' the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun 'glintin' on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—'an Orpheus; an Orpheus.' What a picture! When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: 'Me and this quarry are lang acquant, and I've mair pleesure in pipin' to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin' away afore me."

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.[1]

There cam' a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a weary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest,
O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mumblin' spak—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out Aiken-drum!

"Sauf us!" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic een?"
Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should ha' been;
An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en:
Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!"

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the cantie auld wife cam till her breath,
And she thocht the Bible might ward off scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
"What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba' the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, and I'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever can rede,
I'se tame't, quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, "He's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
Despair sits broodin' aboon his e'e-bree,

[1] "We would rather have written these lines than any amount of Aurora Leighs, Festuses, or such like, with all their mighty 'somethingness,' as Mr. Bailey would say. For they, are they not the 'native wood-notes wild' of one of nature's darlings? Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous, and less compact and stern. It is like 'Tam o' Shanter' in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit—all are here. I have often read it aloud to children, and it is worth any one's while to do it. You will find them repeating all over the house for days such lines as take their heart and tongue."—*Dr. John Brown.*

And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum!"

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup:[1]
They watch'd—but nane saw him his brose ever sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
And the bairns they played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair-missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For alas! I ha'e gotten baith fee an' leave—
O! luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the sponsible voice o' a hale country side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch Mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light;
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

[1] A communion cup belonging to the Rev. Mr. M'Millan, founder of a sect of Covenanters known by his name. The cup was long preserved by a disciple in the parish of Kirkcowan, and used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons.—Ed.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

O lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy friens i' the south countrie—
Thy former friens and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?
O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom;
There's lordly seats, and livin's braw,
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

The simmer shiel I'll build for thee
Alang the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circlin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
And lanely, langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'."
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Come while the blossom's on the broom,
And heather-bells sae bonnie bloom;
Come let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'

MY AIN BONNIE MAY.

O will ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay,
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain bonnie May?

The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,
  Whare lambkins lightly play;
The wild bird whistles to his mate,
  My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
  Shall shield us in the bower,
Whare I'll pu' a posie for my May,
  O' mony a bonnie flower.
My father maws ayont the burn,
  To spin my mammy's gane;
And should they see thee here wi' me,
  I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
  What troubles it await;
When ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
  The fause bird lea'es its mate.
The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,
  And lose their bonnie green;
The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercast,
  Before that it be e'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
  So love is, in its noon;
But cank'ring time may soil the flower,
  And spoil its bonnie bloom.
O, come then while the summer shines,
  And love is young and gay;
Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast
  Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
  Or haud the halesome plough,
And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
  And prove aye leal and true.
The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
  She had nae mair to say,
But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alang,
  The youthfu', bloomin' May.

JOHN FINLAY.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1810.

JOHN FINLAY, a man of fine genius and extensive scholarship, cut off prematurely, was born of parents in humble circumstances at Glasgow, December, 1782. After receiving a good education at one of the schools in his native city, he entered the university at the age of fourteen, and had for a classmate John Wilson, afterwards the renowned "Christopher North." At college young Finlay was highly distinguished for proficiency in his classes, for the elegance of his essays on the subjects prescribed to the students, as well as the talent shown in the poetical odes which he wrote on classical subjects. In 1802, while only about nineteen and still at college, he published "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems," of which a second edition with some additions appeared two years later, and a third was issued in 1817. Of the chief poem in this volume Professor Wilson says: "It is doubtless an imperfect composition, but it displays a wonderful power of versification, and contains many splendid descriptions of external nature. It possesses both the merits and defects which we look for in the early compositions of true genius." In 1807 Finlay went to London in search of employment, and whilst there he contributed to the magazines many articles on antiquarian subjects. He returned to Glasgow in 1803, and in that year published a short collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," which secured the favourable notice of Sir Walter Scott. "The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad," he writes, "with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man." Mr. Finlay again left Glasgow in 1810 on a visit to his friend Wilson at Elleray, in Cumberland, but on the way he was seized with illness at Moffat, where he died December 8, 1810, aged only twenty-eight. Besides the works above-mentioned, he edited an edition of Blair's "Grave," with excellent notes, wrote a *Life of Cervantes*, and superintended a new edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. An affectionate and elegant tribute to Finlay's memory, written by Prof. Wilson, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1817.

ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

Wae worth the heart that can be glad,
  Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleemyt frae the land,
  An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,
  An' they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head
  He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' wasna this a wearifou aith;
  For the crown frae his head had been tint and gane,
Gin the Douglas hand hadna held it on,
  Whan anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie and wae,
  For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
  An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
  An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king;
  An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—
"Gin they think on me as I think on them,
  I wot their life is but dreerie."—

It chanced he rode wi' hound and horn
  To hunt the dun and the red deer doun,
An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
  And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
  Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest all in bower and hall,
  And the highest ever in renown.—

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
  By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
But the sun was far gane doun i' the west
  When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,
  Where Snawdon tower stands dark an' hie;
Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,
  An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,—"Wha's yon I see?
  Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
  Like them he's richt stark o' arm an' limb."

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—
  "Yon stalworth makedom I ken richt weel;
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
  It's Archy Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel;
We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his race,
  For Kilspindie was trusty aye, and leal.

But Lindsay spak' in waefou mood,—
  "Alas! my liege, that mauna be."
And stout Kilmaurs cries,—"He that dares
  Is a traitor to his ain countrie."

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,
  Says,—"Where's the aith you sware to me?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
  A gray groat for thy crown and thee."—

When Kilspindie took haud o' the king's bridle reins,
  He louted low doun on his knee;
The king a word he durstna speak,
  But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thocht on days that lang were gane,
  Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast:
As he turned him round his barons frowned;
  But Lindsay was dichtin his een fu' fast.

When he saw their looks his proud heart rose,
  An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie;—
"Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
  What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie?"

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
  But Archy followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to hool,
  He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed he sat down on a stane in the yett,
  For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;
The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
  And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite foredone,
  An' his arm fell weak that was ance like airn,
And he sought for some cauld water to drink,
  But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tauld to our gracious king,
  A redwood furious man woxe he;
He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',
  And in flinders a' he gart it flee:—
"Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,
  He should hae had o' the red wine free."

An' fu' sad at the table he sat him down,
  An' he spak' but ae word at the dine:—
"O! I wish my warst fae were but a king,
  Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine."

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S VOICE.

I heard the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song!
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach bf art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first relenting year,
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow prov'd
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd!
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

O! COME WITH ME.

O! come with me, for the queen of night
Is thron'd on high in her beauty bright;
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth and heaven;
The cold flowers which the valleys strew,
Are sparkling bright wi' pearly dew,
And hush'd is e'en the bee's saft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue-bell—Scotland's pride—
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And bind them mid' the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O! love, without thee what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife;
A waste, where no green flowery glade
Is found, for shelter or for shade.
But, cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear:
For the darkest nicht o' care and toil
Is bricht when blest by woman's smile.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

BORN 1784—DIED 1848.

WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D., an accomplished linguist and poet, was born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, May 15, 1784. Although born without any personal malformation, in infancy the future poet and professor lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged to move upon crutches for the rest of his life. The lame boy was educated at the burgh school of Anstruther, and was sent afterwards to the University of St. Andrews. In his twentieth year he went to Glasgow, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city. His business was afterwards removed to Anstruther, but proving unsuccessful, he suddenly disappeared, leaving William to endure incarceration as if he had been the real debtor. The introductory stanzas of "Anster Fair" are said to have been written whilst he was in durance. After sustaining unmerited reproach he was set free, when he returned to his father's roof, and devoted himself in earnest to authorship. The result was "Anster Fair," which was issued from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher in 1812. Another little production deserves to be mentioned, as showing the cheerfulness with which he bore the calamity of his lameness—"The Anster Concert," a brochure of twelve pages, written in 1810, and published at Cupar in January, 1811, purporting to be by W. *Crookley*. In a few years "Anster Fair" found its way to Edinburgh, and attracted the notice of Lord Wood-

houselee, who wrote to the publisher for the name of the author, which he said could not long remain concealed; and Lord Jeffrey, in a criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, declared the poem one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared.

As it was not by literature that Tennant meant to maintain himself, he became a schoolmaster, the occupation for which he was educated. His first school was in the parish of Denino, a few miles from St. Andrews. It speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding but £40 per annum at a time when he had obtained celebrity as a poet, and was known as one of the ablest linguists of the land. But, for the time being, he was content with his humble cottage, and access to the library of St. Andrews College; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Arabic, Persian, and Syriac languages. His next situation was the more lucrative one of parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, where he remained until January, 1819, when he was appointed a teacher of the classical and oriental languages in the newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar.

Tennant's next publication was a poem called "Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Doun o' the Cathedral," followed in 1822 by an epic under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the ninth century. The year after appeared "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy in five acts," and in 1825 he published another poem entitled "John Baliol." None of these publications met with success, nor did they add anything to the author's reputation. In 1831 the chair of oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as a candidate, but Dr. Scott of Corstorphine, a rival candidate, was preferred. He remained three years longer at Dollar, when the professorship again becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Scott, he was appointed to it. In this way, by a series of steps, he ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. Tennant's last work, published in 1845, was entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisted of three dramatic compositions. He was also the author of a Syriac and Chaldee grammar, and of a memoir of Allan Ramsay, published with his works, which he put forth as the pioneer of an edition of the Scottish poets. As a prose writer he never attained any distinction. He contributed numerous articles to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, none of which, however, exhibit any peculiar excellence. Tennant usually spent his summer months at his own villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, and here he breathed his last, October 15, 1848, in his sixty-fourth year. A memoir of his life and writings by Matthew Foster Conolly appeared in 1861.

The following unpublished letters, addressed to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, will be read with interest, as they refer to a new metrical translation of the Psalms, in regard to which Tennant had a spirited correspondence with the Ettrick Shepherd, afterwards collected and issued in a volume by Constable & Co.:—

"Devongrove, Dollar, 28th Sept. 1831.

"My dear Mrs. Grant,—I beg leave to send you herewith, according to promise, the corrected copy of our Scottish version of the Psalms, of which I spoke to you while I was in Edinburgh. I should be happy if you took the trouble to glance into it at your leisure moments. You will find the emendations made only on a few passages, and these, I think, the most objectionable and indefensible as relates either to the bad grammar or the false or double rhymes in the Scotticisms to be found in our psalmody. I have not ventured to touch any passage which I deemed not in some respect blameworthy; and very probably you may mark off some few slight passages which may admit of some gentle healing, but which by me have not been observed, or have not come within that scope of emendation which I prescribed to myself. If our present version, which is assuredly the best, is ever to be at all purified or emended, it should be done by gentle means and by making the smallest possible alterations, so that its present readers and admirers may read and admire on without being conscious of any violence committed—without having their attention distracted, and their time-confirmed respect shocked by any modern botches of superfluous

or glaring emendation. Whether I have done according to my own design and conception I do not know; but if correction is to be tried at all, assuredly it should proceed in this gentle manner. I should be glad not only to have your written opinion so soon as you have perused my attempted corrections, but that you yourself as an amusement (which I found a delightful one) should try your hand at correcting any false rhyme or return stanza, for instance in Psalms xviii. and xix., or any other you may deem deserving of it. . . .

"The volume of corrected Psalms you will please retain till I revisit Edinburgh, which perhaps, if weather be favourable, may be at Christmas.—I have the honour to be, my dear Mrs. Grant, your very faithful servant,

"WM. TENNANT."

"Devongrove, Dollar, 15th Dec. 1831.

"My dear Mrs. Grant,—It was with the utmost pleasure I received your esteemed letter of 28th ult., which I perused with much delight. I am glad indeed to find that you enjoy the same good health in which I left you in September. I shall be now fain to see your remarks on the attempted emendations of our much-revered old Scottish Psalm-version. . . .

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have been bereaved of my good old mother, who died at my house about four weeks ago. She lived with me after my father's death for the space of about three and a half years. She had enjoyed for several years very good health, and we were all happy together. What a blank has been created in our happy household by her departure! It will be a long time ere I become reconciled to it.

"Attached to this, I beg leave to send you a few lines written after her decease,—'To her Spinning-wheel'—an exercise in which she took great delight. I was much affected by the circumstance of her leaving the 'task of flax' unspun. I should be glad if you were pleased with the few stanzas written upon this familiar household subject.

"Should I be in Edinburgh at the Christmas holidays, I shall avail myself of that opportunity again to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation.—And believe me to be at all times, my dear Mrs. Grant, very sincerely your faithful servant, WM. TENNANT."

ANSTER FAIR.[1]

CANTO I.

While some of Troy and pettish heroes sing,
  And some of Rome and chiefs of pious fame,
And some of men that thought it harmless thing
  To smite off heads in Mars' bloody game,
And some of Eden's garden gay with spring,
  And Hell's dominions, terrible to name,—
I sing a theme far livelier, happier, gladder,
I sing of Anster Fair, and bonny Maggie Lauder.

What time from east, from west, from south, from north,
  From every hamlet, town, and smoky city,
Laird, clown, and beau to Anster Fair came forth—
  The young, the gay, the handsome, and the witty,
To try in various sport and game their worth,
  Whilst prize before them Maggie sat, the pretty,
And after many a feat, and joke, and banter,
Fair Maggie's hand was won by mighty Rob the Rantor.

Muse, that from top of thine old Greekish hill,
  Didst the harp-fing'ring Theban younker view,
And on his lips bid bees their sweets distil,
  And gav'st the chariot that the white swans drew—
O let me scoop, from thine ethereal rill,
  Some little palmfuls of the blessed dew,
And lend the swan-drawn car, that safely I,
Like him, may scorn the earth, and burst into the sky.

Our themes are like; for he the games extoll'd
  Held in the chariot-shaken Grecian plains,
Where the vain victor, arrogant and bold,
  Parsley or laurel got for all his pains.

---

[1] Allan Cunningham says of this charming poem, written in the *ottava rima* of the Italians:—"William Tennant, in his very original poem of 'Anster Fair,' gave Frere and Byron more than a hint for 'Whistle Craft' and 'Beppo;' nor is it unjust to say that the imitators have not at all equalled the life, the *naïveté*, the ludicrous dashed with the solemn, and the witty with both, which characterize the poet of Dollar."—ED.

I sing of sports more worthy to be told,
  Where better prize the Scottish victor gains;
What were the crowns of Greece but wind and bladder,
Compared with marriage-bed of bonnie Maggie Lauder?

And O that King Apollo would but grant
  A little spark of that transcendent flame,
That fir'd the Chian rhapsodist to chant
  How vied the bowmen for Ulysses' dame;
And him of Rome to sing how Atalant
  Plied, dart in hand, the suitor-slaught'ring game,
Till the bright gold, bowl'd forth along the grass,
Betray'd her to a spouse, and stopp'd the bounding lass.

But lo! fro n bosom of yon southern cloud,
  I see the chariot come which Pindar bore;
I see the swans, whose white necks, arching proud,
  Glitter with golden yoke, approach my shore:
For me they come!—O Phœbus, potent god!
  Spare, spare me now—Enough, good king—no more—
A little spark I ask'd in moderation,
Why scorch me ev'n to death with fiery inspiration?

My pulse beats fire—my pericranium glows,
  Like baker's oven, with poetic heat;
A thousand bright ideas, spurning prose,
  Are in a twinkling hatch'd in Fancy's seat;
Zounds! they will fly out at my ears and nose,
  If through my mouth they find not passage fleet;
I hear them buzzing deep within my noddle,
Like bees that in their hives confus'dly hum and huddle.

How now?—what's this?—my very eyes, I trow,
  Drop on my hands their base prosaic scales;
My visual orbs are purg'd from film, and lo!
  Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
I see old Fairyland's mirac'lous show—
  Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales,
Her ouphes, that cloak'd in leaf-gold skim the breeze,
And fairies swarming thick as mites in rotten cheese.

I see the puny fair-chinn'd goblin rise
  Suddenly glorious from his mustard-pot;
I see him wave his hand in seemly wise,
  And button round him tight his fulgent coat;
While Maggie Lauder, in a great surprise,
  Sits startled on her chair, yet fearing not;
I see him ope his dewy lips; I hear
The strange and strict command address'd to Maggie's ear.

I see the Ranter with bagpipe on back,
  As to the fair he rides jocundly on;
I see the crowds that press with speed not slack
  Along each road that leads to Anster Loan;
I see the suitors, that, deep-sheathed in sack,
  Hobble and tumble, bawl and swear, and groan;
I see—but fie, thou brainish Muse! what mean
Those vapourings, and brags of what by thee is seen?

Go to!—be cooler, and in order tell
  To all my good co-townsmen list'ning round,
How every merry incident befel,
  Whereby our loan shall ever be renown'd;
Say first, what elf or fairy could impel
  Fair Mag, with wit, and wealth, and beauty crown'd,
To put her suitors to such waggish test,
And give her happy bed to him that jumped best!

'Twas on a keen December night; John Frost
  Drove through mid air his chariot, icy-wheel'd,
And from the sky's crisp ceiling star-embost,
  Whiff'd off the clouds that the pure blue conceal'd;
The hornless moon amid her brilliant host
  Shone, and with silver-sheeted lake and field.
'Twas cutting cold; I'm sure each trav'ler's nose
Was pinch'd right red that night, and numb'd were all his toes.

Not so were Maggie Lauder's toes, as she
  In her warm chamber at her supper sate
(For 'twas that hour when burgesses agree
  To eat their suppers ere the night grows late).
Alone she sat, and pensive as may be
  A young fair lady, wishful of a mate;
Yet with her teeth held now and then a pick'ng,
Her stomach to refresh, the breast-bone of a chicken.

She thought upon her suitors, that with love
  Besiege her chamber all the livelong day,
Aspiring each her virgin heart to move,
  With courtship's every troublesome essay;
Calling her angel, sweeting, fondling, dove,
  And other nicknames in love's friv'lous way;
While she, though their addresses still she heard,
Held back from all her heart, and still no beau preferr'd.

What, what! quo' Mag, must thus it be my doom
  To spend my prime in maidhood's joyless state,
And waste away my sprightly body's bloom
  In spouseless solitude without a mate,
Still toying with my suitors, as they come
  Cringing in lowly courtship to my gate?
Fool that I am, to live unwed so long!
More fool, since I am woo'd by such a clam'rous throng!

For was e'er heiress with much gold in chest,
And dower'd with acres of wheat-bearing land,
By such a pack of men, in am'rous quest,
Fawningly spaniel'd to bestow her hand?
Where'er I walk, the air that feeds my breast
Is by the gusty sighs of lovers fann'd;
Each wind that blows wafts love-cards to my lap,
Whilst I—ah, stupid Mag!—avoid each am'rous trap!

Then come, let me my suitors' merits weigh,
And in the worthiest lad my spouse select:—
First, there's our Anster merchant, Norman Ray,
A powder'd wight with golden buttons deck'd,
That stinks with scent, and chats like popinjay,
And struts with phiz tremendously erect:
Four brigs has he, that on the broad sea swim,—
He is a pompous fool—I cannot think of him.

Next is the maltster Andrew Strang, that takes
His seat i' the bailies' loft on Sabbath-day,
With paltry visage white as oaten-cakes,
As if no blood runs gurgling in his clay;
Heav'ns! what an awkward hunch the fellow makes,
As to the priest he does the bow repay!
Yet he is rich—a very wealthy man, true—
But, by the holy rood, I will have none of Andrew.

Then for the lairds—there's Melvil of Carnbee,
A handsome gallant, and a beau of spirit;
Who can go down the dance so well as he?
And who can fiddle with such manly merit?
Ay, but he is too much the debauchee—
His cheeks seem sponges oozing port and claret;
In marrying him I should bestow myself ill,
And so I'll not have you, thou fuddler, Harry Melvil!

There's Cunningham of Barns, that still assails
With verse and billet-doux my gentle heart,
A bookish squire, and good at telling tales,
That rhymes and whines of Cupid, flame, and dart;
But, oh! his mouth a sorry smell exhales,
And on his nose sprouts horribly the wart;
What though there be a fund of lore and fun in him?
He has a rotten breath—I cannot think of Cunningham.

Why then, there's Allardyce, that plies his suit
And battery of courtship more and more;
Spruce Lochmalonie, that with booted foot
Each morning wears the threshold of my door;
Auchmoutie too, and Bruce, that persecute
My tender heart with am'rous buffets sore:—
Whom to my hand and bed should I promote?
Eh-la! what sight is this?—what ails my mustard-pot?

Here broke the lady her soliloquy;
For in a twink her pot of mustard, lo!
Self-moved, like Jove's wheel'd stool that rolls on high,
'Gan caper on her table to and fro,
And hopp'd and fidgeted before her eye,
Spontaneous, here and there, a wond'rous show:
As leaps, instinct with mercury, a bladder,
So leaps the mustard-pot of bonnie Maggie Lauder.

Soon stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil,
When from its round and small recess there came
Thin curling wreaths of paly smoke, that still,
Fed by some magic unapparent flame,
Mount to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill
Each nook with fragrance, and refresh the dame:
Ne'er smelt a Phœnix-nest so sweet, I wot,
As smelt the luscious fumes of Maggie's mustard-pot.

It reeked censer-like; then, strange to tell!
Forth from the smoke, that thick and thicker grows,
A fairy of the height of half an ell,
In dwarfish pomp, majestically rose:
His feet, upon the table 'stablished well,
Stood trim and splendid in their snake-skin hose;
Gleam'd topaz-like the breeches he had on,
Whose waistband like the bend of summer rainbow shone.

His coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,
That intertwine the clouds at sunset hour;
And, certes, Iris with her shuttle bold
Wovē the rich garment in her lofty bower;
To form its buttons were the Pleiads old
Pluck'd from their sockets, sure by genie-power,
And sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem;
Its neck was lovely green, each cuff a sapphire gem.

As when the churlish spirit of the Cape
To Gama, voyaging to Mozambique,
Up-popp'd from sea, a tangle-tassel'd shape,
With mussels sticking inch-thick on his cheek,
And 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to scrape,
And yawn'd his monstrous blobberlips to speak;
Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the sight,
And on the tarry deck sunk down his men with fright.

So sudden (not so huge and grimly dire)
Uprose to Maggie's stounded eyne the sprite,
As fair a fairy as you could desire,
With ruddy cheek, and chin and temples white;
His eyes seem'd little points of sparkling fire,
That, as he look'd, charm'd with inviting light;

He was, indeed, as bonny a fay and brisk,
As e'er on long moonbeam was seen to ride and frisk.

Around his bosom, by a silken zone,
A little bagpipe gracefully was bound,
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver shone,
The glist'ring tiny avenues of sound;
Beneath his arm the windy bag, full-blown,
Heaved up its purple like an orange round,
And only waited orders to discharge
Its blast with charming groan into the sky at large.

He wav'd his hand to Maggie, as she sat
Amaz'd and startled on her carved chair;
Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat
In honour to the lady from his hair,
And made a bow so dignifiedly flat,
That Mag was witched with his beauish air.
At last he spoke, with voice so soft, so kind,
So sweet, as if his throat with fiddle-strings was lin'd:—

Lady! be not offended that I dare,
Thus forward and impertinently rude,
Emerge, uncall'd, into the upper air,
Intruding on a maiden's solitude.
Nay, do not be alarm'd, thou lady fair!
Why startle so?—I am a fairy good;
Not one of those that, envying beauteous maids,
Speckle their skins with moles, and fill with spleens their heads.

For, as conceal'd in this clay-house of mine,
I overheard thee in a lowly voice,
Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design
Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice,
I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine,
To give thee, sweet-ey'd lass, my best advice;
For by the life of Oberon my king!
To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish thing.

And never shall good Tommy Puck permit
Such an assemblage of unwonted charms
To cool some lecher's lewd licentious fit,
And sleep imbounded by his boisterous arms:
What though his fields by twenty ploughs be split,
And golden wheat wave riches on his farms?
His house is shame—it cannot, shall not be;
A greater, happier doom, O Mag, awaiteth thee.

Strange are indeed the steps by which thou must
Thy glory's happy eminence attain;
But fate hath fix'd them, and 'tis fate's t' adjust
The mighty links that ends to means enchain;
Nor may poor Puck his little fingers thrust
Into the links to break Jove's steel in twain:
Then, Maggie, hear, and let my words descend
Into thy soul, for much it boots thee to attend.

To-morrow, when o'er th' Isle of May the sun
Lifts up his forehead bright with golden crown,
Call to thine house the light-heel'd men, that run
Afar on messages for Anster Town,—
Fellows of sp'rit, by none in speed outdone,
Of lofty voice, enough a drum to drown,
And bid them hie, post-haste, through all the nation,
And publish, far and near, this famous proclamation:—

Let them proclaim, with voice's loudest tone,
That on your next approaching market-day,
Shall merry sports be held in Anster Loan,
With celebration notable and gay;
And that a prize, than gold or precious stone
More precious, shall the victor's toils repay,
Ev'n thy own form with beauties so replete,—
Nay, Maggie, start not thus!—thy marriage-bed, my sweet.

First, on the loan shall ride full many an ass,
With stout whip-wielding rider on his back,
Intent with twinkling hoof to pelt the grass,
And pricking up his long ears at the crack;
Next o'er the ground the daring men shall pass,
Half-coffin'd in their cumbrances of sack,
With heads just peeping from their shrines of bag,
Horribly hobbling round, and straining hard for Mag.

Then shall the pipers groaningly begin
In squeaking rivalry their merry strain,
Till Billyness shall echo back the din,
And Innergelly woods shall ring again;
Last, let each man that hopes thy hand to win
By witty product of prolific brain,
Approach, and, confident of Pallas' aid,
Claim by an hum'rous tale possession of thy bed.

Such are the wondrous tests, by which, my love!
The merits of thy husband must be tried,
And he that shall in these superior prove
(One proper husband shall the Fates provide),
Shall from the loan with thee triumphant move
Homeward, the jolly bridegroom and the bride,
And at thy house shall eat the marriage-feast,
When I'll pop up again!—Here Tommy Puck surceast.

He ceas'd, and to his wee mouth, dewy wet,
His bagpipe's tube of silver up he held,
And underneath his down-press'd arm he set
His purple bag, that with a tempest swell'd;
He play'd and pip'd so sweet, that never yet
Mag had a piper heard that Puck excell'd;
Had Midas heard a tune so exquisite,
By Heav'n! his long base ears had quiver'd with delight.

Tingle the fire-ir'ns, poker, tongs, and grate,
Responsive to the blithesome melody;

The tables and the chairs inanimate
  Wish they had muscles now to trip it high;
Wave back and forwards at a wondrous rate,
  The window-curtains, touch'd with sympathy;
Fork, knife, and trencher almost break their sloth,
And caper on their ends upon the table-cloth.

How then could Maggie, sprightly, smart, and young,
  Withstand that bagpipe's blithe awak'ning air?
She, as her ear-drum caught the sounds, up-sprung
  Like lightning, and despis'd her idle chair,
And into all the dance's graces flung
  The bounding members of her body fair;
From nook to nook through all her room she tript,
And whirl'd like whirligig, and reel'd, and bobb'd, and skipt.

At last the little piper ceas'd to play,
  And deftly bow'd, and said, "My dear, good-night;"
Then in a smoke evanish'd clean away,
  With all his gaudy apparatus bright;
As breaks soap-bubble which a boy in play
  Blows from his short tobacco-pipe aright,
So broke poor Puck from view, and on the spot
Y-smoking aloes-rock he left his mustard-pot.

Whereat the furious lady's wriggling feet
  Forgot to patter in such pelting wise,
And down she gladly sunk upon her seat,
  Fatigu'd and panting from her exercise;
She sat and mus'd awhile, as it was meet,
  On what so late had occupied her eyes;
Then to her bedroom went, and doff'd her gown,
And laid upon her couch her charming person down.

Some say that Maggie slept so sound that night,
  As never she had slept since she was born;
But sure am I, that, thoughtful of the sprite,
  She twenty times upon her bed did turn;
For still appear'd to stand before her sight
  The gaudy goblin, glorious from his urn,
And still, within the cavern of her ear,
Th' injunction echoing rung, so strict and strange to hear.

But when the silver-harness'd steeds, that draw
  The car of morning up th' empyreal height,
Had snorted day upon North Berwick Law,
  And from their glist'ring loose manes toss'd the light,
Immediately from bed she rose, (such awe
  Of Tommy press'd her soul with anxious weight,)
And donn'd her tissued fragrant morning vest,
And to fulfil his charge her earliest care addrest.

Straight to her house she tarried not to call
  Her messengers and heralds swift of foot,—
Men skill'd to hop o'er dikes and ditches; all
  Gifted with sturdy brazen lungs to boot;
She bade them halt at every town, and bawl
  Her proclamation out with mighty bruit,
Inviting loud, to Anster Loan and Fair,
The Scottish beau to jump for her sweet person there.

They took each man his staff into his hand;
  They button'd round their bellies close their coats;
They flew divided through the frozen land;—
  Were never seen such swiftly-trav'ling Scots!
Nor ford, slough, mountain, could their speed withstand;
  Such fleetness have the men that feed on oats!
They skirr'd, they flounder'd through the sleets and snows,
And puff'd against the winds, that bit in spite each nose.

They halted at each wall-fenc'd town renown'd,
  And ev'ry lesser borough of the nation;
And with the trumpet's welkin-rifting sound,
  And tuck of drum of loud reverberation,
Tow'rds the four wings of heav'n, they, round and round,
  Proclaim'd in Stentor-like vociferation,
That, on th' approaching day of Anster market,
Should merry sports be held:—Hush! listen now, and hark it!—

"Ho! beau and pipers, wits and jumpers, ho!
  Ye buxom blades that like to kiss the lasses;
Ye that are skill'd sew'd up in sacks to go;
  Ye that excel in *horsemanship* of asses;
Ye that are smart at telling tales, and know
  On Rhyme's two stilts to crutch it up Parnassus;
Ho! lads, your sacks, pipes, asses, tales, prepare
To jump, play, ride, and rhyme at Anster Loan and Fair!

"First, on the green turf shall each ass draw nigh,
  Caparison'd or clouted for the race,
With mounted rider, sedulous to ply
  Cudgel or whip, and win the foremost place;
Next, shall th' advent'rous men, that dare to try
  Their bodies' springiness in hempen case,
Put on their bags, and, with ridic'lous bound,
And sweat and huge turmoil, pass lab'ring o'er the ground.

"Then shall the pipers, gentlemen o' the drone,
  Their pipes in gleesome competition screw,
And grace, with loud solemnity of groan,
  Each his invented tune to th' audience new;
Last shall each witty bard, to whom is known
  The craft of Helicon's rhyme-jingling crew,
His story tell in good poetic strains,
And make his learned tongue the midwife to his brains.

"And he whose tongue the wittiest tale shall tell,
Whose bagpipe shall the sweetest tune resound,
Whose heels, tho' clogg'd with sack, shall jump it well,
Whose ass shall foot with fleetest hoof the ground,
He who from all the rest shall bear the bell,
With victory in every trial crown'd,
He (mark it, lads!) to Maggie Lauder's house
That self-same night shall go, and take her for his spouse."

Here ceas'd the criers of the sturdy lungs;
But here the gossip Fame (whose body's pores
Are nought but open ears and babbling tongues,
That gape and wriggle on her hide in scores),
Began to jabber o'er each city's throngs,
Blaz'ning the news through all the Scottish shores;
Nor had she blabb'd, methinks, so stoutly since
Queen Dido's peace was broke by Troy's love-truant prince.

In every lowland vale and Highland glen
She nois'd the approaching fun of Anster Fair;
Ev'n when in sleep were laid the sons of men,
Snoring away on good chaff beds their care,
You might have heard her faintly murm'ring then,
For lack of audience, to the midnight air,
That from Fife's East Nook up to farthest Stornoway,
Fair Maggie's loud report most rapidly was borne away.

And soon the mortals that design to strive
By meritorious jumping for the prize,
Train up their bodies, ere the day arrive,
To th' lumpish sack-encumber'd exercise;
You might have seen no less than four or five
Hobbling in each town loan in awkward guise;
E'en little boys, when from the school let out,
Mimick'd the bigger beaux, and leap'd in pokes about.

Through cots and granges with industrious foot,
By laird and knight were light-heel'd asses sought,
So that no ass of any great repute
For twenty Scots marks could have then been bought;
Nor e'er, before or since, the long-ear'd brute
Was such a goodly acquisition thought.
The pipers vex'd their ears and pipes, t' invent
Some tune that might the taste of Anster Mag content.

Each poet, too, whose lore-manured brain
Is hot of soil, and sprouts up mushroom wit,
Ponder'd his noddle into extreme pain
T' excogitate some story nice and fit:
When rack'd had been his skull some hours in vain,
He, to relax his mind a little bit,
Plung'd deep into a sack his precious body,
And school'd it for the race, and hopp'd around his study.

Such was the sore preparatory care
Of all th' ambitious that for April sigh:
Nor sigh the young alone for Anster Fair;
Old men and wives, erewhile content to die,
Who hardly can forsake their easy-chair,
To take, abroad, farewell of sun and sky,
With new desire of life now glowing, pray
That they may just o'erlive our famous market-day.

TAMMY LITTLE.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!
I kent the body weel,
As round the kintra-side he gaed,
Careerin' wi' his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,
That aye when blasts did blaw,
He ballasted himself wi' stanes
'Gainst bein' blawn awa.

A meikle stane the wee bit man
In ilka coat-pouch clappit,
That by the michty gowlin' wind
He michtna doun be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood,
On simmer days to be,
Aye he was frichted lest the craws
Should heise him up on hie;

And aye he, wi' an aiken cud,
The air did thump and beat,
To stap the craws frae liftin' him
Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,
And thrashers thrang were thair,
He in a moment vanish'd aff,
And nae man could tell whair.

They lookit till the riggin' up,
And round and round they lookit,
At last they fand him underneath
A firlot cruyled and crookit.

Ance as big Samuel passed him by,
Big Samuel gave a sneeze,
And wi' the sough o't he was cast
Clean doun upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day
Did chance to disagree,

And up she took the bellowses,
  As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,
  And made him, like a feather,
Flee frae the tae side o' the house,
  Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through
  Pitkirie forest past,
By three braid leaves, blawn aff the trees,
  He doun to yird was cast;

A tirl o' wind the three braid leaves
  Doun frae the forest dang:
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,
  Ane frae an aik-tree strang;

Ane strack him sair on the back-neck,
  Ane on the nose him rappit,
Ane smote him on the vera heart,
  And doun as dead he drappit.

But ah! but ah! a drearier dool
  Ance hap'd at Ounston-dammy,
That heised him a' thegither up,
  And maist extinguished Tammy;

For, as he cam slow-daunderin' doun,
  In's hand his basket hingin',
And staiver'd ower the hei-road's breidth,
  Frae side to side a-swingin';

There cam a blast frae Kelly-law,
  As bald a blast as ever
Auld snivelin' Boreas blew abraid,
  To mak' the warld shiver;

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,
  Mair easy than a shavin',
And hurl'd him half-a-mile complete
  Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day puir Tammy had wi' stanes
  No ballasted his body,
So that he flew, maist like a shot,
  Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage,
  Tumble sax times and mair,
But Tammy weel sax hundred times
  Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And whan the whirly-wind gave ower
  He frae the lift fell plumb,
And in a blink stood stickin' fast
  In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stack
  Amang the smotherin' soot,
But, by a wonderfu' good luck,
  His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glowr-weel, when he saw
  A man stuck in his lum,
He swarf'd wi' drither clean awa,
  And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour
  A' riving at the lum
Wi' picks, (he was sae jamm'd therein,)
  Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat,
  His basket's fate and fa'
Was, as I've heard douce neighbors tell,
  The queerest thing of a'.

The blast took up the body's creel
  And laid it on a cloud,
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,
  Richt ower the Firth's braid flood.

And whan the cloud did melt awa,
  Then, then the creel cam' doun,
And fell'd the toun-clerk o' Dunbar
  E'en in his ain gude toun;

The clerk stood yelpin' on the street,
  At some bit strife that stirr'd him,
Doun cam' the creel, and to the yird
  It dang him wi' a dirdom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.

O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast but
  A rabbit-hole to spair,
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
  That it may nestle thair!

And press thou light on him, now dead,
  That was sae slim and wee,
For weel I wat, when he was quick,
  He lightly pressed on thee!

ODE TO PEACE.

Daughter of God! that sits on high,
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way;
  Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place
Rejoice the wretched weary race
Of discord-breathing men?

Too long, O gladness-giving queen!
Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythed wheels,
And at his horse's bloody heels
Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in virtue's passioned glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore!
Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere to the grave I down descend,
Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave love and harmony!

TO MY MOTHER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

(WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER HER DEATH.)

Lo! silent now and motionless,
Within the corner stands
The busy little engine once
Mov'd by my mother's hands.
I bought it for her, low and light,
To turn in easy wise,
Thereby t'invite her aged foot
To gentle exercise.

How gladsomely she sat her down
Her self-set task to ply!
How lightsomely, beside the hearth,
Did winter evenings fly!
I question'd her of Thrift, and all
Her linen-making toils;
And she informed my ignorance
All readily with smiles.

Idle awhile the engine stood
In autumn's jolly reign;
She chid herself for idleness,
And sought her wheel again.
She spread the flax all smooth; she warp'd
It round the distaff fair;—
Alas! her hand ne'er touch'd the work—
She died—and left it there!

And now another hand must spin
The flaxen remnant out;
A foot of greater energy
Must force the wheel about.
No more my chamber with its hum,
At eve, shall shaken be;
A house-wife's thrift, a house-wife's toils,
No more have charms for me!

Yet, little engine! though thy sound
No more shall please mine ear,
Yet ever to mine eye thou shalt
Be a memorial dear.
Ev'n for her sake that exercis'd
Her aged foot on thee,
I'll look on thee with love; and thou
Shalt never part from me.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

BORN 1784—DIED 1846.

ALEXANDER RODGER, some of whose songs have been very popular, was born at East-Calder, Mid-Lothian, July 16, 1784. His father, at first a farmer, afterwards became tenant of an inn at Mid-Calder, where Alexander was sent to school. Five years later he removed to Edinburgh, and apprenticed his son to a silversmith there. In 1797 his affairs became so much embarrassed that he removed to Hamburg, and Alexander was sent to reside with relations in Glasgow, by whom he was apprenticed to a weaver. In 1803 he was induced to join the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, a corps principally composed of Highlanders, and it became a favourite amusement with him to hit off the peculiarities of his Celtic com-

panions-in-arms. In 1806 he married Agnes Turner, by whom he had a large family, some of whom removed to the United States. Adding a little to his income by giving lessons in music, the peaceful tenor of the poet's life continued unbroken until the year 1819, when he was led to connect himself with a Radical journal called the *Spirit of the Union*, originated with the design of creating disaffection to the government. The editor was transported for life; the poet was convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison for a short time. Here his indignant spirit used to solace itself by singing aloud his own political compositions, which, being well spiced with Radicalism, were exceedingly distasteful to his jailers. Soon after his release he obtained a situation in the Barrowfield Works as an inspector of the cloths, which he retained for eleven years, and during this period he produced some of his best poems. In 1832 he left this excellent position to engage with a friend in the pawnbroking business—a vocation not at all suitable for the kind-hearted poet, who afterwards abandoned it, and obtained a situation in the *Glasgow Chronicle* office. In 1836 he removed to the *Reformers' Gazette* office, where he remained until his death, highly esteemed by his employers and a wide circle of friends. Mr. Rodger's health began to fail during the summer of 1846, and he died on the 26th September of that year. A handsome monument was erected over his remains in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a volume of his poems was published in Glasgow; and in 1838 a new and complete edition was issued. His poetry is a combination of humour and satire, and it is perhaps not too much to say that in his day he was the favourite lyric poet of the West of Scotland. In 1836 some two hundred of his admirers and fellow-citizens entertained him at a public dinner in Glasgow, and handed him a small silver box of sovereigns, "a fruit not often found in much profusion on the barren though sunny sides and slopes of Parnassus."

SHON M'NAB.

Nainsel pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
  Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
  Since she was born alive, man;
She's seen the warl' turn upside doun,
  Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
  Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
  And syne be ca'd ta prig, man;
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
  Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen
  Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So. gin you likes, she'll told you shust
  Ta story 'bout hersel', man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
  'Pon Morven's ponnie praes, man,
Whar tousand pleasant days she'll spent,
  Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poat*,
  An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
  Pe far peyont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night
  Nainsel will lost her way, man,
Her poat was trown'd, hersel got fright,
  She'll mind till dying day, man.
So fait! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
  But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she'll turn ta whisky still,
  Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man.

But foul befa' ta gauger loon,
  Pe put her in ta shail, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a day,
  Shust 'cause she no got bail, man;
But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
  And came to Glasgow toun, man,
Whar tousand wonders *mhor* she'll saw,
  As she went up and doun, man.

Te first thing she pe wonder at,
  As she cam' doun ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
  Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,
  As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak you ta *horse*—
  Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
  Ta black man tere she see, man,
Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
  And sell him for pawbee, man;
And aye she'll grund, and grund, and grund,
  And turn her mill about, man,
Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
  Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk
  In crowds alang ta street, man,
She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
  To sup teir pick o meat, man;
For in ta place whar she was porn,
  And tat right far awa, man,
Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
  But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta mattams, too,
  Wi' plack clout on teir face, man,
Tey surely tid some graceless teed,
  Pe in sic black discrace, man;
Or else what for tey'll hing ta clout
  Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
If no for shame to show teir face,
  For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn
  Pe jaw the waters out, man,
And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
  A' tay, like mountain spout, man:
Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
  Like spunkies in a raw, man,
A' pruntin' pright for want o' oil,
  And teil a wick ava, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
  Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
  Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man,
Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
  Wi' fire do ilka turn, man;
Na, some of tem will eat ta fire,
  And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach be rin,
  Upon ta railman's raw, man,
Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
  An' teil a horse to traw, man;
Anither coach to Paisley rin,
  Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
But oich! she was plawn a' to bits,
  By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
  Upon ta river Clyde, man,
She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
  As she stood on ta side, man:
But gin you'll no pelieve her word,
  Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels
  Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a toun as Glasgow toun,
  She never see pefore, man,
Te houses tere pe mile and mair,
  Wi' names 'pon ilka toor, man.
An' in teir muckle windows tere,
  She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
Praw shentlemans pe want ta head,
  An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
  Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
  For tem she wadna care, man.
And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
  And wee drap barley pree, man,
For a' ta praws in Glasgow toun,
  She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
  Behave yoursel' before folk,
And dinna be sae rude to me,
  As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
  But, guidsake! no before folk.
    Behave yoursel' before folk,
    Behave yoursel' before folk,
  Whate'er you do when out o' view,
    Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
And what a great affair they'll mak'
O' naething but a simple smack,
  That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
    Behave yoursel' before folk,
    Behave yoursel' before folk,
  Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young,
    Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
That I sae plainly tell you this;
But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
  To be sae teazed before folk.
    Behave yoursel' before folk,
    Behave yoursel' before folk;
  When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
    But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
As ony modest lass should be;
But yet it doesna do to see
Sic freedom used before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
I'll ne'er submit again to it—
So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
It may be sae—I dinna care—
But ne'er again gar't blush sae sair
As ye ha'e done before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
But aye be douce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
At ony rate, it's hardly meet
To pree their sweets before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk;
Gin that's the case, there's time and place,
But surely no before folk.

But gin you really do insist
That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
Gae, get a license frae the priest,
And mak' me yours before folk.
Behave yoursel' before folk,
Behave yoursel' before folk,
And when we're ane, baith flesh and bane,
Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk!
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.;
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'e-lids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.,
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, and ripe, sae tempts me to't,
That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
Ay, twenty times—before folk!
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.,
When temptingly it offers me,
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' snawy white;
That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
Provokes me till't before folk!
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.,
When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "Kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my saul, let be
Frae kissing you before folk!
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.,
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own that, were we baith our lane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?
Can I behave, &c.,
Can I behave, &c.?
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll hae a "blythesome bridal" made,
When ye'll be mine before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk;
For whereas then ye'll aft get "ten,"
It winna be before folk!

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon
Frae out the azure sky,
While ilka little star aboon
Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.

How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
How soft the sylvan scene!
How fit to meet thee, lovely flower,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Now let us wander through the broom,
And o'er the flowery lea;
While simmer wafts her rich perfume
Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
Where we've sae aften been,
Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
That dark expressive eye;
To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
Those lips of coral dye;
But oh! to hear thy seraph strains,
Thy maiden sighs between,
Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
Or what is pomp or power?
More dear this velvet mossy bank,
This blest ecstatic hour:
I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
Nor diamond-studded queen,
While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

ROBIN TAMSON.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
An' wow! but they were duddy,
And sent me to get Mally shod
At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
The smiddy stands beside the burn
That wimples through the clachan,—
I never yet gae by the door
But aye I fa' a-laughin!

For Robin was a walthy carle,
And had ae bonnie dochter,
Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
Though mony lads had sought her;
And what think ye o' my exploit?
The time our mare was shoeing
I slippit up beside the lass,
An' briskly fell a-wooing.

An' aye she e'ed my auld breeks
The time that we sat crackin';
Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
I've new anes for the makin';
But gin you'll just come hame wi' me,
An' lea' the carle your father,
Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
Mysel' an' a' thegither.

Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
I really think I'll tak' it,
Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
We'll baith slip on the back o't;
For gin I wait my father's time,
I'll wait till I be fifty;
But na, I'll marry in my prime,
An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man
At tyning o' his dochter,
Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
An' far an' near he sought her;
But when he cam' to our fire-end,
An' fand us baith thegither,
Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd, an' sheuk his pow,
Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry;
But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
An' end this hurry-burry;
So Robin an' our auld wife
Agreed to creep thegither;
Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
An' Robin has my mither.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1784 — DIED 1842.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who ranks next to Burns and Hogg as a writer of Scottish song, was descended from a long line of ancestors who were lords of that district of Ayrshire which still bears their name, until one of them lost the patrimonial estate by siding with Montrose during the wars of the Commonwealth. Allan was born at Blackwood, near

Dumfries, December 7, 1784. He was the fourth son of John Cunningham, a shrewd, upright, and intelligent man, and Elizabeth Harley, a lady of elegant personal accomplishments and good family. After receiving an ordinary education in the English branches at a school conducted by an enthusiastic Cameronian, Allan was apprenticed to his eldest brother James as a stone-mason; and he still continued to enjoy the benefit of his father's instructions, whom he describes as possessing "a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humour, and pleasant happy wit." Allan appears also, from the multifarious knowledge which his earliest productions betoken, to have been at this time a careful reader of every book that came within his reach. He commenced the writing of poetry at a very early age, having been inspired by the numerous songs and ballads with which his native district of Nithsdale is stored. In 1790 his father became land-steward to Mr. Millar of Dalswinton, and as Burns' farm of Ellisland was on the opposite side of the river Nith the young lad had opportunities of meeting the distinguished poet, whose appearance and habits left an indelible impression on his mind. At the age of eighteen he made the acquaintance of the Ettrick Shepherd, who in his *Reminiscences of Former Days* gives a most interesting account of their first meeting. Hogg afterwards visited the Cunninghams at Dalswinton, and was greatly impressed with Allan's genius. In later days the Shepherd sung his praise as a skilful Scottish poet in the "Queen's Wake:"—

> "Of the old elm his harp was made,
> That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade;
> No gilded sculpture round her flamed,
> For his own hand that harp had framed,
> In stolen hours, when, labour done,
> He strayed to view the parting sun.
> . . . . . .
> That harp could make the matron stare,
> Bristle the peasant's hoary hair,
> Make patriot-breasts with ardour glow,
> And warrior pant to meet the foe;
> And long by Nith the maidens young
> Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.
> At ewe-bucht, or at evening fold,
> When resting on the daisied wold,
> Combing their locks of waving gold,
> Oft the fair group, enrapt, shall name
> Their lost, their darling Cunninghame;
> His was a song beloved in youth,
> A tale of weir, a tale of truth."

Allan's brother Thomas, and his friend James Hogg, being contributors to the *Scots Magazine*, he was led to offer some poetical pieces to that periodical, which were at once accepted and published. When Cromek visited Dumfries in search of materials for his *Reliques of Burns* young Cunningham was pointed out to him as one who could aid him in the work, and the London engraver advised him to collect the minstrelsy of Nithsdale and Galloway. Soon after his return home he received from Cunningham contributions of old songs which greatly delighted him, and he strongly recommended the young poet to come to London. Allan followed his advice, and was intrusted with editing the volume which appeared in 1810, entitled Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. But the best of these, and especially the "Mermaid of Galloway," were the production of Cunningham's own pen, a fact which the sagacity of the Ettrick Shepherd and Professor Wilson soon detected and demonstrated, very much to the advantage of the young poet. Cromek did not survive to learn the imposition which had been practised upon him. After the appearance of this work Cunningham was employed writing for the London press, but this proving a precarious source of income he returned to his original vocation, obtaining an engagement in the establishment of Sir Francis Chantrey, over which he soon became the superintendent. He retained this congenial position, where he was brought in contact with men of genius—artists, authors, soldiers, and statesmen—up to the date of his death, a period of nearly thirty years. His warm heart, his honest, upright, and independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem and respect of all who enjoyed the acquaintance of "honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott commonly called him.

Although faithfully devoted to business, being not unfrequently occupied at the studio twelve hours a day, Cunningham soon became favourably known as a poet and man of letters. In 1813 he gave to the world a volume of lyrics entitled *Songs chiefly in the Rural Language of Scotland*, followed in 1822 by "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem founded on Border story and superstition. Sir Walter Scott, to whom the author had sent the MS. of this work for perusal, considered it

a beautiful dramatic poem rather than a play, and therefore better fitted for the closet than the stage. His next publication was two volumes of *Traditional Tales*, which he had contributed to *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazines* from 1819 to 1824. This was followed in 1825 by his valuable work the *Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern*, with an Introduction and Notes, in four volumes. *Paul Jones*, a romance in three volumes, appeared in 1826; and a second, also in three volumes, entitled *Sir Michael Scott* was published in 1828. "The Maid of Elvar," an epic poem in twelve parts written in the Spenserian stanza, followed. In 1833 the most popular of his prose works, *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, begun in 1829, was completed in six volumes. In 1834 his well-known edition of Burns, to which he prefixed a life of the poet and enriched with new anecdotes and information, was published, and met with most gratifying success. In 1836 he published *Lord Roldan*, a romance, like its predecessors, somewhat diffuse and improbable. Cunningham, in addition to the works enumerated, was a contributor to the *London Athenæum*, the author of a series of prose descriptions to accompany Major's *Cabinet Gallery of Pictures*, a "History of the Fine Arts" for the *Popular Encyclopedia*, some contributions to *Pilkington's Painters*, and a memoir of James Thomson for an illustrated edition of *The Seasons*. His last literary work was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*. "Cunningham, who knew the painter well," says his biographer, "and loved him dearly as a congenial Scottish spirit, found in this production the last of his literary efforts, as he finished its final corrections only two days before he died." At the same time he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and a life of Chantrey was also expected from his pen; but before these could be accomplished both poet and sculptor, after a close union of twenty-nine years, had ended their labours and bequeathed their memorial to other hands. The last days of Chantrey were spent in drawing the tomb in which he wished to be buried in the churchyard of Norton in Derbyshire, the place of his nativity; and while showing the plans to his assistant he observed with a look of anxiety, "But there will be no room for you." "Room for me!" cried Allan Cunningham; "I would not lie like a toad in a stone, or in a place strong enough for another to covet. Oh! no; let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow, waving under the winds of the blue heaven." The wish of both was satisfied, for Chantrey reposes under his mausoleum of granite, and Cunningham in the picturesque cemetery of Kensall Green. The artist by his will left the poet a legacy of £2000, but the constitution of the latter was so prematurely exhausted that he lived only a year after his employer. He was seized with an apoplectic attack, and died October 29, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He left a widow and five children, one of whom, Peter Cunningham, was well and favourably known by his agreeable contributions to the current literature of the day. In 1847 he published an edition of his father's poems and songs, and in 1874 a life of Cunningham appeared from the pen of the Rev. D. Hogg.

Sir Walter Scott said of one of the songs of this tender and perhaps the most pathetic of all the Scottish minstrels, that "it was equal to Burns;" and on another occasion remarked, "'It's Hame and it's Hame' and 'A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea' are among the best songs going." An esteemed friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall, writes of Cunningham's ballads and lyrical pieces, that "they are exquisite in feeling, chaste and elegant in style, graceful in expression, and natural in conception; they will bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be, at least, the second requisite of the writers of song." The Ettrick Shepherd, after recounting his first meeting with Cunningham, says, "I never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless, but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination." His "style of poetry is greatly

changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling cauldron, and when once he began it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end."

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

There's a maid has sat o' the green merse side,
  Thae ten lang years and mair:
And every first nicht o' the new mune
  She kames her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning gowd,
  Fu' sweet she sings and hie;
Till the fairest bird in the greenwood
  Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
  Or gangs the fair dame te,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
  Nor waukens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,
  I' the first come o' the mune,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
  A-kaming her silk locks doun.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
  Her hand like new-won milk;
Her bosom was like the snawy curd
  In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,
  A fleece baith wide and lang;
And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
  She raised a lichtsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
  The birds forhood their young,
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,
  To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
  O' sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,
  And dichtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
  Red lowed the new-woke moon:
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan tap,
  Sax miles round that maiden.

"I ha'e dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young Cowehill,
  "Thae twenty years and three;
But the sweetest sang I ever heard
  Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips,
  That maks sic melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
  And weel may it wyle me!"

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,
  Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
  That drapped o' red heart's blude."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
  Shod wi' the red gowd roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet:"
  And lightlie lap he doun.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
  Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-page,
  "If skaithless hame ye wad win.

"O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,
  O wha will bruik your gluve;
And wha will fauld your erled bride
  In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
  Knot wi' a siller ban';
He seem'd a' in lowe with his gowd raiment,
  As through the greenwood he ran.

"The summer dew fa's saft, fair maid,
  Aneath the siller mune;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
  Wash'd wi' the white sea faem.

"Come, wash me wi' thy lilie-white hand,
  Below and 'boon the knee;
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning gowd
  Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
  How lilie-white thy skin!
And, weel I wat, thae kissing een
  Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
  Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
And thraw me off thy green mantle,
  Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair knicht,
A maiden's mind to win;
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lilie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered doun.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Down wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame.

But first come tak me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair
I' the new-moon beam to dreep."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he wooed her willing lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

"O, if ye'll come to bonnie Cowehill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brow.

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
And a' for the water-lilie white,
Ye'se ha'e thae arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young bride,
Busked wi' the siller fine;
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sma';
"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed—
It's time I were awa'.

"O gi'e me a token o' luve, sweet may,
A leil luve token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brow.

"Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' luve's rose-knot kynde:
My heid is fu' o' burning pain;
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue,
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water lilies:
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed ae link o' her wat yellow hair
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lilie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine;
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye sall be mine."

O, twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his e'e;
O, twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

"Arise, sweet knight; your young bride waits,
And doubts her ale will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lilie-white sheets,
Down-spread in ladie-bouir."

And she has pinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,
And faintlie lift his e'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lilie hand
Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae other ring
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lilie arms,
And left her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,
As she took the white sea-faem.

First rase the star out ower the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,
Blythe as a young bride may,
When the new mune lichts her lamp o' luve,
And blinks the bryde away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flouir;
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir.

"And I will keep the drapping dew
Frae my red rose's tap;
And the balmy blobs o' ilka leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap.
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her silken snood,
  And sang a bridal sang:
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,
  Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dew,
  Sae thick on bank and tree;
The ploughboy whistled at his darg,
  The milkmaid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
  Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
  She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the brydal-coming lilt
  In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane;
  Nae waiting May was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
  The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,
  And lookit lang and sair!

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
  Frae aff the hawthorn green:
"Lowse out the love-curls frae your hair,
  Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled wood-lark frae 'mang the cluds
  O' heaven, came singing doun:
"Tak' out thae bride-knots frae your hair,
  And let the locks hang doun."

"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
  Come down and byde wi' me;
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the wine,
  And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
  And syne below her feet;
And laid her doun 'tween the lilie-white sheets,
  And soundly did she sleep!

It was in the mid hour o' the nicht
  Her siller bell did ring;
And soun't as if nae earthlie hand
  Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
  Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snow,
  Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie;
  O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
  Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marie,
  On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
  It's leaves my bridal sheet!"

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birth-time woes,
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all things not divine.

THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
  The night is dark and late,
As I lift aloud my voice and cry
  By the oppressor's gate.
There is a voice in every hill,
  A tongue in every stone;
The greenwood sings a song of joy,
  Since thou art dead and gone:
A poet's voice is in each mouth,
  And songs of triumph swell,
Glad songs that tell the gladsome earth
  The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,
  I heard the green earth say,
Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
  Since thou art past away;
I hear no more the battle shout,
  The martyr's dying moans;
My cottages and cities sing
  From their foundation stones;
The carbine and the culverin's mute—
  The death-shot and the yell
Are twin'd into a hymn of joy,
  For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
  And caused the raven call
From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
  Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
I've made thy minstrel's music dumb,
  And silent now to fame
Art thou, save when the orphan casts
  His curses on thy name.
Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
  A long and last farewell:
There's hope for every sin save thine—
  Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
  Where punish'd spirits wail,
And ghastly death throws wide her door,
  And hails thee with, All hail!
Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
  A voice with hollow tones,
Such as a spirit's tongue would have
  That spoke through hollow bones:—
Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
  From earth to howling hell;
He comes, the persecutor comes!
  All hail to thee, Dalzell!

O'er an old battle-field there rushed
  A wind, and with a moan
The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
  Even fellow bone to bone.
Lo! there he goes, I heard them cry,
  Like babe in swathing band,
Who shook the temples of the Lord,
  And pass'd them 'neath his brand!
Curs'd be the spot where he was born,
  There let the adders dwell;
And from his father's hearth-stone hiss:
  All hail to thee, Dalzell!

I saw thee growing like a tree—
  Thy green head touched the sky—
But birds far from thy branches built,
  The wild deer pass'd thee by:
No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
  Glad summer scorned to grace
Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds wooed
  Beside thy dwelling place:
The axe has come and hewed thee down,
  Nor left one shoot to tell
Where all thy stately glory grew;
  Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
  His head like thine is gray—
Gray with the woes of many years—
  Years fourscore and a day.
Five brave and stately sons were his;
  Two daughters, sweet and rare;
An old dame dearer than them all,
  And lands both broad and fair:—
Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
  And three in battle fell—
An old man's curse shall cling to thee:
  Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
  A warrior tried and true,
As ever spurred a steed, when thick
  The splintering lances flew.
I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
  And hew thy foes down fast,
When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
  And Gordon stood aghast;
And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
  As one redeem'd from hell.
I came to curse thee—and I weep:
  So go in peace, Dalzell.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
  She's gane to dwall in heaven;
"Ye're owre pure," quo' the voice of God,
  "For dwalling out o' heaven!"

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
  Oh, what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thought swi' angels' sangs,
  And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
  She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
  An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
  Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
  Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
  Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
  But took gudeness' sell wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
  I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
  An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
  I look'd on thy death-shut eye,
An' a lovelier light in the brow of Heaven
  Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
  Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven,
  That sang the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,
  There's nought but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
  An' why should I stay behin'?

DE BRUCE! DE BRUCE!

De Bruce! De Bruce!—with that proud call
  Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
  And plumes in close array:
The English shafts are loosed, and see,
  They fall like winter sleet;
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
  Earth shudders 'neath their feet.
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,
  Down to old Solway's flood;
The ruddy tide that stains thy streams
  Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
  Along thy greenwood banks;
King Robert raised his martial cry,
  And broke the English ranks.
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
  He and the gallant Græme;
And, as the lightning from the cloud,
  Here fiery Randolph came;
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
  Who spared nor strength nor steel;
With him who won the winged spur
  Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—yon silver star,
  Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
  The sod aneath our feet,
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
  The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
  And earth and air be mute;
The sage's word, the poet's song,
  And woman's love, shall be
Things charming none, when Scotland's heart
  Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—on Dee's wild banks,
  And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
  Than war-shouts answering wide:
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
  Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maidens' songs
  Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
  And heavenly libertie—
De Bruce! De Bruce!—we owe them all
  To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
  And theme of many a song!
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
  I see thee bound along,—
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
  That never bore a stain;
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
  Which never fell in vain.
Shout, Scotland, shout—till Carlisle wall
  Gives back the sound agen,—
De Bruce! De Bruce—less than a god,
  But noblest of all men!

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
  The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
  Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap of down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
  The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met, among the hawthorns green,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass
  Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks,
  Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
  Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, Fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
  Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
  By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, Sweet maiden, look nae down,
  But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
  The tears were dropping frae her e'e.
I hae a lad who's far awa',
  That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already full of love,—
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
  And seek for love in a far countrie?
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
  I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.
I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
  For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
My heart is full of other love,
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
  And lifted up her watery e'e—
Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
  Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
  Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,
  Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
  And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
  Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.
O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
  As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on
  the tree,
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can
  save,
But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their
  grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in
  my e'e:
"I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
It's hame, an' its hame, hame fain wad I be,
An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

MY NANIE, O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
  Mirk is the night, and rainie, O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
  I'll gang and see my Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
  My kind and winsome Nanie, O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
  And nane can do't but Nanie, O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
  Sae saintly and sae bonnie, O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
  For thieving looks at Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
  The world's in love with Nanie, O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
  That wadna love my Nanie, O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
  When dancing she moves finely, O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
  They sparkle sae divinely, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
  The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie, O;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
  And says, I dwell with Nanie, O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
  O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie, O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
  When coming frae my Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
  Nane ken o' me and Nanie, O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
  They winna wrang my Nanie, O!

SATURDAY'S SUN.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile
On one who is weary and worn with his toil!—
Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,
Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives;
His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh run,
To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun:
The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm tune,
Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe glow
Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow.
Though the sweet blinks of love are most flown frae thy e'e,
Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.
I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine
On a form half so fair or a face so divine;
Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in the ha';
I came and I won thee frae the wit o' them a'.

My hame is my mailen, weel stocket and fu',
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I lo'e;
My wife is the gold and delight of my e'e,
And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.
O, who would fade away like a flower in the dew,
And no leave a sprout for kind Heaven to pu'?
Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump of a tree,
Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth, the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now lowne, now hush—
The gold-spink answered from the bush—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery gray,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lonely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,
And fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
His crest, when high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O! there it blossoms—there it blows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light;
And the best blood that warms my vein
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame,
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Græme,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd ay, what nobly spared,
What firm endured, and greatly dared?
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill?
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no terror knows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men kinder at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,
Men higher famed for truth—more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew.
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.

O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

O! it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,
And gowd amang her hair;
Her breists are lapt in a holy vail;
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o' luve daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her ladie mou'.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span;
Oh! she's an armfu' fit for heeven—
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread;
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's langing een to feed:
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky hand;
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger of God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broidered cap;
And on the mantle that my luve wears
Is mony a gowden drap.

Her bonny e'e-bree's a holy arch,
  Cast by nae earthly han'!
And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips
  O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,
  And I beet a hopeless flame!
To my luve, alas! she maunna stoop:
  It would stain her honoured name.
My een are bauld, they dwall on a place
  Where I daurna mint my hand;
But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
  O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I'm but her father's gardener lad,
  And puir, puir is my fa';
My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
  Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
My lady comes, my lady gaes,
  Wi' a fou and kindly han';
O! their blessin' maun mix wi' my luve,
  And fa' on Lady Ann.

JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1854.

JOHN WILSON, the distinguished poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Paisley, May 18, 1785. His father was a prosperous gauze manufacturer in that town, and his mother, Margaret Sym, belonged to a wealthy Glasgow family. The boy's elementary education was received first at a school in Paisley, and afterwards at the manse of Mearns, a parish in Renfrewshire. In this rural situation the youth conned his lessons within doors; but the chief training for his future sphere consisted in many a long ramble among the beautiful scenery with which he was surrounded, and the frolics or conversation of the peasantry, among whom he soon became a general favourite. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he studied Greek and logic during three sessions under Professors Young and Jardine, and to the training especially of the latter he was indebted for those mental impulses which he afterwards prosecuted so successfully. In June, 1803, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner; and there his diligence was attested by the knowledge of the best classical writers of antiquity which he afterwards displayed, and his native genius by the production of an English poem of fifty lines, which gained for him the Newdigate prize. In other kinds of college exercises—as boxing, leaping, running, rowing, and other athletic sports—he was also greatly distinguished. Having at the age of twenty-one succeeded to a considerable fortune by the death of his father, he purchased the beautiful estate of Elleray, in Cumberland, where he went to reside on leaving Oxford in 1807. Here he was at liberty to enjoy all the varied delights of poetic meditation, of congenial society, and of those endless out-door recreations which constituted no small part of his life. Five years after purchasing the Windermere property he married Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

Wilson on leaving college resolved to become a member of the Scottish bar, and after the usual studies he was enrolled an advocate in 1815. It must not, however, be supposed that he was either the most anxious or industrious of barristers. In the same year the unfaithful stewardship of a maternal uncle deprived him of his fortune, and obliged him to remove from Elleray to Edinburgh. He had before this begun his literary and poetic career by the publication of an elegy on the death of the Rev. James Grahame, author of the "Sabbath," with which Joanna Baillie was so much pleased that she wrote to Sir Walter Scott for the name of the author. He also composed some beautiful stanzas entitled "The Magic Mirror," which appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1812. During the same year he produced *The Isle of Palms, and other Poems*, which at once stamped their author as one of the poets of the Lake school; but much as the "Isle of Palms"

[illegible]

JOHN WILSON.

[illegible]

[illegible] age of [illegible] the death [illegible] fever, he [illegible] in 1806 [illegible] all the [illegible] after [illegible] Wilson [illegible] Jane Penny, [illegible] of a [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] the same year [illegible] from Elderly to Edinburgh. He had before this began [illegible] the publication [illegible] Rev. James Grahame, [illegible] Joanna Baillie [illegible] the [illegible] Walter Scott [illegible] of the [illegible] which appeared in the [illegible] 1812 [illegible] *Isle of Palms and other* [illegible] Lake school, but [illegible] the "Isle of Palms"

[illegible] of the best [illegible] which he afterwards [illegible] [illegible] sports [illegible] [illegible] ing, [illegible] [illegible] ned. [illegible] having a

was admired in its day it has failed to endure the test of time. In 1816 he produced "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age. But it too has failed to secure that enduring popularity accorded to the poems of his great contemporaries. Wilson's next publications were prose tales and sketches, entitled *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *The Foresters*, and *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay*. On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 a new sphere of literary life, and one for which his future career proved he was as well fitted as any author then living, was opened to him. The magazine was started as the champion of Tory principles, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*, and so marked was the influence he exercised on its fortunes for upwards of a quarter of a century that he was universally regarded as its editor, although Mr. Blackwood the publisher performed the duties of that office himself. "Christopher North" was, however, the living soul and support of the magazine, so that in spite of all denials he continued to be proclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic the editor of Maga.

In 1820 he offered himself as a candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, made vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, and notwithstanding an amount of opposition unprecedented in such an election, Wilson, to the general surprise of all classes, was elected. His competitor was no less a person than Sir William Hamilton, who, it appears, was the students' choice. The professor's first lecture is thus described by an eye-witness:—"There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him (Wilson) among the classes of which probably most of his pupils would consist, and although I had no prospect of being among them I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which I understood was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. Such a collection of hard-browed scowling Scotchmen, muttering over their knob-sticks, I never saw. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence. Everyone expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right into *the matter* of his lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric such as Dugald Stewart or Thomas Brown, his predecessors, never delivered in the same place. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause. Those who came to scoff remained to praise." Wilson occupied this important chair for thirty years. In 1851 he received a pension from the government of £300 per annum, and in the same year he resigned his professorship without making the usual claim of a retiring allowance. Till within a short period preceding his death he resided during the summer months at Elleray, where he dispensed a princely hospitality, and his splendid regattas on Lake Windermere won for him the title of "Admiral of the Lake." He died at his residence in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, April 3, 1854. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by thousands, who thus testified their respect for one of the noblest Scotchmen of the nineteenth century. In February, 1865, a noble statue of Wilson, executed in bronze by John Steell of Edinburgh, was erected in that city on the same day that a marble statue of Allan Ramsay, by the same distinguished artist, was inaugurated.

In 1825 Wilson's entire poetical works were published in two volumes, followed in 1842 by three volumes of prose contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of *Recreations of Christopher North*. After his death a complete edition of his works, under the editorial supervision of his son-in-law Professor Ferrier, was published; and in 1862 appeared an interesting memoir of his life by his daughter, the late Mrs. Gordon.

The poetical productions of John Wilson, by which he commenced his career as an aspirant for the honours of authorship, notwithstanding their many beauties, will not preserve his name; his fame rests more securely upon those matchless papers which appeared through a long series of years in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. "By nature," says an eminent writer, "Wilson was Scotland's brightest sun

save Burns; and he, Scott, and Burns must rank everlastingly together as the first three of her men of genius." "His poems," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "are full of beauty: they have all the freshness of the heather: a true relish for nature breaks out in all of them: they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit: a giving out, as it were, of the breath that had been inhaled among the mountains."

A LAY OF FAIRY-LAND.

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a shepherdess hath gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet;
And thought, "While thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,
Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland maid;
In heaven the stars are all bedim'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.

In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun;
The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the green,
Yet the shadow of her shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—
"Oh! why so late!"—a footstep—and she knows her child is near;
So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair;
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dies.

These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of snow,
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.

"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."

"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell"—
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell;
It seemed as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beamed of yore.

"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell,
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the holy Book, and thereupon did read.

"And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,
In Abenethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

"Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that wavered o'er my head
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

"I looked up from my Bible, and lo! before me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

"She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's hair,
And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair;
And all at once I loved her well as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy Land and was the Fairy Queen."

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless year;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage shape that on the mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the heather-bells,
And others said the River red had caught her in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother only knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds repose;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has ta'en her child,
At night she hears her singing still and dancing o'er the wild.

And then her country's legends lend all their lovely faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child doth play
With those fair elves that wafted her from her own world away.

"Look not so mournful, mother! 'tis not a tale of woe—
The Fairy Queen stooped down and left a kiss upon my brow,
And faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd unto my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we dropt on Fairy-land.

"Along a river-side that ran wide-winding thro' a wood,
We walked, the Fairy Queen and I, in loving solitude;
And there, serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to burn with harmless fire.

"No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding foot,
Till we came to a waterfall, and 'mid the rainbow, there
The mermaids and the fairies played in water and in air.

"And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did breathe
From all the woods and waters, and from the caves beneath;
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been,—

"And hovering in the rainbow and floating on the wave,
Each little head so beautiful, some show of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd in its dew,
Seemed as the sun ten thousand rays against the water threw.

"Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind;
Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye that brightening stream,
Till lo! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening on the hill,
When I was but a little child, too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent land!
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

"Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistering crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,
And o'er their plum'd and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,
When as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their knees.

"Then said the Queen, 'Seven years to-day since mine own infant's birth—
And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

"'Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gardens grow.'
And from the heavenly odours breathed round my head, I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

"Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white twinkling feet,
While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sunbeam glide.

"But who came then into the hall? one long since mourned as dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o'er such a star-like head!
On me alone she pour'd her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgotten face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,
You well may think another shower straightway began to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave, to leave that heavenly Hall!

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the great Burial-stone;
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent sky."

The child hath long been speaking to one who may not hear,
For a deadly joy came suddenly upon a deadly fear,
And though the mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the elder-shade in that long mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the gentle moon;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she at her side,
But Her believed in childhood to have wandered off and died!

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an angel's wing,
And to her mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on her hoary head.

She stirs not in her child's embrace, but yields her old gray hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly breath of prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that strong fit go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon the sky.

The Sabbath morn was beautiful—and the long Sabbath-day—
The evening-star rose beautiful when day-light died away;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed over with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal joy hath blessed the Sabbath night.

MY COTTAGE.

"One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it home.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."
SOUTHEY's *Hymn to the Penates.*

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from earth,
And linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness
Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights;—ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun,
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible
Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness,
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
That yearns for high communion with its God,
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,

With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget
His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
Read characters so lovely, that his heart
Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell
Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed
Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
That bring the future close upon the soul,
And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul
Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,
Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,—
My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart,—
Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheered
The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—
Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,
The love of nature long hath been with me
The love of virtue:—that the solitude
Of the remotest hills to me hath been
Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunned
My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,—
Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned
With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy
That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see
The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
With adoration the departing God;
Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,
Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.
With humble pride I bless the Holy One
For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
In seasons of depression,—when the lamp
Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,—
When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
Of human frailty turned the past to pain,
How oft have I remembered that a world
Of glory lay around me, that a source
Of lofty solace lay in every star,
And that no being need behold the sun,
And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief
To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
Of man, though still the image of his God,
Leaned by his will on various happiness,
I felt that all was good; that faculties,
Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
The purpose of his being, he will sit
Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing
Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
When first in transport from the mountain-top
I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud
Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
Together, like a happy family
Of beauty and of love, but will arise
To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
That Nature gently leads unto the grave
All who have read her heart, and kept their own
In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
More worthy to be loved by those whose love
Is highest praise:—that by the living light
That burns for ever in affection's breast,
I shall behold how fair and beautiful
A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven
On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,
Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then
My overpowered spirit will recline
Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that ofttimes to the eye
Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
My vision from the glories of the scene
To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
That slumbers in the crimson clouds of even,
Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,

A thousand beauties never seen before
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
Even in those fields where each particular tree
Was looked on as a friend,—where I had been
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
Will the faint image of the distant world
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
With burning spirit we will smile to see
Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
Bless our united beings, and the home
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
Though human voice might never touch our ear
From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
When with the undelaying steps of love
Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
A coming friend, far distant then believed,
And all unlooked for. When the short distrust
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
With gladdened spirit he will quickly own
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
Till resting on another's. If from scenes
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
Of beauty, working by the wavy green
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
The moonlight heaven, shall to his blood restore
An undisturbed flow, such as he felt
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night,
When youth's bright years passed happily away
Among his native hills, and all he knew
Of crowded cities was from passing tale
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
These solitary mountains will resign
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
And giving to our musings many a burst
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
Of hymning fountains,—these will leave awhile
The altered earth:—But other attributes
Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.

. . . . . .

I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND BURIAL-GROUND.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome, stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth, no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone,
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath twinkleth through this dell;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!

And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For hope with memory seems fled!

. . . . . .

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs,
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe!
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For ocean from his wrathful breast
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,—
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature, moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once, in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy
From one who weeps both night and day,
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!

Oh! I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woeful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!
And lo! a white-winged vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast freshening from yon isle of pines,
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue-swollen lip!
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the gladsome cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of Death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of woe
He drives her shivering from the steep
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

(EXTRACTS.)

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up, up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

. . . . . .

His voyage is o'er!—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the brush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—

A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison inclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crowned,
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

. . . . . .

Yes; fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

. . . . . .

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

(EXTRACTS.)

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

. . . . . .

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

. . . . . .

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.

. . . . . .

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half-concealed
The light of soul, and half-revealed,
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer clouds as travel light
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstacy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

. . . . . .

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by mysel' owre the sweet braes o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was dress'd;
But the sang o' the bonnie burn sounded like sorrow,
Round ilka house cauld as a last-simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,
But never a wee cloud o' mist could I see,
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,
Hanging white owre the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;
Oh, loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,
And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children,
Dancing on to the school-house, just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house, when strangers were coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at dawing
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin' and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town, when sick o' my roaming,
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by labour, the saft smiling gloaming,
Yet the green round the cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-doo coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus when I lived in thy bosom,
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him,
And grief gaed to dance wi' a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een, as the moonshine was beaming
On the kirk tower that rose up sae silent and white;
The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour o' the night.

The mirk-time passed slowly in sighing and weeping;
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;
Owre a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was ringing;
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was singing,
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae shrill.

I look'd owre the quiet o' death's empty dwelling,
The laverock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were swelling
Owre the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glintin' owre forest and lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,
To hearken, and naewhere hear sweet human voices,
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,

And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:—
Though happy still,—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loneliness;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time;
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul, then harp and hymn
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long, deep, heavy sigh!
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by!
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea-beach wave on wave
Dissolves at once in snow.
Upon the blue and silent sky
The amber clouds one moment lie,
And like a dream are gone!
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease! and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played.
Dream follows dream through the long night hours,
Each lovelier than the last—
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past.
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
Glides by us on this earth—
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well
In sadness or in mirth.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll,
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed) O! surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid moon. Lov'st thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light;

While, all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O! gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying, like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling lake
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead, partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon mountain-side,
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,
In its straight silence, holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
Time yet hath reverenced; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dies,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship nature, that the hours,
Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a sacred, silent dwelling-place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous with a show
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet lake!
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,
I bid thee farewell in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
Shed cheering visions and with freshest joy
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart;
Who, blessing at its close the unknown bard,
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful to Nature and to thee!

ROBERT GRANT.

BORN 1785 — DIED 1838.

The Right Hon. Sir ROBERT GRANT, governor of Bombay, was born in the county of Inverness in 1785. He was descended from one of the most ancient families in Scotland. With his elder brother Charles, the late Lord Glenelg, he was entered a member of Magdalene College, in the University of Cambridge, of which they both became fellows. Here he graduated with the highest honours in 1806, and adopting the profession of the law he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1807. In 1813 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Expediency Maintained of Continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now Regulated," and also "A Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its First Foundation to the Passing of the Regulating Act of 1773." He held the office of King's Sergeant in the Duchy Court of Lancaster and was made one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1826 he was elected to Parliament for the Inverness district of burghs; and he afterwards sat for Norwich and the new borough of Finsbury. He was appointed one of the commissioners of the Board of Control, was sworn a privy-councillor in 1831, and the year following was appointed Judge-Advocate-General. In June, 1834, he received the appointment of governor of Bombay, and continued to discharge the duties of this important office till the time of his death, which took place at Dapoorie July 9, 1838, in his fifty-third year. An elegant volume, entitled "Sacred Poems, by Sir Robert Grant," was published by Lord Glenelg in 1839. In the preface he says:—"Many of them have already appeared in print, either in periodical publications or in collections of sacred poetry; but a few are now published for the first time."

LITANY.

Saviour: when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
O! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price,
Love—a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light:
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumber'd seraph-strings.
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest!
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lur'd thy wandering child:
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe.
Yet should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me!
Whom have I in each but thee?

"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU CHASTENEST."

O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my way;
Ador'd be the power which illumin'd my blindness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow—I caught at the toy;
And still, in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;—
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of woe;
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So cur'd of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the brave;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe—
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

THE BROOKLET.

Sweet brooklet ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?
"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay;
For oh! by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest,
In my parent ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy pass,
Thy feeble force must pass;
Yet, yet delay!
"Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
I may not stay;
For oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Oh! rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"O! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay;
But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
There held, I must need be blest,
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"

GEORGE BEATTIE.

BORN 1786—DIED 1823.

GEORGE BEATTIE, a man who, both from the value of the poetry he left behind him, and the tragic nature of the closing years of his brief life, has claims on the sympathetic remembrance of a generation other than his own, was born in 1786 in the parish of St. Cyrus, in the south-east corner of Kincardineshire. The son of a crofter, who in the season could take to salmon-fishing to help him to support his family, he was born and brought up in a small cottage, which boasted only of a "but and a ben," along with his three brothers and two sisters, who went regularly every morning in merry band to the parish school. These

were the days of simple homely pleasures and rural festivities, when the more serious business of life was enlivened at stated periods by the merrymakings of Hallowe'en, Hogmanay, Yule, Pasch Saturday, and carlin play at harvest-home, and George's nature seems to have been considerably influenced by the frolic and simplicity of these rustic rites. When he was about thirteen years of age his father obtained a situation in the excise, and this led the family to remove to Montrose, a distance of about five miles. It was probably with some sorrow that the children left their pretty country home, and it is said that George walked all the distance to their new abode with a tame "kae" (jackdaw) on his shoulder.

Some time after the family settled at Montrose George was sent to learn a trade, but he continued at it a very short time. He managed to procure a situation as clerk in an office in Aberdeen. His employer died six weeks later, however, and left to his clerk a legacy of £50. This was quite a little capital to the young man. He returned to Montrose, and entered the office of the procurator-fiscal of the place. After passing a year or two in Edinburgh he commenced business for himself in Montrose as a writer. In this capacity he succeeded well, and attracted many friends by the kindliness of his manner, the accuracy of his official habits, and his conversational gifts. He soon established for himself the reputation of being both a humorist and a poet by his poem of "John o' Arnha'," the first sketch of which appeared in the columns of the *Montrose Review* in 1815. In this shape the poem is bare and meagre compared with its finished form. It was afterwards extended to four times its original length, and made much richer and fuller.

Six years later the tragic interest of Beattie's life begins, but we cannot more than briefly outline the story. After successfully wooing a certain lady, she inherits a large fortune, and, abandoning the humble poet for a more aristocratic suitor, who is suddenly smitten with her solid charms, the sensitive Beattie is so overwhelmed with grief and despair that he provides himself with a pistol, walks out to a favourite resort known as the Auld Kirkyard, and is found the following day lying dead by the side of his sister's grave. Since the time of his death (September 29, 1823) his poetical writings have passed through several editions. The latest collection is accompanied by an interesting memoir of the poet from the pen of A. S. M'Cyrus, M.A.; also memoranda from manuscripts left by Beattie. His principal poem, "John o' Arnha'," is full of wild rollicking fun and humour, and has been well called an amplified and localized "Tam o' Shanter." Mingled with its grotesque imagery there is a vein of deep pathos.

JOHN O' ARNHA'.

(EXTRACT.)

It was in May, ae bonny morn,
When dewie draps refresh'd the corn,
And tipt ilk stem wi' crystal bead,
That glissent o'er the spangelt mead
Like gleam o' swords in fairy wars,
As thick and clear as heaven's stars;
While Phœbus shot his gowden rays
Asklent the lawn—a dazzling blaze;
The wind but gently kissed the trees,
To waft their balm upon the breeze;
The bee commenced her eident tour,
Culling sweets frae ilka flower;
The whins in yellow bloom were clad,
And ilka bush a bridal bed;
A' nature smil'd serene and fair;
The la'rocks chantit i' the air;
The lammies frisket o'er the lea—
Wi' music rang ilk bush and tree.

Now "sighs and vows," and kisses sweet—
The sound of lightly-tripping feet—
Love's tender tale—the sweet return—
The plaints of some still doomed to mourn;
The rustic jest and merry tale
Came floating on the balmy gale;
For smiling, on the road were seen
Baith lads and lasses, trig and clean,
Linkin' blythely pair and pair,
To grace Montrose's annual fair!—
Montrose, "wham ne'er a town surpasses"
For Growling Guild and ruling Asses!
For pedants, with each apt specific

To render barren brains prolific;
For poetasters, who conspire
To rob Apollo of his lyre,
Although they never laid a leg
Athort his godship's trusty naig;
For preachers, writers, and physicians—
Parasites and politicians:
And all accomplished, grave, and wise,
Or sae appear in their own eyes!
To wit and lair, too, make pretence,
E'en sometimes "deviate into sense!"
A path right kittle, steep, and latent,
And only to a few made patent.
So, lest it might offend the sentry,
I wina seek to force an entry,
But leav't to bards inspir'd and holy,
And tread the open field of folly;
For certes, as the world goes,
Nonsense in rhyme's as free's in prose;
And are we not distinctly told
By Hudibras, in days of old,
That "Those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
And one for sense and one for rhyme
Is quite sufficient at a time."

As for your critics, ruin seize them,
I ken I canna sing to please them;
A reason guid—I dinna try—
They're but a despicable fry,
That vend their venom and their ink,
Their praise and paper eke for clink.
Thae judges partial, self-elekit,
Why should their sentence be respeckit;
Why should the silly squeamish fools
Think fouk will mind their measur'd rules;
They spill not ink for fame or glory,
Nor paper blacken *con amore;*
'Tis Mammon aye their pens inspire,
They praise or damn alike for hire:
An', chapman-like, their critic treasure
Is bought and sold again by measure;
Some barrister new ta'en degrees
(Whase purse is lank for lack o' fees),
Or churchman just come frae the college,
Wi' skull weel cramm'd wi' classic knowledge,
Draw pen to laud some weary bard,
Or deal damnation by the yard.
But first they toss them up a maik,
If "learn what course they ought to take;
If "tails," the critics quickly damn him,
In either case they're paid their wages,
Just by the number o' their pages.

How soon are mortals led astray—
Already I am off my way;
I've left my bonny tale, to fesh in
A wicked scandalous digression;
By bards of yore who sang of gods,
Clep'd underplots and episodes:
But, "Muse, be kind, an' dinna fash us
To flee awa' ayont Parnassus,"
Or fill our brains wi' lies and fiction,
Else fouk will scunner at your diction.

I sing not of an ancient knight,
Wi' polish'd lance and armour bright;
Nor, as we say, wi' book bedeckit
In iron cap and jinglin' jecket,
High mounted on a champion steed,
Enough to fley puir fouk to deid—
Or modern Dux, wi' noddin' crest,
An' starnies glancin' on his breast—
Or garter wappin' round his knee
To celebrate his chivalry;—
Heroes fit for southern bardies!
Mine walks a-foot and wields his gardies;
Or, at the warst, his aiken rung,
Wi' which he never yet was dung,
Unless by more than mortal foe—
By demons frae the shades below—
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme.

The valiant hero of my story
Now rang'd the fair in all his glory,
A winsome strapper trim and fettle,
Courting strife, to show his mettle,
An' gain him favours wi' the fair—
For dastard coofs they dinna care.
Your snools in love, and cowards in war,
Frae maiden grace are banished far;
An' John had stak'd his life, I ween,
For favour frae a lassie's een;
Stark love his noble heart had fir'd—
To deeds o' pith his soul aspir'd;
Tho' these, in distant climes, he'd shown,
'Twas meet to act them in his own.

Now thrice he wav'd his hat in air—
Thrice dar'd the bravest i' the fair.
The Horner also wav'd his bonnet,
But wish'd belyve he hadna dune it;
For scarcely could ye counted sax,
Before a double round o' whacks
Were shower'd upon his banes like hail,
Right, left, and centre, crack pell-mell—
Sair to bide, and terrible to tell.
The hardest head could ne'er resist
The fury of his pond'rous fist;
He hit him on the ribs sic dirds,
They raird and roove like rotten girds;
His carcass, too, for a' the warl',
Was like a butt or porter barrel.
Now John gaed round him like a cooper,

An' showed himsel' a smart tub hooper;
Wi' mony a snell an' vengefu' paik,
He gar'd his sides an' midriff ake;
Upon his head-piece neist he hammert,
Until the Horner reel'd and stammert;
He cried out, "Mercy! plague upon it!"
Up gaed his heels—aff flew his bonnet,
An' raise to sic a fearfu' height,
It soon was lost to mortal sight:
Some said, that witnessed the transaction,
'Twas cleckit by the moon's attraction,
Or nabbit by the fairy legions,
To whirl them through the airy regions.

THE DREAM.

Last night I dreamed a dream of horror. Methought
That, at the hour of midnight, the bell tolled,
With slow and solemn peal; and straight, beneath
The pale cold moon, a thousand spectres moved,
In "dread array," along "the church-way path,"
All swathed in winding-sheets as white as snow—
A ghastly crew! Methought I saw the graves
Yawn and yield up their charge; and I heard the
Coffins crack, and the deadal drapery
Rustle against their hollow sides, like the
Wing of the renovated chrysoly,
As they flutter against the ruins of
Their winter dormitory, when the voice
Of spring awakes them from their drowsy couch,
To float aloft upon the buxom air.
Although the round full moon shone bright and clear,
Yet did none of these awful phantoms cast
Their shadows on the wan and silent earth,
Nor was the passing breeze interrupted
By their presence. Some skimmed along the earth,
And others sailed aloft on the thin air;
And I observed, when they came between me
And the moon, they interrupted not her
Pale rays; for I saw her majestic orb
Distinct, round, and clear, through their indistinct
And airy forms; and although they moved
Betwixt me and the tomb-stones, yet I read
Their sculpture (deeply shaded by the bright
And piercing beams of the moon) as distinctly
As if nought, dead or living, interposed
Between my eyes and the cold monuments.
The bell ceased to toll; and when the last peal
Died away on the ear, these awful forms
Congregated in various groups, and seemed
To hold converse. The sound of their voices
Was solemn and low, and they spoke the language
Of the "days of other years." In seeming
Woe, they spoke of events long gone by; and
Marvelled at the changes that had taken
Place since they left this mortal scene, to sleep
Within the dark and narrow house. Voices
Issued from the mould, where no forms were seen;
These were still more hollow and sepulchral;
They were as the sound of the cold, bleak wind,
In the dark and danky vaults of death, when
It moans low and mournful, through the crannies
Of their massive doors, shattered by the hand
Of time—a serenade for owls most meet,
And such the raven loves, and hoarsely croaks
His hollow response from the blasted yew.
Often have I heard, when but a stripling,
'Twas meet to speak a troubled ghost, to give
It peace to sleep within the silent grave.
With clammy brow, and joints palsied with fear,
I said, in broken accents, "What means this
Awful congress, this wild and wan array
Of shadowy shapes, gliding here, and moaning
At the silent, solemn hour of midnight?
Have the crying sins, and unwhipt crimes
Of mortals, in these latter days, reached you
Ev'n in the grave, where silence ever reigns,
At least as we believe? Or complain ye
Of holy rites unpaid,—or of the crowd
Whose careless steps those sacred haunts profane."
Straight a fleshless hand, cold as ice, was pressed
Upon my lips; and the spectres vanished
Like dew before the morning sun: and as
They faded on my sight a sound was heard
Like the peal of many organs, solemn,
Loud, and sonorous; or like the awful
Voice of thunder in the sky,—or mighty
Tempest, roaring in a boundless forest,
Uprooting trees, razing habitations,
And sweeping the earth with desolation;
Or like the voice of millions, raised in song;
Or the dark ocean, howling in its wrath;
Or, rather, like all these together, in
One wild concert joined. Now the mighty coil
Died gradually away, till it resembled
The last murmur of the blast on the hill;
Of storms, when it lulls itself to rest; and
The echo of its wrath is faintly heard
In the valley; or the last sigh of the
Æolian harp, when the breeze, that erewhile
Kissed its trembling strings, is spent and breathless!
The next whisper was still lower; and the last
Was so faint and feeble that nothing seemed
To live between it and silence itself.
The awful stillness was more appalling
Than its dread precursor; and I awoke
In terror! But I never shall forget
What I heard and saw in that horrid dream.

JOHN DONALD CARRICK.

BORN 1787 — DIED 1837.

JOHN DONALD CARRICK, a meritorious but unsuccessful literary man, and the author of numerous songs and poems chiefly of a humorous character, was born at Glasgow, April, 1787. His parents, being in humble circumstances, could only afford their son an ordinary education; and at an early age he was placed in the office of an architect in his native city. In his twentieth year, unknown to his parents, he left Glasgow, and travelled to London on foot, there to seek his fortune. On his arrival he offered his services in various places in vain, but at last found employment with a fellow-countryman who took compassion on the friendless lad. For some time he was employed by a house in the pottery business, and in 1811 he returned to Glasgow, and opened a large china and stoneware establishment, in which trade he continued for fourteen years. In 1825, being deeply read in old Scottish literature, he began the preparation of a "Life of Sir William Wallace," which was written for *Constable's Miscellany*. The same year he gave up his own business, and was for some time employed by a Glasgow house as their travelling agent in the West Highlands. Afterwards he became assistant editor of the *Scots Times*, a newspaper then published in Glasgow. To the first volume of *Whistle-Binkie* Mr. Carrick contributed the subjoined and many other songs, which he used to sing with inimitable effect. In 1833 he went to Perth as editor of the *Advertiser*, and the year following accepted the editorship of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. In 1835 he returned to Glasgow, owing to ill health, and superintended the first edition of the *Laird of Logan*, an unrivalled collection of Scottish anecdote and facetiæ, to which he was the principal contributor. Mr. Carrick died August 17, 1837, and was interred in the burying-ground of the High Church of his native city. His biographer says:—"We may observe generally, that as a descriptive painter of the comic and ludicrous aspects of man and society, and as equally skilful in the analysis of human character, combined with a rare and never-failing humour, a pungent but not malicious irony, and great ease and perspicuity of expression, few writers have surpassed John Donald Carrick."

THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

"The snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and heavier grows the lift;
The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen him frae the drift;
I fear this night will tell a tale among our foldless sheep,
That will mak many a farmer sigh—God grant nae widows weep!

"I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi' elshin an' wi' lingle
Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the cosie ingle;
It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring that's now awa',
When you was carried thowlass hame, frae 'neath a wreath o' snaw.

"That time I often think upon, and make it aye my care,
On nichts like this, to snod up a' the beds we hae to spare;
In case some drift-driven strangers come forfoughten to our beild,
An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what the house can yield.

"'Twas God that saved you on that nicht, when a' was black despair,
An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you his care;
Then let us show our grateful sense of the kindness he bestowed,
An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders frae his road.

"There's cauld and drift without, guidman,
might drive a body blin',
But, Praise be blessed for a' that's guid, there's
meat and drink within;
An' be he beggar, be he prince, that Heaven
directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare
the best we hae."

The guidman heard her silentlie, an' threw
his elshin by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the
tear was in his eye;
He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife sae loving
to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep
expressed.

"Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that
helped us in our strait,
An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it
was great;
An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the
stranger's state thy care,
An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace
of God is there."

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kind-
ness to partake;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent
as the flake,
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble
cry of woe,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the
snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hod-
den gray attire,
Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the
cottars' fire;
Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the
guidman rubbed his breast,
An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks return-
ing life confess'd.

How it comes the gracious deeds which we to
others show,
Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous
overflow!
So fared it with our simple ones, who found
the youth to be
Their only son, whom they were told had
perish'd far at sea.

The couch they had with pious care for some
lone stranger spread—
Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their
lov'd wanderer's head:
Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we
to others show
Return again to our own hearts with joyous
overflow.

THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O England! dear home of the lovely and true,
Loved home of the brave and the free,
Though distant—though wayward—the path I
pursue,
My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.
Deep, in my heart's core,
Rests the print of thy shore,
From a die whose impression fades never,
And the motto impressed
By this die on my breast
Is "England, dear England, for ever,"
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of
light
Aloft on the white-crested wave,
While billows surround her, as guards of her right
To an island where breathes not a slave.
And her sceptre of light
Shall, through regions of night,
Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,
Till the unfetter'd slaves,
To the queen of the waves,
Shout "Freedom and England for ever,"
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

How often hath fame, with his trumpet's loud
blast,
Praised the crimes of mock heroes in war,
Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,
And drag the fallen foe to their car!
But a new law from heaven,
Hath by England been given
To fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever—
"No hero but he
Who saves and sets free,"
Saith England, free England, for ever,
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,
And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—
A whistle to mak' o' the castle lum,
To souf his music sae sairlie, O!
And the roast on the speet is sapless and sma';
And meat is scant in chamber and ha',
And the knichts hae ceased their merry guffaw,
For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,
'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute;
The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,
An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!
An' lofty and loud were the tones she assumed,
An' boasted how ladies and knichts gaily plumed,
Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,
To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

"While the Haggis," she said, "was a beggarly slave,
An' never was seen 'mang the fair an' the brave;"
"Fuff! fuff!" quo' the Haggis, "thou vile lying knave,
Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O?
Can it fill a toom wame? can it help a man's pack?
A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
But when starving at hame will it keep him, alack!
Fra trying his hand at the hanging, O?"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,
But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
Wha stood list'ning bye, an' to settle the plea,
They begged he would try his endeavour, O!
For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a pot.
But a haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it's *hot*,
So his bowels were moved in his favour, O!

"Nocht pleasures the lug half sae weel as a tune,
An' whar hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon?"
The Harp in a triumph cried, "Laddie, weel done,"
An' her strings wi' delight fell a tinkling, O!
"The Harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,
"But what is the harp to put in the mouth?
It fills nae the wame, it slaiks nae the drouth,—
At least—that is *my* way o' thinking, O!

"A tune's but an *air*, but a haggis is *meat*,—
An' wha plays the tune that a body can eat?—
When a haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,
My word she has gallant attendance, O!
A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tangs,
But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her fangs;
But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his sangs,
Waes me, has a puir dependence, O!

"How often we hear, wi' the tear in our eye,
How the puir starving minstrel, exposed to the sky,
Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his last sigh,
Without e'er a friend within hearing, O!
But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost,—
Lay his head on a haggis to gie up the ghost?—
O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,
An' truntled awa' to the shearing, O!

"Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup:
Gie the haggis the lead be't to dine or to sup:—
Till the bags are well filled, there can no drone get up,—
Is a saying I learned from my mither, O!
When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly twang,
An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—
An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,
Gude grant ye may be thegither, O!"

ALEXANDER LAING.

BORN 1787 — DIED 1857.

ALEXANDER LAING, familiarly known as "the Brechin poet," was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, May 14, 1787. His education at school was exceedingly limited, having been there only during two winters; but the want was largely supplied by the careful home-training of his parents and his own self-application. When only eight years old he was employed herding cattle during the summer months, and while thus engaged he read many of the modern Scottish poets. He was afterwards apprenticed to the flax-dressing business, at which he continued for fourteen years, when he was accidentally disabled by a heavy plank falling upon his shoulder. On recovering from the accident he turned packman, a business which he carried on until within a short period of his death.

Laing's effusions first appeared in the columns of provincial newspapers. In 1819 several songs from his pen were published in the *Harp of Caledonia*, edited by John Struthers, and he subsequently became a contributor to the *Harp of Renfrewshire* and Smith's *Scottish*

Minstrel. In 1846 he published by subscription a collected edition of his poems and songs under the designation of *Wayside Flowers.* A second edition appeared in 1850, and a few days before the poet's death a third edition was published, with illustrative notes and additions by the author. His extensive and reliable information regarding the poets and poetry of Scotland brought him into correspondence with some of the more celebrated poets of the day, from many of whom he received presentation copies of their works. He edited two editions of Burns; furnished his friend Allan Cunningham with numerous notes for his four volumes of Scottish songs; compiled the biographical notices for the *Angus Album*, published in 1833; contributed *facetiæ* to the *Laird of Logan;* and edited an edition of his favourite song-writer Robert Tannahill. It is also worthy of mention that the improvement which took place in the penny chap-book and ballad literature of Scotland was owing in some measure to Laing, who carefully superintended the Brechin editions of those once celebrated pieces, often enriching them with short historical or biographical sketches.

Mr. Laing died at Brechin, October 14, 1857, aged seventy. A handsome marble tablet has been erected over his grave by the church in Brechin, of which he was for many years a consistent and valued office-bearer.

ARCHIE ALLAN.

Ay! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour ne'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a warld o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befel?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts an' twenty are gane
Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bere,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.
An! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung;
We were lang fellow-servants and neebours fu' dear:
Folk ne'er thocht o' flittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Mysel' an' my Jeanie were best man an' maid:
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the gloe's.

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' Luve never low'd on a happier pair;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breaking her vow.
They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to be
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free;
Sae clear o' the warld, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrave out an' in, like the buss i' the beil';
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma'—
Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was a';
Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the warld, to want, an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,
They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or len';
Whan a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,
They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill;
They had hearts that could part, they had hands that were free,
An' leuks that bade welcome, as warm as cou'd be;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same;
There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours like them!

Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa',
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa,
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope o' their days,
Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease.
Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'ed till her, but death winna cure;
She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass;
Some luve disappointment, they said, ail'd the lass—
Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be a mean:
Her grave wasna sad, an' her truff wasna green,
Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
Wi' trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind,

Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard!

O! sirs, sic a change! it was waesome to see;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be;
Whan the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity aften comes down:
I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends of my youth are a' dead an' awa';
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;
For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane;
Whan left i' the house, wae an' wearie, his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' our neighbour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa'.
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail fadin' nature of a' earthly things,
Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len';
That the Giver, when he wills, has a right to his sain;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness, and faith,
Believe in his merits, and trust in his death;
To them, though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven they shall meet—
Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we aften beguiled
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers smil'd;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry, an' lessen'd his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Sometime then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's a-gaun!
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae folk nor ane,
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yestreen."
"Aweel, weel," quo' I, "it e'en may be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld fouk, we'll a' get a day;"
But when it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thocht it a lie!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;
But to think he wad ever tak ane for a wife,
Wha had liv'd sic a loose an' a throwither life—
Wha had been far an' near whar it cou'dna be nam'd,
An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'dna believ't;
But I was, an' mony forbye were deceiv't;
For, the Sabbath thereafter, wha think ye was cried?
But Archibald Allan an' Marg'ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather'd an' a' that befel,
Tho' it's painful to speak o't, ye'll wish me to tell.
She cam' in-about here as it happened to fa',
An' was nearest door neebour to him that's awa';
An' seein' a fu' house an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'dna the warld, wi' her wiles she began—
Seem'd sober an' decent as ony ye'll see,
As quiet an' prudent as woman cou'd be—
Was aye brawly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—
Was better nor monie, an' marrow't by few,
Till a' cam' about as she wish'd it to do;
But scarcely her hand and her troth he had ta'en,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours again.
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymune!
It's aye rue'd at leisure what's owre rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde! she's a bauld Ne'er-do-weel!
An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gathered, in pounds it was spread;
Her worthless relations, an' ithers sicliko,
Cam' in about swarmin' like bees till a bike;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profaned the blest Name,
An' Sabbath an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' laid up a' sae free,
To comfort an' keep him when ailin', or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an' bauld;
An' sair was he troubled to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in;
Yet, griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say it was ill that they did!

But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means an' himsel',
For constant an' on, as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit were gane—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain—
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow—
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou'!

Aweel, neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-licht cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy snaw,
Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa',
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the high.
O! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad ta'en him inbye to my ain couthie bield;
An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee!

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the day,
What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say;
But whan the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fire-side o' some distant farm-town—
Wi' the door halflin's up, an' the sneck in his han',
He faintly inquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
"We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna come back"—
Said beggars and gang'rels were grown unco rife—
Speer'd what place he cam' frae—gin he had a wife?
Ay! that was a question! O! sirs, it was sair;
Had he no ha'en a *wife*, he had never been there!
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he sat,
An' cauld was the bed an' the beddin' he gat,
The floor an' the roof-tree was a' they could spare,
An' he lay down, alas! but to rise never mair.
Was he lang or sair ill, there was nane heard nor saw,
Gin day-licht poor Archie had worn awa'!
Wha ance wad ha'e thocht it that he wad ha'e been
A beggar, an' dee't in a barn a' his lane!
But we needna think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
For, the langer we live, the mae uncos we see.

THE BROWNIE OF FEARNDEN.

Thair livit ane man on Norinsyde,
Whan Jamis helde his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene.

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir?
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to thresh or dichte,
Or barne or byre to clene,
He had ane bizzy houre at nicht,
Atweene the twall and ane;

And thouch the sna' was never so deip,
So wylde the wynde or rayne,
He ran ane errant in a wheip,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke could be,
And for the skilly mammy-wyfe
She wantit ane to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
Wald venture doun the glen,
For feir that he micht heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far to seeke,
For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he mychte,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
And throch the wynde and rayne;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
That she micht bettere heir,
"Thair is a mothere wald gyve byrth,
But hasna strengthe to beir.

"O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the rayne."
"Whaur do you want me?" quoth the wyfe.
"O whaur but owre the den!"

Whan baythe waur mountit on the mear,
And ryding up the glen;
"O watt ye, laddy," quoth the wyfe,
"Gyne we be neir the den?

"Are we com neir the den?" she said;
"Tush! wyshte, ye fule!" quoth he,
"For waure na ye ha'e in your armis,
This nicht ye wynna see!"

They sune waur landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit doun—
"I've lefte the house but ae haufe houre,
I am a clever loun!"

"What mak's your feit sae brayde?" quoth she,
"And what sae reid your een?"
"I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sichtis I've seen!

"But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the weane,
And see that all gae richt;

And keip the beyld of biggit land
Till aynce the mornyng licht:

"And gyne they speir wha brocht you heir,
'Cause they waur scaunte of men!
Even tell them that ye rade ahint
The Brownie of Fearnden!"

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

The evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain;
The yellow moon is on her way
Wi' a' her glinting starry train.
The moment dear to love an' me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lanely trysting-tree
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise,
An' meek the summer e'enings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
An' light the blasts o' winter blaw;
Where Keithock winds her silver stream,
By birken tree an' blooming thorn;
Of love and bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love;
Her wistfu' look, an' winning smile,
So sweetly kind, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lov'd Eliza! wert thou mine!
My own endear'd—endearing wife,
How blest! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life;
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts;
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

An' O! may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa';
I've ane at my foot, and I've ane on my knee;
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye, lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil and the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the name,
The cares o' the warld they fear na to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving and fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoitet ben,
Sairly was he pechan;
Spak' a wee, but tint his win',
Hurklit down, an' hostit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's een,
An whaistl't a' forfoughten.

But, his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth't the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An' leugh to Auntie Madie;
Cried, "My callans, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or onything,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
O' ilka lass an' laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blythe the piper blew,
Tho' shakin' han's wi' ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro';
Wha wad thocht his comin' now
Was for our maiden auntie!

She had ne'er been sought,
Cheerie hope was fadin',
Dowie is the thocht
To live and dee a maiden.

How it comes, we canna ken,
Wanters aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An' sune we'll ha'e a weddin'.

AULD EPPIE.

Auld Eppie, poor bodie, she wins on the brae,
In yon little cot-house aneath the auld tree;
Far aff frae a' ithers, an' fu', fu' o' flaws,
Wi' rough divot sunks haudin' up the mud wa's;
The storm-tattered riggin' a' row'd here an' there,
An' the reekit lum-framin' a' broken an' bare,
The lang raggit eaves hangin' down the laigh door,
An' ae wee bit winnock amaist happit ower;
The green boor-tree bushes a' wavin' aroun',
An gray siller willow-wands kissin' the grun'!

"Auld Eppie's a weird-wife," sae runs the rude tale,
For ae nicht some chiels, comin' hame frae their ale,
Cam' in by her biggin', an' watchin' apart,
They saw Eppie turnin' the beuk o' black art;
An' O! the strange sichts an' the uncos that fell,
Nae livin' cou'd think o', nae language cou'd tell.
Nae body leuks near her, unless it may be
When cloudie nicht closes the day's dowin' e'e,
That some, wi' rewards an' assurance, slip ben,
The weils an' the waes o' the future to ken!

Auld Eppie's nae weird-wife, though she gets the name,
She's wae for hersel', but she's waer for them;
For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,
She's blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.
Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME O' LICHT,
An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—
In a' crooks and crosses, she calmly obeys,
E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise.
She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
That's a' the *strange sicht* ony body can see.

THE YOUNG INQUIRER AND AGED CHRISTIAN.

"Old man! I would speak a word or two!
I long have wished to learn of you—
Your kindred and friends to the grave are gone,
And helpless and poor you are left alone,
Yet, aged Pilgrim, as happy you seem
As Youth with its gay and golden dream!
Oh! tell me—I would fain possess
The secret of your happiness."

"Young man! your answer is shortly given,
My will is the sovereign will of Heaven,
Believing, whatever my lot may be,
That all things work for good to me—
And trusting alone to saving grace
For the blessings of pardon, hope, and peace,
I rest on the promise now and ever—
'My loving-kindness faileth never.'

"Young man! would you my happiness share,
With humble heart and fervent prayer—
The voice of the contrite sinner raise
To God your life and length of days—
That He as a father, forgetful of none,
Would give you the portion of a son,
As He in Christ hath given to me
The hope of a happy eternity!"

ALEXANDER CARLILE.

BORN 1788—DIED 1860.

ALEXANDER CARLILE, the author of several spirited songs, was born at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets, in the year 1788. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and then in the University of Glasgow. He afterwards established himself in Paisley as a manufacturer, and devoted much of his leisure time to literature, contributing to the leading magazines both in prose and verse. In 1855 he collected and published his poetical compositions under the title of *Poems*. His popular song "Wha's at the Window?" composed in early life, finds a place in all the collections of Scottish songs. Mr. Carlile, who was greatly interested in all movements tending to benefit the social and moral welfare of his fellow-citizens, died in his native town, August 4, 1860, aged seventy-two. A friend who was well acquainted with him, as well as his most estimable and accom-

plished brother, the Rev. Dr. Carlile of Dublin, tells us that he was one to whom the words of the old dramatist might most truthfully be applied:—

"A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness;"

and Dr. Rogers, in his *Century of Scottish Life*, remarks "that during his latter years, when I knew him, he was a grave and reverend-looking old man. He was much in his library, which was well stored with the best books."

WHA'S AT THE WINDOW?

Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?
Wha but blithe Jamie Glen,
He's come sax miles and ten,
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa', awa',
To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa'.

He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',
Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a',
And sae has she dune,
By a' that's abune,
For he loe's her, she lo'es him, 'bune a', bune a',
He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal-maidens are braw, braw,
Bridal-maidens are braw, braw;
But the bride's modest e'e,
And warm cheek are to me
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a', and a',
'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a'.

It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',
It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';
There's quaffing and laughing,
There's dancing and daffing,
And the bride's father's blithest of a', of a',
The bride's father's blithest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,
That my heart is sae weary,
When a' the lave's cheerie,
But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',
It's just that she'll aye be awa'.

THE VALE OF KILLEAN.

Oh yes, there's a valley as calm and as sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
So bland in its beauty, so rich in its green,
'Mid Scotia's dark mountains—the Vale of Killean.

The flocks on its soft lap so peacefully roam,
The stream seeks the deep lake as the child seeks its home,
That has wander'd all day, to its lullaby close,
Singing blithe 'mid the wild-flowers, and fain would repose.

How solemn the broad hills that curtain around
This sanctuary of nature, 'mid a wilderness found,
Whose echoes low whisper, "Bid the world farewell,
And with lowly contentment here peacefully dwell!"

Then build me a cot by that lake's verdant shore,
'Mid the world's wild turmoil I'll mingle no more,
And the tidings evoking the sigh and the tear,
Of man's crimes and his follies, no more shall I hear.

Young Morn, as on tiptoe he ushers the day,
Will teach fading Hope to rekindle her ray;
And pale Eve, with her rapture tear, soft will impart
To the soul her own meekness—a rich glow to the heart.

The heavings of passion all rocked to sweet rest,
As repose its still waters, so repose shall this breast;
And 'mid brightness and calmness my spirit shall rise
Like the mist from the mountain, to blend with the skies.

THE CORBIE AND CRAW.

The corbie wi' his roupy throat,
Cried frae the leafless tree,
"Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch,
Come o'er the loch to me."

The craw put up his sooty head,
And look'd o'er the nest whare he lay,
And gied a flaf wi' his rousty wings,
And cried, "Whare tae? whare tae?"

Cor. "Te pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon meikle stane."

Cra. "Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alane."

Cor. "He cam' frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer."
Cra. "I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer."

Cor. "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the lave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back sinsyne."

MY BROTHERS ARE THE STATELY TREES.

My brothers are the stately trees
That in the forests grow;
The simple flowers my sisters are,
That on the green bank blow.
With them, with them, I am a child
Whose heart with mirth is dancing wild.

The daisy, with its tear of joy,
Gay greets me as I stray;
How sweet a voice of welcome comes
From every trembling spray!
How light, how bright, the golden-wing'd hours
I spend among those songs and flowers!

I love the spirit of the wind,
His varied tones I know;
His voice of soothing majesty,
Of love and sobbing woe;
Whate'er his varied theme may be,
With his my spirit mingles free.

I love to tread the grass-green path,
Far up the winding stream;
For there in nature's loneliness
The day is one bright dream,
And still the pilgrim waters tell
Of wanderings wild by wood and dell.

Or up the mountain's brow I toil
Beneath a wid'ning sky,
Seas, forests, lakes and rivers wide,
Crowding the wondering eye.
Then, then, my soul on eagle's wings,
To cloudless regions upwards springs!

The stars—the stars! I know each one,
With all its soul of love,
They beckon me to come and live
In their tearless homes above;
And then I spurn earth's songs and flowers,
And pant to breathe in heaven's own bowers.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

BORN 1789—DIED 1834.

THOMAS PRINGLE, a poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blacklaw, in Roxburghshire, January 5, 1789. When young he met with an accident by which his right hip-joint was dislocated, and he was obliged ever after to use crutches. In his fourteenth year he was sent to the grammar-school at Kelso, and three years afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh. In the year 1808 he obtained a situation in the General Register House, and in 1811, in conjunction with his friend Robert Story, published a satirical poem entitled "The Institute," which obtained for its young authors great praise but small profit. In 1816 he became a contributor to Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology;* he also composed an excellent imitation of Sir Walter Scott's poetical style for the Ettrick Shepherd's *Poetic Mirror.* In the following year he assumed the editorship of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, projected by James Hogg and himself, and published by William Blackwood, as a rival to the *Scots Magazine.* Brewster, Cleghorn, Lockhart, the Shepherd, and Professor Wilson were among the contributors to this periodical, which afterwards became the famous *Blackwood's Magazine.* Pringle soon withdrew from its management, but he continued to be the conductor of the Edinburgh *Star* newspaper and editor of Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany.* Before this time he had married, and finding the emoluments from these literary sources insufficient to maintain his family, he was fain to abandon them and return in 1819 to his old place in the Register House.

Pringle published during the same year the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems," but the poetical field at that season was so pre-occupied by greater singers, that his little volume, though appreciated by the judicious few, brought him but small profit. In 1820, in company with his brothers and other relatives and friends, in all twenty-four persons, he embarked for South Africa, where they landed in safety, and took possession of a tract of twenty thousand acres assigned to them by the government, which they named Glen Lynden. The poet afterward removed to Cape Town, where he filled the position of government librarian, and kept a large boarding-school. Here, after some difficulty, he established the *South African Journal*, a magazine which appeared in Dutch and English, and he also assumed the editorship of a weekly newspaper. But ere long he had disagreements with the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, and weary of his Caffreland exile he returned to England in 1826, and obtained the appointment of secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, a post which he retained until the abolition of slavery in the colonies of Great Britain rendered the society unnecessary. Meantime he was a constant contributor of prose and verse to the chief periodicals of the day; edited an annual, *Friendship's Offering;* and published a "Narrative of his Residence in South Africa," also "Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems." Failing health induced him to decide to remove to a warmer climate as the only means of saving his life, and he was preparing to return to the Cape with his wife and sister-in-law, when he became worse, and died December 5, 1834. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, and a tombstone with an elegant inscription marks the spot where they lie.

Pringle's poetical works, with a memoir written by Leitch Ritchie, were published in 1839. Many of his compositions exhibit a highly cultivated taste, combined with deep and generous feeling. The fine pastoral lyric "O, the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," left unfinished by Lady Grizzel Baillie (see vol. i. p. 91), was completed by our author. Allan Cunningham wrote:—"Thomas Pringle is a poet and philanthropist: in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance." Another Scottish poet says:—"His poetry has great merit. It is distinguished by elegance rather than strength, but he has many forcible passages. The versification is sweet, the style simple and free from all superfluous epithets, and the descriptions are the result of his own observations. His 'African Sketches,' which consist of poetical exhibitions of the scenery, the characteristic habits of animals, and the modes of native life in South Africa, are alone sufficient to entitle him to no mean rank as a poet." The first of our selections was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott and many other distinguished poets of Pringle's period. Coleridge was so highly delighted that he did little else for several days than read and recite it.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none.
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice and meanness and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert land—
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vley, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Korauna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A "still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Would'st thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim,
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambush'd brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste
With glaring eye and headlong haste.
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is mustered in this hour of need.

For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

COME AWA', COME AWA'.

Come awa', come awa',
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your southern wooers a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie!
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie;
But I've a heart that's leal and true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And see the kindly north, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlair,
And by the links o' Forth, lassie!
And when we tread the heather-bell,
Aboon Demayat lea, lassie,
You'll view the land o' flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And leave your southland hame, lassie;
The kirk is near, the ring is here,
And I'm your Donald Graeme, lassie!
Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie;
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braes 'yont Stirling brig, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
I ken your heart is mine, lassie;
And true love shall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie!
Your father he has gi'en consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie;
O that our feet were on the bent,
An' the lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie;
My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
By bonnie Avondhu, lassie!
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brackens waving fair, lassie,
And gleaming lochs and mountains gray—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa', come awa', &c.

FAREWELL TO TEVIOTDALE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

MAID OF MY HEART.

Maid of my heart—a long farewell!
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate ambition's haughty name,
And the heartless pride of wealth and fame;
Yet now I haste through ocean's roar
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief?
Can absence calm this feverish thrill?
—Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,
Thy voice by nature fram'd to suit
The tone of love's enchanted lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
Where tender thought and feeling lie!
Thine eyelid like the evening cloud
That comes the star of love to shroud!

Each witchery of soul and sense,
Enshrin'd in angel innocence,
Combin'd to frame the fatal spell—
That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

JOHN BURTT.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1866.

The Rev. JOHN BURTT was born at Knockmarloch House, in the parish of Riccarton, Ayrshire, May 26, 1789. While he was still a child he lost his mother, and went to reside with his maternal grandfather, with whom he spent his boyhood, during which time he attended school and became a good classical scholar. He was then sent to learn the weaving trade, but he soon abandoned the loom and returned to his books. In his sixteenth year he was decoyed into a small boat by a press-gang, carried on board the *Magnificent*, a ship-of-war stationed near Greenock, and compelled to serve as a common sailor. Effecting his escape after being five years in the service, he returned to Scotland and opened a private school at Kilmarnock. In 1816 he removed to Glasgow, where he attended the medical lectures at the university.

During his career as a sailor Burtt had occupied many of his leisure hours in the composition of verses, and had also written some lyrics during the period of his teaching at Kilmarnock. These he collected and published at Glasgow in 1817. The same year he proceeded to the United States, and soon after entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, where he studied theology. On leaving that institution Burtt for some time acted as a domestic missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Trenton and Philadelphia, until called to a ministerial charge at Salem, N.J. In 1831 he removed to Philadelphia and assumed the editorship of a weekly journal named *The Presbyterian*. Two years later he became the pastor of a church in Cincinnati, at the same time acting as editor of *The Standard*. In 1842 he accepted the charge of a congregation at Blackwoodtown, where he remained until 1859, when the infirmities of age induced him to resign and retire to Salem, N.J., where he died, March 24, 1866. Mr. Burtt married Miss Mary N. Fisher of Philadelphia, Sept. 29, 1820. Of his family a daughter survives, to whom the writer is chiefly indebted for the particulars of her father's career; and two sons, one of whom has served his country as a surgeon both in the army and navy, while the other is doing his Master's work as a missionary among the American Indians.

During the first years of Mr. Burtt's residence in the New World he wrote a number of poems, which, with those published in Scotland, were issued in 1819, at Bridgeton, N.J., with the title of *Horæ Poeticæ*. Later in life he occasionally contributed verses to the columns of *The Presbyterian* and other religious periodicals. "The Rev. John Burtt," remarks a correspondent, writing to us in 1875, "was a man of great excellence of character, and in the vigour of his years was one of our best preachers and poets. His was truly a remarkable life, with the golden ending so seldom allotted to the children of song."

ON THE DIVINE MERCY.

Shall the wanderer's harp of sorrow
  Always tell the tale of woe?
Shall the night no joyful morrow
  Of unclouded transport know?
Shall the bosom filled with sadness—
Shall the boiling blood of madness
Never know the calm of peace,
Balm of hope and beam of bliss?

Wake, my harp! nor weak nor mildly
  Let thy notes of rapture swell:
Wake, my harp! and warbling wildly,
  Of immortal triumphs tell.
Holy fire—seraphic feeling—
O'er my melting mind are stealing;
Heavenward rolls my raptured eye,
Loud I strike the harp of joy!

Weeping orphan! God has found thee,
  Led thee to thy mother's breast;
Wandering stranger! all around thee
  Smiles the blissful home of rest.
Strengthen'd is the arm of weakness;
Cool'd the fever'd heart of sickness;
Mortal strifes and pangs are o'er—
Mortals live to die no more.

Sons of earth! behold Him bending—
  God, your Father, from above;
Peace and mercy sweetly blending
  With His tender looks of love.
Sweeter than a seraph's vespers
Is the welcome which He whispers;—
"Come, ye weary and opprest,
Come, ye heavy laden—rest!

"Rest ye from the care and sorrow,
  Which in seasons past ye knew:
'Tis an everlasting morrow—
  Scenes of endless bliss ye view:
From the snares of guilt and error,
From the grasp of death and terror
Rest secure!—on Me depend—
  Me, your Father and your Friend."

THE FAREWELL.

O welcome winter! wi' thy storms,
  Thy frosts, an' hills o' sna';
Dismantle nature o' her charms,
  For I maun lea' them a'.
I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd laid
  Upon its wallow bier;
I've seen the rosebud drooping fade
  Beneath the dewy tear.
    Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,
      For I maun lea' you a'.
    O will ye sometimes shed a tear
      For me, when far awa'?
    For me, when far frae hame and you,
      Where ceaseless tempests blaw,
    Will ye repeat my last adieu,
      An' mourn that I'm awa'?

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,
  In gay green mantle drest;
But now its leafless branches wave
  Wild whistling in the blast:
So perish'd a' my youthfu' joy,
  An' left me thus to mourn;
The vernal sun will gild the sky,
  But joy will ne'er return.
    Then fare ye weel, &c.

In vain will spring her gowans spread
  Owre the green swairded lea:
The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
  Will bloom in vain for me:
In vain will spring bedeck the bowers
  Wi' buds and blossoms braw—
The gloomy storm already lowers
  That drives me far awa'.
    Then fare ye weel, &c.

O winter! spare the peacefu' scene
  Where early joys I knew;
Still be its fields unfading green,
  Its sky unclouded blue.
Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe
  The social crack ye ca',
O spare the tribute of a sigh
  For me, when far awa'!
    Then fare ye weel, &c.

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFFS.[1]

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the gray mountain straying,
  Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
What woes wring my heart, while intently surveying
  The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.

[1] This song enjoyed for many years the distinction of being attributed to Burns, and of being included in several editions of his poems. It celebrates Burtt's first love, who died young, and was written at Kilmarnock when in his twenty-second year, before he bade adieu to Scotland.—Ed.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower that bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast—
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

O! LASSIE I LO'E DEAREST!

O! lassie I lo'e dearest!
Mair fair to me than fairest,
Mair rare to me than rarest,
How sweet to think o' thee.
When blythe the blue-ey'd dawnin'
Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
And furls night's sable awnin',
I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honey'd dew-drap
Still trembles at the flower-tap,
The fairest bud I pu't up,
An' kiss't for sake o' thee.
An' when by stream or fountain,
In glen, or on the mountain,
The lingering moments counting,
I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red rays are streamin',
Warm on the meadow beamin',
Or on the loch wild gleamin',
My heart is fu' o' thee.
An' tardy-footed gloamin',
Out-owre the hills slow comin',
Still finds me lanely roamin',
And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
An' night blasts shake the willow,
Stretch'd on my lanely pillow,
My dreams are a' o' thee.
Then think when frien's caress thee,
Oh, think when cares distress thee,
Oh, think when pleasures bless thee,
O' him that thinks o' thee.

SWEET THE BARD.

Sweet the bard, and sweet his strain,
Breath'd where mirth and friendship reign,
O'er ilk woodland, hill, and plain,
And loch o' Caledonia.
Sweet the rural scenes he drew,
Sweet the fairy tints he threw
O'er the page, to nature true,
And dear to Caledonia.
But the strain so lov'd is o'er,
And the bard so lov'd no more
Shall his magic stanzas pour
To love and Caledonia.

Ayr and Doon may row their floods,
Birds may warble through the woods,
Dews may gem the opening buds,
And daisies bloom fu' bonnie, O;
Lads fu' blythe and lasses fain
Still may love, but ne'er again
Will they wake the gifted strain
O' Burns and Caledonia.
While, his native vales among,
Love is felt, or beauty sung,
Hearts will beat and harps be strung
To Burns and Caledonia.

WILLIAM KNOX.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1825.

WILLIAM KNOX, the author of the pathetic poem which was so great a favourite with the late President Lincoln, beginning,

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and he received a liberal education, first at the parish

school of Lilliesleaf, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, but he was so unsuccessful as a farmer that at the end of five years he gave up his lease, and commenced that precarious literary life which he continued to the close. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published *The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems*, followed six years later by *The Songs of Israel*. In 1825 appeared a third volume of lyrics, entitled *The Harp of Zion*. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. Professor Wilson also thought highly of his poetical genius, and was ever ready to befriend him. He was a kind and affectionate son, and a man of genial disposition; but he unwisely squandered his resources of health and strength, and died of paralysis at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825, in his thirty-sixth year.

Knox's poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his *Songs of Israel* he says—"It is my sincere wish that, while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes mentioned above he also wrote *A Visit to Dublin*, and a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter." Much of his authorship, however, was scattered over the periodicals of the day, and especially the *Literary Gazette*. As a prose writer his works are of little account, but the same cannot be said of his poetry, which possesses a richness and originality that insure for it a more lasting popularity. Sir Walter Scott, alluding to our poet, remarks—"His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, "The Lonely Hearth," far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses." He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been greatly gratified had he known that a poem of his would one day go the rounds of the American press and that of the Canadas as the production of a president of the United States.

THE WOOER'S VISIT.

My native Scotland! how the youth is blest
  To mark thy first star in the evening sky,
When the far curfew bids the weary rest,
  And in his ear the milk-maid's wood-notes die!
  O! then unseen by every human eye,
Soon as the lingering daylight hath decayed,
  Dear, dear to him o'er distant vales to hie,
While every head in midnight rest is laid,
To that endearing cot where dwells his favourite maid.

Though he has laboured from the dawn of morn,
  Beneath the summer sun's unclouded ray,
Till evening's dewdrops glistened on the thorn,
  And wild-flowers closed their petals with the day;
  And though the cottage home be far away,
Where all the treasure of his bosom lies,
  O! he must see her, though his raptured stay
Be short—like every joy beneath the skies—
And yet be at his task by morning's earliest rise.

Behold him wandering o'er the moonlit dales,
  The only living thing that stirs abroad,
Tripping as lightly as the breathing gales
  That fan his cheek upon the lonesome road,
  Seldom by other footsteps trod!
Even though no moon shed her conducting ray,
  And light his night-path to that sweet abode,
Angels will guide the lover's dreariest way,
If but for her dear sake whose heart is pure as they.

And see him now upon the very hill,
  From which in breathless transport he doth hail,
At such an hour so exquisitely still,
  To him the sweetest, far the sweetest, vale
  That e'er was visited by mountain gale.
And, O! how fondly shall be hailed by him
  The guiding lamp that never yet did fail—
That very lamp which her dear hand doth trim
To light his midnight way when moon and stars are dim.

But who shall tell what her fond thoughts may be,
  The lovely damsel sitting all alone,
When every inmate of the house but she
  To sweet oblivion of their cares have gone?
  By harmless stealth unnoticed and unknown,

Behold her seated by her midnight fire,
And turning many an anxious look upon
The lingering clock, as if she would require
The steady foot of time to haste at her desire.

But though the appointed hour is fondly sought,
At every sound her little heart will beat,
And she will blush even at the very thought
Of meeting him whom she delights to meet.
Be as it may, her ear would gladly greet
The house-dog's bark that watch'd the whole night o'er,
And O! how gently shall she leave her seat,
And gently step across the sanded floor,
With trembling heart and hand, to ope the creaking door.

The hour is past, and still her eager ear
Hears but the tinkle of the neighbouring rill;
No human footstep yet approaching near
Disturbs the night calm so serene and still,
That broods, like slumber, over dale and hill.
Ah! who may tell what phantoms of dismay
The anxious feelings of her bosom chill—
The wiles that lead a lover's heart astray—
The darkness of the night—the dangers of the way?

But, lo! he comes, and soon shall she forget
Her griefs, in sunshine of this hour of bliss;
Their hands in love's endearing clasp have met,
And met their lips in love's delicious kiss.
O! what is all the wealth of worlds to this!
Go—thou mayest cross each foreign land, each sea,
In search of honours, yet for ever miss
The sweetest boon vouchsafed by Heaven's decree—
The heart that loves thee well, the heart that's dear to thee.

And may I paint their pleasures yet to come,
When, like their hearts, their willing hands are joined,
The loving inmates of a wedded home,
For ever happy and for ever kind?
And may I paint their various charms combined
In the sweet offspring that around them plays,
Who—tho' on mountains with the bounding hind
Be rudely nursed—may claim a nation's praise,
And on their native hills some proud memorial raise?

My native Scotland! O! thy northern hills,
Thy dark brown hills, are fondly dear to me;
And aye a warmth my swelling bosom fills
For all the filial souls that cling to thee—
Pure be their loves as human love can be,
And still be worthy of their native land
The little beings nursed beside their knee,
Who may at length their country's guardians stand,
And own the undaunted heart, and lift the unconquered hand!

MORTALITY.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a fast-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

A child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed
That wither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

HARP OF ZION.

Harp of Zion! pure and holy!
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the songs I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day,
When a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay—
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
While the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain.—
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again.

THE DEAR LAND OF CAKES.

O! brave Caledonians! my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds;
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast.
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart;
The goblet is filled, and each worn one partakes,
To drink plenty and peace to the dear Land of Cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth;
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear Land of Cakes.

O! valour, thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth!
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When called in defence of the dear Land of Cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud,
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No, by heavens! we will stand to our honour and trust,
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestors' dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear Land of Cakes.

O! peace to the ashes of those that have bled
For the land where the proud thistle raises its head!
O! peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth!
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit remains,
And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins;
Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes,
For the honour and weal of the dear Land of Cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never depart;
Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound;
And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes,
May happiness beam on the dear Land of Cakes.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself may'st pass away.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime!
Ere thy brow shall be traced by the ploughshare of time—
Ere the twilight of age shall encompass thy way,
And thou droop'st, like the flowers, to thy rest in the clay.

Let the banquet be spread, let the wine-cup go round,
Let the joy-dance be wove, let the timbrels resound—
While the spring-tide of life in thy bosom is high,
And thy spirit is light as a lark in the sky.

Let the wife of thy love, like the sun of thy day,
Throw a radiance of joy o'er thy pilgrimage way—
Ere the shadows of grief come, like night from the west,
And thou weep'st o'er the flower that expired on thy breast.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime.
But muse on the power and the progress of time;
For thy life shall depart with the joy it hath given,
And a judgment of justice awaits thee in heaven.

WILLIAM GLEN.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1826.

WILLIAM GLEN, the author of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," perhaps the most popular and pathetic of modern Jacobite lyrics, was born at Glasgow, Nov. 14, 1789. His ancestors were for many generations persons of consideration in Renfrewshire. William received a good education, and on the organization of the Glasgow Volunteer Sharpshooters joined

the corps as lieutenant. He entered upon a mercantile career, and was for some time a manufacturer in his native city, carrying on a prosperous trade with the West Indies, where he resided for several years. In 1814 he was elected a manager of the Merchants' House of Glasgow and a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Soon after he met with several heavy losses, which caused his failure in business, which he never again resumed. His latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot—poverty and misfortune. During the last few years of his short life he spent his summers with relations of Mrs. Glen residing at Rainagour, in the parish of Aberfoyle, and received pecuniary assistance from an uncle living in Russia. He died of consumption in his native city, December, 1826, and the Editor's father was one of the few friends of the unfortunate poet who followed his remains to their last resting-place in God's acre.[1]

In 1815 Glen published a small volume of verses, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical.* The lovers of Scottish minstrelsy will rejoice to learn that a large number of unpublished songs and poems which he left behind him in MS. are soon to be issued, together with, a memoir of the bard by the editor the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and a narrative, written by a lady, of the interesting educational work carried on at Aberfoyle for many years by the widow and daughter of Glen.

THE BATTLE-SONG.

Raise high the battle-song
To the heroes of our land;
Strike the bold notes loud and long
To Great Britain's warlike band.
Burst away like a whirlwind of flame,
Wild as the lightning's wing;
Strike the boldest, sweetest string,
And deathless glory sing—
To their fame.

See Corunna's bloody bed!
'Tis a sad, yet glorious scene;
There the imperial eagle fled,
And there our chief was slain.
Green be the turf upon the warrior's breast,
High honour seal'd his doom,
And eternal laurels bloom
Round the poor and lowly tomb
Of his rest.

Strong was his arm of might,
When the war-flag was unfurl'd;
But his soul, when peace shone bright,
Beam'd love to all the world.
And his name through endless ages shall endure;
High deeds are written fair
In that scroll, which time must spare,
And thy fame's recorded there—
Noble Moore.

Yonder's Barossa's height,
Rising full upon my view,
Where was fought the bloodiest fight
That Iberia ever knew,
Where Albion's bold sons to victory were led.
With bay'nets levell'd low,
They rush'd upon the foe,
Like an avalanche of snow
From its bed.

Sons of the "Lonely Isle,"
Your native courage rose,
When surrounded for a while
By the thousands of your foes,
But dauntless was your chief, that meteor of war,
He resistless led ye on,
Till the bloody field was won,
And the dying battle-groan
Sunk afar.

---

[1] Aberfoyle, though neither the birth-place of the poet nor the spot where he breathed his last, has nevertheless many interesting associations connected with William Glen. It was here he often wandered in his youth, here that he won the fair Kate of Aberfoyle, here on the banks of the lovely Loch Ard,

"Bright mirror set in rocky dell,"

that he composed many of his sweetest songs, and it was here that he spent, on the farm of Rainagour, the closing years of his brief career. A few weeks before his death he said to his amiable wife, "Kate, I would like to go back to Glasgow." "Why, Willie?" she asked, "are ye no as well here?" "It's no myself I'm thinking about," he answered. "It was of you, Kate; for I know well it is easier to take a living man there than a dead one." So the sorrowful woman with her dying husband departed from the place, and the warm Highland hearts missed and mourned for him, forgetting his faults and remembering only his virtues.—ED.

Our song Balgowan share,
Home of the chieftain's rest;
For thou art a lily fair
In Caledonia's breast.
Breathe, sweetly breathe, a soft love-soothing strain,
For beauty there doth dwell,
In the mountain, flood, or fell,
And throws her witching spell
O'er the scene.

But not Balgowan's charms
Could lure the chief to stay;
For the foe were up in arms,
In a country far away.
He rush'd to battle, and he won his fame;
Ages may pass by,
Fleet as the summer's sigh,
But thy name shall never die—
Gallant Graeme.

Strike again the boldest strings
To our great commander's praise;
Who to our memory brings
"The deeds of other days."
Peal for a lofty spirit-stirring strain;
The blaze of hope illumes
Iberia's deepest glooms,
And the eagle shakes his plumes
There in vain.

High is the foemen's pride,
For they are sons of war;
But our chieftain rolls the tide
Of battle back afar.
A braver hero in the field ne'er shone;
Let bards, with loud acclaim,
Heap laurels on his fame,
"Singing glory" to the name
Of Wellington.

Could I with soul of fire
Guide my wild unsteady hand,
I would strike the quivering wire,
Till it rung throughout the land.
Of all its warlike heroes would I sing;
Were powers to soar thus given,
By the blast of genius driven,
I would sweep the highest heaven
With my wing.

Yet still this trembling flight
May point a bolder way,
Ere the lonely beam of night
Steals on my setting day.
Till then, sweet harp, hang on the willow tree;
And when I come again,
Thou wilt not sound in vain,
For I'll strike thy highest strain—
Bold and free.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.[1]

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
He warbled sweet and clearly,
An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie.
O! when I heard the bonnie soun'
The tears cam' happin' rarely,
I took my bannet aff my head,
For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a sang ye borrow,
Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
"Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
"I've flown sin' mornin' early,
But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
He roves a lanely stranger,
On every side he's press'd by want,
On every side is danger;
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart maist burstit fairly,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should been a palace?
He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,

[1] Alexander Whitelaw, in his admirable collection entitled *The Book of Scottish Song*, relates that during one of her Majesty's earliest visits to the North, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" received a mark of royal favour, which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the marquis had engaged the celebrated vocalist John Wilson to sing before the Queen. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to her Majesty, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when the Queen immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Cam' ye by Athol," and "The Laird of Cockpen." The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better or more varied one, both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into consideration, could not easily be made.—Ed.

An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he sheuk his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

HOW EERILY, HOW DREARILY.

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
When my love's in a foreign land, far frae thae arms o' mine;
Three years ha'e come an' gane sin' first he said to me,
That he wad stay at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to live and die;
The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is wild and drear,
An' every hour that passeth by I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonnie baby—I clasp it to my breast,
Ah! aft wi' sic a warm embrace its father hath me prest!
And whan I gaze upon its face, as it lies upon my knee,
The crystal drops out-owre my cheeks will fa' frae ilka e'e;
O! mony a mony a burning tear upon its face will fa',
For oh! it's like my bonnie love, an' he is far awa'.

Whan the spring-time had gane by and the rose began to blaw,
An' the harebell an' the violet adorn'd ilk bonnie shaw,
'Twas then my love cam' courtin' me, and wan my youthfu' heart,
An' mony a tear it cost my love ere he could frae me part;
But though he's in a foreign land, far, far across the sea,
I ken my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' unto me.

Ye wastlin' win's upon the main, blaw wi' a steady breeze,
And waft my Jamie hame again across the roarin' seas;
O! when he clasps me in his arms, in a' his manly pride,
I'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the world beside,
Then blow a steady gale, ye win's, waft him across the sea,
And bring my Jamie hame again to his wee bairn and me.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Sing a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crousely crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king,
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth and honour to the Dane,
Gie German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gie Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' mony fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' cauld an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,

An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Hielan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day
A prelude to Vittoria.
Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria!

THE MAID OF ORONSEY.

Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain;
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, oh! warble it again,
Thou'st touched the string o' a' my woes;
Oh! lull me with it to repose,
I'll dream of her who's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of Oronsey.

Could'st thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove
Thou'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonnie maid of Oronsey.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
Oh! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of Oronsey.

Then, bonnie bird, wi' mony a tear
I'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,
And thou wilt find me sitting here
Ere thou can'st hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chant a sang o' love and wae,
An' soothe me weeping at the scorn
Of the sweet maid of Oronsey.

And when around my weary head,
Soft pillowed where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perched on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit passing by"
To meet the maid of Oronsey.

MARY GRAY.

Once William swore the sacred oath,
That I my love had never weary;
And I gave him my virgin troth,
But now he's turned awa' frae Mary.
I thought his heart was link'd to mine,
So firm that it could never stray;
Yet, William, may that peace be thine
Which thou hast ta'en frae Mary Gray.

I once was happy in his love,
No gloomy prospect made me dreary;
I thought that he would never rove,
But aye be faithfu' to his Mary.
Bright on me shone sweet pleasure's sun,
I sported in its gladdening ray;
But now the evening shades are come,
And soon will close round Mary Gray.

Yet, William, may no gloomy thought
Of my love ever make thee dreary;
I've suffer'd much—'twas dearly bought,—
Peace now has fled frae wretched Mary.—
And when some maid more loved than me,
Thou lead'st to church on bridal day,
Perhaps the lowly grave you'll see
Of poor neglected Mary Gray.

JOHN MACDIARMID.

BORN 1790 — DIED 1852.

JOHN MACDIARMID, a gifted writer and journalist, was born, it is said, in Edinburgh in 1790. The death of his father, the Rev. Hugh MacDiarmid, for many years minister of a Gaelic church in Glasgow, left him at an early age to make his own way in the world. He

first became a clerk in a counting-house, and afterwards obtained a situation in the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, where he rose to a good position. During this time he managed to attend several classes in the university, and devoted all his leisure hours to reading and study. He also for two years acted as occasional amanuensis to Professor Playfair, from whom he obtained the privilege of attending his classes, and the free use of his library.

MacDiarmid's first literary effort seems to have been some spirited verses on the battle of Waterloo, which he wrote in 1815, on the occasion of erecting a commemorative monument at Newabbey, near Dumfries. The poem attracted notice, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* signified his willingness to receive contributions from MacDiarmid's pen, while the publishers Oliver and Boyd engaged him to compile several works, for which service he was paid £50. This, the first-fruits of his literary labour, had not been half an hour in his possession before he gave the whole amount to an impecunious poet-friend, who, it is almost needless to remark, never returned it. In 1816, in company with two friends, he established the *Scotsman* newspaper in Edinburgh, now perhaps the most prosperous journal in Scotland; and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier.*

Although devoted to the business of his newspaper, MacDiarmid still continued to cherish his literary enthusiasm. In 1817 he published an edition of *Cowper's Poems*, with a well-written memoir of the poet, which passed through several editions. The *Scrap Book*, a volume of selections and original contributions in prose and verse, appeared in 1820, and was soon followed by a second volume, both of which were highly successful. In 1823 he prepared a memoir of Goldsmith for an Edinburgh edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield.* In 1825 he originated the *Dumfries Magazine*, and five years later published his *Sketches from Nature*, chiefly illustrative of scenery and character in the districts of Dumfries and Galloway. He also contributed an interesting account of the ancient burgh and its neighbourhood to the *Picture of Dumfries*, an illustrated work published in 1832; and in the intervals of his leisure wrote a description of Moffat and a memoir of Nicholson the Galloway poet.

The *Courier*, which ultimately became MacDiarmid's exclusive property, and in which most of his poems appeared, acquired a character rarely attained by a provincial paper, and its editor was highly esteemed by Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Lockhart, and other leading literary men of his day. To his kind heart and liberal patronage many young aspirants for poetic fame were indebted for assistance. Isabella, the youngest sister of Burns, told the Editor in 1855 that her brother's widow and children had found in Mr. MacDiarmid a most faithful friend, and that after the death of Mrs. Burns he acted as her executor. Not even Robert Chambers possessed a more minute knowledge of the life and writings of Scotland's great national poet, or enriched the world with more original anecdotes concerning him, than did John MacDiarmid. He died universally respected by his fellow-men, November 18, 1852, leaving several children, one of whom became his biographer. As a fitting tribute to his memory, a number of friends subscribed a sufficient sum to found a bursary bearing his name for £10 annually in the University of Edinburgh, to be competed for by students from the counties of Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, and Wigton.

EVENING.

Hush, ye songsters! day is done;
See how sweet the setting sun
Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
Smiling as he sinks to rest;
Now the swallow down the dell,
Issuing from her noontide cell,
Mocks the deftest marksman's aim,
Jumbling in fantastic game:
Sweet inhabitant of air,
Sure thy bosom holds no care;
Not the fowler full of wrath,
Skilful in the deeds of death—
Not the darting hawk on high
(Ruthless tyrant of the sky!)

Owns one art of cruelty
Fit to fell or fetter thee,
Gayest, freest of the free!

Ruling, whistling shrill on high,
Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
Teasing with thy idle din
Drowsy daws at rest within;
Long thou lov'st to sport and spring
On thy never-wearying wing.
Lower now 'midst foliage cool,
Swift thou skimm'st the peaceful pool,
Where the speckled trout at play,
Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
While the treach'rous circles swell
Wide and wider where it fell,
Guiding sure the angler's arm
Where to find the puny swarm;
And with artificial fly,
Best to lure the victim's eye,
Till, emerging from the brook,
Brisk it bites the barbed hook;
Struggling in the unequal strife,
With its death, disguised as life,
Till it breathless beats the shore,
Ne'er to cleave the current more!

Peace! creation's gloomy queen,
Darkest Night, invests the scene!
Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
Leaves her home amid the wild,
Tripping soft with dewy feet
Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
Morpheus—drowsy power—to meet.
Ruler of the midnight hour,
In thy plenitude of power,
From this burthen'd bosom throw
Half its leaden load of woe.
Since thy envied art supplies
What reality denies,
Let thy cheerless suppliant see
Dreams of bliss inspired by thee—
Let before his wond'ring eyes
Fancy's brightest visions rise—
Long-lost happiness restore,
None can need thy bounty more.

MY FAITHFUL SOMEBODY.

When day declining gilds the west,
And weary labour welcomes rest,
How lightly bounds his beating breast
At thought of meeting somebody.
My fair, my faithful somebody,
My fair, my faithful somebody;
When sages with their precepts show,
Perfection is unknown below,
They mean, except in somebody.

Her lovely looks, sae kind and gay,
Are sweeter than the smiles of day,
And milder than the morn of May
That beams on bonnie somebody.
My fair, &c.

'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
We heard the cushat cooing near,
I softly whispered in her ear,
"He woos, like me, his somebody."
My fair, &c.

With crimson cheek the fair replied,
"As seasons change, he'll change his bride;
But death alone can e'er divide
From me the heart of somebody."
My fair, &c.

Enrapt I answer'd, "Maid divine,
Thy mind's a model fair for mine;
And here I swear I'll but resign
With life the love of somebody."
My fair, &c.

NITHSIDE.

When the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives to drown,
And schoolboys seeking nests find each nursling fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, array'd in all their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nithside!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home beyond the sea;

And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nithside!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands brown and sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the waning year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our valley wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every hill with snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at eventide,
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie Nithside!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But ah! what sighs or tears can heal
Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest?

What art thou, spirit undefined,
That passest with man's breath away,
That givest him feeling, sense, and mind,
And leavest him cold, unconscious clay?

A moment gone, I look'd, and, lo!
Sensation throbb'd through all her frame;
Those beamless eyes were raised in woe;
That bosom's motion went and came.

The next, a nameless change was wrought,
Death nipt in twain life's brittle thread,
And, in a twinkling, feeling, thought,
Sensation, motion,—all were fled!

Those lips will never more repeat
The welcome lesson conn'd with care;
Or breathe at even, in accents sweet,
To Heaven the well-remembered prayer!

Those little hands shall ne'er essay
To ply the mimic task again,
Well pleased, forgetting mirth and play,
A mother's promised gift to gain!

That heart is still—no more to move,
That cheek is wan—no more to bloom,
Or dimple in the smile of love,
That speaks a parent's welcome home.

And thou, with years and sufferings bow'd,
Say, dost thou least this loss deplore?
Ah! though thy wailings are not loud,
I fear thy secret grief is more.

Youth's griefs are loud, but are not long;
But thine with life itself shall last;
And age shall feel each sorrow strong,
When all its morning joys are past.

'Twas thine her infant mind to mould,
And leave the copy all thou art;
And sure the wide world does not hold
A warmer or a purer heart!

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But, ah! what sorrowing can unseal
Those eyes, and wake the slumberer's rest?

DAVID VEDDER.

BORN 1790 — DIED 1854.

DAVID VEDDER, a lyric poet of considerable originality, was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. Having early lost his parents, he chose, as was natural to an island boy, a sailor's life, and at the age of twelve shipped as a cabin-boy on board a small coasting vessel. He proved an apt scholar in the nautical profession, and when quite young obtained the command of a trading vessel, in which he made several successful voyages. In 1815 he entered the British Revenue service as first officer of an armed cruiser, and at the age of thirty he was promoted to the position of tide-surveyor of customs; successively discharging the duties of his office at the ports of Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Montrose, and Leith. In 1852 he was

placed on the retired list, when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and died there, February 11, 1854, in his sixty-fourth year.

David Vedder had from his early boyhood indulged in the pleasure of rhyming, and before he had attained to manhood his compositions found admission to the columns of the magazines. Encouraged by the favourable reception extended to his poetic efforts, he commenced the career of an author in earnest, and in 1826 issued through Blackwood the publisher *The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems.* The volume was so favourably received that the whole impression was soon exhausted. Six years later his *Orcadian Sketches* appeared, a volume of prose and verse recounting many reminiscences of his early life. This was followed by a memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which was much read and admired, until it was superseded by Lockhart's well-known life of his distinguished father-in-law. In 1839 Vedder edited the *Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser,* for which he wrote an interesting memoir; and three years later he published a collected edition of his own poetical writings, entitled *Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive.* In 1848 he supplied the whole of the letterpress for an illustrated volume entitled *Lays and Lithographs,* published by his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck the lithographer. His last work was a new English version of the old German story of *Reynard the Fox,* adorned with numerous elegant illustrations. At the time of his decease he was engaged on a beautiful ballad, the subject of which was the persecutions of the Covenanters. His prose productions are good specimens of vigorous composition, and his numerous songs and ballads are characterized by deep pathos and beauty. Many of his productions enjoyed a remarkable degree of popularity, and one of his devotional pieces, "The Temple of Nature," was an especial favourite with Thomas Chalmers, who frequently quoted passages from the poem in the course of his theological lectures.

Thomas C. Latto, who was intimate with "the sailor-poet of Orkney," as Hugh Miller called him, informs the Editor that Vedder was the biggest poet in Scotland, or England either, weighing twenty-two stones, but that he was active to the last—a prudent, warm-hearted, God-fearing man. His countenance was weather-beaten and corrugated in rather a singular manner; his aspect somewhat threatening and forbidding, but his first words made you forget all that, for his breast was warm, and his conversation of a kindly and high order. His words had weight, for while he talked he instructed. His voice was deep as a boatswain's, but when he sang some of the sweet songs of Scotland, it was marvellous how softly and gently he could mould it to the tenderest expression or archest humour. He was pretty well grown before he could read or write. At last he mastered the alphabet, and as he used to say, "What more does a man want than that, to make his way in the world?" His widow, "Bonnie Jean," a son in the royal navy, and two amiable daughters, still survive.

SIR ALAN MORTIMER.

A LEGEND OF FIFE.

The morning's e'e saw mirth an' glee
  I' the hoary feudal tower
O' bauld Sir Alan Mortimer,
  The lord o' Aberdour.

But dool was there, an' mickle care,
  When the moon began to gleam;
For Elve an' Fay held jubilee
  Beneath her siller beam.

Sir Alan's peerless daughter was
  His darling frae infancie;
She bloomed in her bower a lily flower,
  Beneath the light o' his e'e;

She equalled Eve's majestic form,
  Saint Mary's matchless grace;
An' the heavenly hues o' paradise
  O'erspread her beauteous face.

The diamond grew dim compared wi' her e'e,
  The gowd, compared wi' her hair,—
Wi' the magic o' her bewitching smile
  There was naething on earth to compare.

An' the dulcet music o' her voice
Excelled the harmonie
Which Elve an' Fay sae deftly play
When halding high jubilee!

The woodbine an' the jessamine
Their tendrils had entwined;
A bower was formed, an' Emma aft
At twilight there reclined.

She thought of her knight in Palestine;
An' sometimes she would sigh,—
For love was a guest in her spotless breast,
In heavenly purity.

The setting sun had ceased to gild
Saint Columb's haly tower,
An' the vesper star began to glow
Ere Emma left her bower;

An' the fairy court had begun their sport
Upon the daisied lea,
While the gossamer strings o' their virginals rang
Wi' fairy melodie.

That night the king had convoked his court
Upon the enamelled green,
To pick an' wale thro' his beauties a'
For a blumin' fairy queen;

An' ere ever he wist, he spied a form
That rivalled his beauties a';
'Twas Emma—Sir Alan Mortimer's pride—
Coming hame to her father's ha'.

Quick as the vivid lightning gleams
Amidst a thunder storm,
As rapidly the elve assumed
Lord Bethune's manly form:

As flies the cushat to her mate,
So, to meet his embrace she flew;—
Like a feathered shaft frae a yeoman's bow
She vanished frae human view!

The abbey bell, on the sacred isle,
Had told the vesper hour;
No footsteps are heard, no Emma appeared,
Sir Alan rushed from his tower;

The warders they ha'e left their posts,
An' ta'en them to the bent;
The porters they ha'e left the yetts—
The sleuth-hounds are on the scent.

The vassals a' ha'e left their cots,
An' sought thro' brake an' wold;
But the good sleuth-hounds they a' lay down
On the purple heath, an' yowled!

Sir Alan was aye the foremost man
In dingle, brake an' brier;
But when he heard his sleuth-hounds yowl,
He tore his thin gray hair.

An' aye he cheered his vassals on,
Though his heart was like to break;
But when he saw his hounds lie down,
Fu' mournfully thus he spake:

"Unearthlie sounds affright my hounds,
Unearthlie sights they see;
They quiver an' shake on the heather brake
Like the leaves o' the aspen tree.

"My blude has almost ceased to flow,
An' my soul is chilled wi' fear,
Lest the elfin or the demon race
Should ha'e stown my daughter dear.

"Haste, haste to the haly abbot wha dwells
On Saint Columb's sacred shores;
An' tell him a son o' the haly kirk
His ghostlie aid implores.

"Let him buckle sic spiritual armour on
As is proof against glamourie;
Lest the friends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' me."

The rowers ha'e dashed across the stream
An' knocked at the chapel door;
The abbot was chauntin' his midnight hymn,
Saint Columb's shrine before;

His saint-like mien, his radiant een,
An' his tresses o' siller gray,
Might ha'e driven to flight the demons o' night,
But rood or rosarie!

The messenger dropt upon his knee,
An' humbly this he said;—
"My master, a faithfu' son o' the kirk,
Implores your ghostlie aid;

"An ye're bidden to put sic armour on
As is proof against glamourie,
Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
Against baith him an' thee."

The abbot leaped lightlie in the boat,
An' pushed her frae the strand;
An' pantin' for breath, 'tween life and death,
The vassals rowed to land;

He graspit the mournfu' Baron's hand—
"Ha'e patience, my son," says he,
"For I shall expel the fiends o' hell
Frae your castle an' baronie."

"Restore my daughter," Sir Alan cries,
"To her father's fond embrace,
An' the half o' my gold, this very night,
Saint Columb's shrine shall grace;

"Yes, if thou'lt restore my darling child,
That's from me foully been riven,
The half of my lands, ere morning's prime,
To thine abbey shall be given."

The abbot replied, with priestly pride,
"Ha'e patience under your loss;
There never was fiend withstood me yet,
When I brandished the haly cross.

"Forego your fear, and be of good cheer—
I hereby pledge my word
That, by Marie's might, ere I sleep this night,
Your daughter shall be restored."

The abbot had made a pilgrimage
Barefoot to Palestine;
Had slept i' the haly sepulchre,
An' visions he had seen;

His girdle had been seven times laved
In Siloam's sacred stream,
An' haly Saint Bride a rosarie hung
Around his neck, in a dream!

A bead was strung on his rosarie
That had cured ten men bewitched;
An' a relic o' the real cross
His pastoral staff enriched;

He carried a chalice in his hand,
Brimfu' o' water clear,
For his ain behoof, that had oozed frae the roof
O' the haly sepulchre!

He sprinkled bauld Sir Alan's lands
Wi' draps o' this heavenly dew;
An' the gruesome elves betook themselves
To the distant Grampians blue:

Anon he shook his rosarie,
An' invoked Saint Marie's name,
An' Emma's lute-like voice was heard
Chauntin' our lady's hymn!

But when he brandished the haly rood,
An' raised it to the sky,
Like a beam of light she burst on their sight
In vestal purity!

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Talk not of temples—there is one,
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

The Alps array'd in stainless snow,
The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
As if with hallow'd victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
And pours his glittering treasure forth;
His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
Kneel on the shell-gemm'd earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;
On every side 'tis holy ground—
All nature worships there!

The grateful earth her odours yield
In homage, mighty One! to thee;
From herbs and flowers in every field,
From fruit on every tree,
The balmy dew at morn and even
Seems like the penitential tear,
Shed only in the sight of heaven—
All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the eglantine
In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
From tower, and tree, and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one
Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,
The dome is vast immensity—
All nature worships there!

GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

Oh! Israel, thy hills are resounding,
The cheeks of thy warriors are pale;
For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,
His legions are closing their mail,

His battle-steeds prancing and bounding,
  His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard in haughtiness streaming
  Above his encampment appears;
An ominous radiance is gleaming
  Around from his forest of spears:
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,—
  But, ah! they are beaming through tears.

Our matron survivors are weeping,
  Their sucklings a prey to the sword;
The blood of our martyrs is steeping
  The fanes where their fathers adored;
The foe and the alien are reaping
  Fields,—vineyards,—the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,
  With the blood of the brave in our veins?
Shall we crouch to the tyrant for ever,
  Whilst manhood—existence—remains?
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh, never!—
  Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,
  Encamped in the valley below;
The sabre must freedom restore us,
  The spear, and the shaft, and the bow;—
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,—
  Rush!—rush like a flood on the foe!

JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

Let wrapt musicians strike the lyre,
  While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
  A never-dying name to gain;
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
  Pursue some high or holy theme:
Be't mine, in simple strains, to sing
  My darling Jeanie's welcome hame!

Sweet is the morn of flowery May,
  When incense breathes from heath and wold—
When laverocks hymn the matin lay,
  And mountain-peaks are bathed in gold—
And swallows, frae some foreign strand,
  Are wheeling o'er the winding stream;
But sweeter to extend my hand,
  And bid my Jeanie welcome hame!

Poor collie, our auld-farrant dog,
  Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes;
And baudrons, on the ingle rug,
  Will blithely churm at "auld gray-thrums."
The mavis, frae our apple-tree,
  Shall warble forth a joyous strain;
The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy
  Shall welcome Jeanie hame again!

Like dew-drops on a fading rose,
  Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise like those
  Which soothed thy slumbering infancy.
Come to my arms, my timid dove!
  I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more;
The fountain of thy father's love
  Is welling all its banks out o'er!

THE SUN HAD SLIPPED.

The sun had slipped ayont the hill,
  The darg was done in barn and byre;
The carle himself, come hame frae the mill,
  Was luntin' his cutty before the fire:
The lads and lasses had just sitten down,
  The hearth was sweepit fu' canty an' clean,
When the cadgie laird o' Windlestraetown
  Cam' in for till haud his Hallowe'en.

The gudewife beck'd, and the carle boo'd;
  In owre to the deis the laird gaed he;
The swankies a', they glowr'd like wud,
  The lasses leugh i' their sleeves sae slee;
An' sweet wee Lilias was unco feared,
  Tho' she blumed like a rose in a garden green;
An' sair she blush'd when she saw the laird
  Come there for till haud his Hallowe'en!

"Now haud ye merry," quo' Windlestraetown,
  "I downa come here your sport to spill,—
Rax down the nits, ye unco like loon,
  For though I am auld, I am gleesome still:
An' Lilias, my pet, to burn wi' me,
  Ye winna be sweer, right weel I ween,
However it gangs my fate I'll dree,
  Since here I am haudin' my Hallowe'en."

The pawky auld wife, at the chimly-cheek,
  Took courage an' spak', as a mither should do;
"Noo haud up yer head, my dochter meek,—
  A laird comesna ilka night to woo!
He'll make you a lady, and that right soon,
  I dreamt it twice owre, I'm sure, yestreen."—
"A bargain be't," quo' Windlestraetown,—
  "It's lucky to book on Hallowe'en!"

"I'll stick by the nits, for better, for waur,—
  Will ye do the like, my bonny May?
Ye sall shine at my board like the gloaming star,
  An' gowd in gowpins ye's hae for aye!"—
The nits are cannilie laid on the ingle,
  Weel, weel are they tented wi' anxious een,
And sweetlie in ase thegither they mingle;
  "Noo blessed for aye be this Hallowe'en!"

JOHN NEVAY.

BORN 1792—DIED 1870.

JOHN NEVAY was born in the town of Forfar, January 28, 1792. He tells us that when a boy he loved to wander among the Grampians and by the streams, imbibing from the beauties of nature the spirit of poesy. His verses soon became locally known, and in 1818 he was induced to collect and publish them under the title of "A Pamphlet of Rhymes," which, being favourably received, was followed by a second collection in 1821. After an interval of ten years he brought out "Emmanuel: a Sacred Poem, in nine cantos, and other Poems," followed in a short time by "The Peasant: a Poem in nine cantos; with other Poems." In 1835 he published "The Child of Nature, and other Poems." In 1853 he printed by subscription a volume entitled "Rosaline's Dream, in four duans; and other Poems;" followed in 1855 by "The Fountain of the Rock: a Poem." Mr. Nevay's latest poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," are still in manuscript. He died in May, 1870, after having been favourably known in the literary world for half a century. He was of a very sensitive, retiring disposition, simple in all his manners and ways, and his life was a life of poverty and privation, borne bravely and uncomplainingly.

In an autobiographic sketch, prepared by Nevay in 1866 for this volume, he remarks in conclusion: "The third and last epoch has yet to be written,—wherein there may be, now and then, a blink of summer sunshine breaking through the clouds of care and regret; and even through the rimy fog of disappointment, a glimpse of morning light may appear in the horizon of my destiny." He had the honour of being introduced as "John o' ye Girnal" by Christopher North in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, accompanied by a quotation from his beautiful poem of "The Yeldron." "I beg to mention," the venerable bard wrote to the Editor in his last letter, "sans vanity, that many of my lyrics have been translated into both the French and German languages. The French translator is the Chevalier de Chatelain. This you will allow is very gratifying to my muse. I am delighted to learn that you are so well pleased with the MS. pieces intended for insertion in your valuable and interesting work."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The summer flowers are gone,
And o'er the melancholy sea
The thistle-down is strewn;
The brown leaf drops, drops from the tree,
And on the spated river floats,—
That with a sullen spirit flows;
Like lurid dream of troubled thoughts;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

The summer birds are mute,
And cheerless is the unsung grove;
Silent the rural flute,
Whose Doric stop was touched to love,
By hedgerow stile at gloaming gray:
Nor heard the milk-maid's melody,
To fountain wending, blithe as gay;
In wain-shed stand, all pensively,
The hamlet fowls,—the cock not crows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Nor heard the pastoral bleat
Of flocks, that whitened many hills;
Vacant the plaided shepherd's seat—
Far up above the boulder-leaping rills:
Young Winter o'er the Grampians scowls,
His blasts and snow-clouds marshalling;
Beasts of the fields, and forest fowls,
Instinctive see the growing wing of storm
Dark coming o'er their social haunts;
Yet fear not they, for Heaven provides
For them; the wild bird never wants;
Want still with luxury resides!
Prophetic, on the rushy lea,
Stalk the dull choughs and crows;

While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick on the unsunn'd lake
Float, murmuringly, its blasted reeds;
And on the pebbles break,
To rot among the oozy weeds;
The wreck of summer grand and beauteous spring,
The hearse-like, pensive, chilly fret
Of the bleak water seems to sing
The elegy of bright suns set,
And all their balmy blossoms dead;
Like young life's verdant pastimes fled;
Nor sapphire sky, nor amber cloud,
Lies mirrored in the sombre wave:
The gloomy heaven's like Nature's shroud;
The water's lurid depth seemeth the grave
Of beauty gone. And beauty's eye
No more with floral pleasure glows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

There long decay hath been;
Through the rank weeds, and nettles vile,
Whistle the surly winds of e'en,
Where Scotland's Queen was wont to smile;
Who, in a dark and savage age,
Was learned and pious; read the sacred page
Unto her lord; taught maids of lowliest home
To know and love the Saviour-Lord;
To read his soul-uplifting word,
And understand the kingdom yet to come:
Now sainted Margaret's bonny summer-bower
Is reft of all its sylvan joy;
Nor vestige left of the Inch Tower;
Nor that which charmed the roaming boy;
The ancient Bush of glossy sloes:
Nought but the lightning-scathed tree
Remains; that, from its leafless boughs
Drops the cold dew incessantly,
Like Eld weeping for a young maiden's woes;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Browse not the kine and horse;
Rusted the harrow and the plough;
And all day long upon the gorse,
Brown-blighted on the brae's rough brow,
The night-dew, and thin gossamer,
Hang chilly; and the weary sun
Seems tired amid the troubled air;
And, long ere his full course be run,
Besouth the Sidlaws wild, sinks down;
Night gathers fast o'er cot and town;
Around, and far as eye can see,
Day has a dreary, death-like close:
While mournfully, most mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick glooms fall on the wood;
A cold and thrilling sough is there;
'Tis like the heart's mirk mood,
That makes this fleeting world its care;
And hath no joys, nor hope of joys,
Above the vulgar mortal aim
Which all the grovelling soul employs,
Till quenched is its ethereal flame!
From sky to earth now all is night;
In every nook old Darkness creeps;
And art the halls of wealth must light,
Where beauty smiles; nay, haply weeps,
Amid the grandeur of a station high;
Tears from the fount of sympathy—
For hapless worth, worth which the world not knows;
O! blessed is the tear that flows,
Like manna-dew from a celestial tree,
For uncomplaining woes.
Now happy—O how happy they,
The toil-tired sons of honest industry,
Who, by the cheerful hearth, 'mid children gay,
In cottage-home, enjoy health's blithe repose,
While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

A SUMMER LOVE-LETTER.

Let us rove, Jessie, rove; now the summer is brightest,
The sky pure azure, earth a green grassy sea;
And clear are the fountains, where gowans bloom whitest,
But heaven has nae light, earth nae beauty like thee.

Of a' that is fair, thou, dear Jessie, art fairest;
Of a' that's bright, brighter thy thought's modesty,
That hallows each feeling—the sweetest and rarest;
Love declares that a beauty mair heaven couldna gie.

And a' things are happy where'er thou appearest;
The darkness o' light's on thy lily e'ebree;
Compared wi' which, night and her stars come the nearest:
The love in thy breast is a heaven-ecstacy!

The pride o' my heart is to sing thee the fairest,
The sweet rays o' song are the morn in thine e'e;
And in thy bright bosom a jewel thou wearest,—
O were it mine, richer than kings I would be!

O, how shall I win it—that jewel sae simple?
I'll think it a flower on the untrodden lea,
My love a pure stream that, wi' clear, sunny wimple,
Sings—heaven is mair blessed that lily to see!

Let us rove, Jessie, rove, for a' nature is blooming;
The siller burns dance o'er the pebbles wi' glee;
And flowers in their prime are the saft breeze perfuming;
Oh, surely the flowers steal their fragrance from thee!

We'll rove by the burnie where summer is sweetest,
Where every wee blossom gi'es balm to the bee:
But thou, fairest Flower! fair nature completest,
And every bird sings—nature's perfect in thee!

We'll rove in the woodland, where violets are springing,
They wait to unfold their chaste virtues to thee;
In the dell, to her children loved, summer is singing:
But thou art the Muse o' my heart's melodie.

Youth is the gay season o' love—the prime blessing;
Without love, life's summer joys ne'er would we pree;
Then let us, dear Jessie, con summer's sweet lesson,—
Our love like her bright dewy morn aye to be.

Oh, then, let us saunter where a' things are loving—
The air and the sunlight, and bird, flower, and tree:
And we too will love, by the blithe waters roving,
And sweetly our joy shall wi' summer's agree.

Hark! Nature invites us. Her reason is thrilling,—
'Tis love, hope, and rapture—thy soul's poesie;
Let us rove, then, where summer our love-cup is filling;
We'll drink, and sae blest, heaven mair blest couldna be!

And we shall be happy, our hearts sae united,—
Joy blending wi' joy in a love melodie;
And in it sae sweetly our troth shall be plighted:
Oh, then, my ain Jessie, to love we'll be free!

THE DREAMING LOVER.

O sweet the May morn, and fair every flower,
And every sweet song-bird makes love its theme;
But sweeter and happier the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O the summer day's bright, green every bower,
And blithe is the song of the silver stream;
But brighter and blither the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O rich autumn's sun of the golden shower,
And the corn-fields drink of his mellowing beam;
But richer the *star* of the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O sweet winter's hearth, while music's power
Encharms heart and soul, like a joy supreme;
But sweeter by moonlight the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O! brightest and sweetest o' the twenty-four,
Announced by the silver peal,—like a gleam
Of hope from heaven, was the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

When the heart was young, and life seemed a dower,
The maiden all lovely—my soul's esteem,
'Twas heaven to tryst in the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

I cared not for wealth, I envied not rank;
All nature was mine, and the sunlight above,—
The sweet gushing stream, and the primrose bank,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught which the vain world pursues;
With *her* only happy was I to rove;
Her smile was like that of a heavenly *Muse*,
When my dream was love.

Afar from the world and its pleasures vain,
At calm summer eve, in lily alcove,
I thought not of aught but to be her swain,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for books; for morality,
Religion, and song in her smile were wove;
The melody of heaven was in her eye,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the beautiful,
For that was the joy of her bosom's dove,—
The feeling that well all chaste things could cull,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the gems of her choice,
Fair Nature's own blooms in the woodland and grove;
And there with my Jeanie were all life's joys,
When my dream was love.

HEW AINSLIE.

HEW AINSLIE, one of the best living writers of Scottish songs and ballads, was born April 5, 1792, at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, on the estate of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, in whose service his father had been employed for many years. He was educated first by a private tutor at home, afterwards at the parish-school of Ballantrae, and finally at the Ayr Academy. At the age of fourteen delicate health induced him to forego the further prosecution of his studies, and to return to his native hills. Sir Hew was at this time engaged in an extensive plan for the improvement of his estate, under the direction of the celebrated landscape-gardener White, and a number of young men from the south. Young Ainslie joined this company, as he says, "to harden my constitution and check my overgrowth. Amongst my planting companions I found a number of intelligent young men, who had got up in a large granary a private theatre, where they occasionally performed for the amusement of the neighbourhood the 'Gentle Shepherd,' 'Douglas,' &c., and in due time I was to my great joy found tall enough, lassie-looking enough, and flippant enough, to take the part of the pert 'Jenny;' and the first relish I got for anything like sentimental song was from learning and singing the songs in that pastoral,—auld ballads that my mother sung—and she sang many and sang them well—having been all the poetry I cared for. For three years, which was up to the time we removed to Roslin, I remained in this employment, acquiring a tough, sound constitution, and at the same time some knowledge of nursery and floral culture."

In his seventeenth year he was sent to Glasgow to study law in the office of a relation, but the pursuit proving uncongenial he returned to Roslin. Soon after he obtained a situation in the Register House, Edinburgh, which he retained until 1822, a portion of the time being passed at Kinniel House, as the amanuensis of Prof. Dugald Stewart, whose last work he copied for the press. Having married in 1812, and finding his salary inadequate to the maintenance of his family, Ainslie resolved to go to the United States, and accordingly set sail, arriving in New York in July, 1822. He purchased a small farm in Rensselaer county, N.Y., and resided there for three years. He next made trial for a year of Robert Owen's settlement at New Harmony, Indiana, but found it a failure, and then removed to Cincinnati, where he entered into partnership with Price and Wood, brewers. In 1829 he established a branch at Louisville, which was ruined by an inundation of the Ohio in 1832. He erected a similar establishment the same year in New Albany, Indiana, which was destroyed by fire in 1834. Satisfied with these experiments, he employed himself—till his retirement from business a few years ago—in superintending the erection of mills, factories, and breweries in the Western States.

In 1864 Ainslie visited Scotland, after an absence of more than forty years, and was warmly welcomed by old friends and many new ones to his native land. From the leading literary men of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and especially from the poets, he received many most gratifying marks of attention and respect. He still enjoys good health for a person upwards of fourscore years of age, and continues to reside in Louisville. On the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the birth of Burns a large company assembled in Louisville to celebrate the day so dear to all Scotchmen. The chairman was the venerable poet, whose memory dates back nearly to the days of the Ayrshire bard, and who, in a humorous address delivered on the occasion, told how he had had the honour of kissing "Bonny Jean," the wife of the great poet.

Ainslie was a poet from his early years, and had composed verses before he left his native Carrick. A visit to Ayrshire in 1820 renewed the ardour of his muse, which, on the eve of his departure from Scotland, burst forth into authorship under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*. A second volume from

his pen, entitled *Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems*, appeared in 1855. A new edition of his poetical writings is now in preparation for the press. Many of Ainslie's compositions are to be found in *Whistle Binkie, Gems of Scottish Song*, and other collections of the lyric poetry of his native land. They well deserve the reputation they acquired half a century ago, and which they still retain in the New and Old Worlds.

"STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"

Hoo's dear auld mither Scotland, lads,
  Hoo's kindly Scotland noo?
Are a' her glens as green 's of yore,
  Her hills as stern an' blue?

I meikle dread the iron steed,
  That tears up heugh and fell,
Has gi'en our canny old folk
  A sorry tale to tell.

Ha'e touns ta'en a' our bonnie burns
  To cool their lowin' craigs?
Or damm'd them up in timmer troughs
  To slock their yettlin' naigs?

Do Southern loons infest your touns
  Wi' mincing Cockney gab?
Ha'e "John and Robert" ta'en the place
  O' plain auld "Jock an' Rab?"

In sooth, I dread a foreign breed
  Noo rules o'er "corn an' horn;"
An' kith an' kin I'd hardly fin',
  Or place whare I was born.

They're houkin sae in bank an' brae,
  An' sheughin' hill an' howe:
I tremble for the bonny broom,
  The whin an' heather cowe.

I fear the dear auld "Deligence"
  An' "Flies" ha'e flown the track,
An' cadgers braw, pocks, creels an' a',
  Gane i' the ruthless wrack.

Are souple kimmers kirkward boun,
  On Sabbath to be seen?
Wi' sturdy carles that talk o' texts,
  Roups, craps, an' days ha'e been.

Gang lasses yet wi' wares to sell
  Barefitit to the toun?
Is wincie still the wiliecoat
  An' demitty the goun?

Do wanters try the yarrow leaf
  Upon the first o' May?
Are there touslings on the hairst rig,
  An' houtherings 'mang the hay?

Are sheepshead dinners on the board,
  Wi' gousty haggis seen?
Come scones an' farls at four hours;
  Are sowens sair'd at e'en?

Are winkings 'tween the preachings rife
  Out-owre the baps an' yill?
Are there cleekings i' the kirk gates,
  An' loans for lovers still?

Gang loving sauls in plaids for shawls
  A courtin' to the bent?
Has gude braid lawlins left the land?
  Are kail and crowdy kent?

Ah! weel I min', in dear langsyne,
  Our rantin's round the green;
The meetings at the trystin' tree,
  The "chappings out" at e'en.

Oh bootless queries, vanish'd scenes;
  Oh wan and wintry Time!
Why lay alike, on heart an' dyke,
  Thy numbing frost and rime?

E'en noo my day gangs doun the brae,
  An' tear draps fa' like rain,
To think the fouth o' gladsome youth
  Can ne'er return again.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

The Rover o' Lochryan he's gane,
  Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel
  Ne'er bowled o'er the back o' a wave.

It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
  When naething disturbs it ava;
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
  An' the splash o' the gray sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
  Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
  An' the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flud,
An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
When the wind sings high, and the sea-whaups cry,
As they rise frae the deafening roar.

It's then that I look thro' the thickening rook,
An' watch by the midnight tide;
I ken the wind brings my Rover hame,
And the sea that he glories to ride.

Merrily he stands 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his e'e's upon Galloway's land—

"Unstent and slack each reef and tack,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
And she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.

"When landsmen drouse, or trembling rouse,
To the tempest's angry moan,
We dash thro' the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on.

"It's braw, boys, to see, the morn's blythe e'e,
When the night's been dark an' drear;
But it's better far to lie, wi' our storm-locks dry,
In the bosom o' her that is dear.

"Gi'e her sail, gi'e her sail, till she buries her wale,
Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet!"

THE SWEETEST O' THEM A'.

When springtime gi'es the heart a lift
Out ower cauld winter's snaw and drift,
An' April's showers begin to sift
Fair flowers on field an' shaw,
Then, Katie, when the dawing's clear—
Fresh as the firstlings o' the year—
Come forth, my joy—my dearest dear—
O! sweetest o' them a'!

When pleasant primrose days are doon—
When linties sing their saftest tune—
And simmer, nearing to his noon,
Gars rarest roses blaw—
Then, sheltered frae the sun an' win',
Beneath the buss, below the linn,
I'll tell thee hoo this heart ye win,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

When flowers hae ripened into fruit—
When plantings wear their Sabbath suit—
When win's grow loud, and birdies mute,
An' swallows flit awa'—
Then, on the lee side o' a stook,
Or in some calm an' cosie nook,
I'll swear I'm thine upon the Book,
Thou sweetest o' them a'.

Tho' black December bin's the pool
Wi' blasts might e'en a wooer cool,
It's them that brings us canty Yule
As weel's the frost an' snaw.
Then, when auld winter's raging wide,
An' cronies crowd the ingle-side,
I'll bring them ben a blooming bride—
O! sweetest o' them a'!

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Do ye like, my dear lassie,
The hills wild an' free,
Where the sang o' the shepherd
Gars a' ring wi' glee;
Or the steep rocky glens,
Where the wild falcons bide?
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride!

Do ye like the knowes, lassie,
That ne'er were in riggs,
Or the bonny lowne howes,
Where the sweet robin biggs?
Or the sang o' the lintie,
When wooing his bride;
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride.

Do ye like the burn, lassie,
That loups amang linns,
Or the bonny green holmes
Where it cannily rins;
Wi' a cantie bit housie,
Sae snug by its side;
Then on wi' the tartan,
An' fy let us ride.

THE LAST LOOK OF HOME.

Our sail has ta'en the blast,
Our pennant's to the sea,
And the waters widen fast
'Twixt the fatherland and me.

Then, Scotland, fare thee well—
There's a sorrow in that word

This aching heart could tell,
  But words shall ne'er record.

The heart should make us veil
  From the heart's elected few,
Our sorrows when we ail—
  Would we have them suffer too?

No, the parting hour is past;
  Let its memory be brief;
When we monument our joys,
  We should sepulchre our grief.

Now yon misty mountains fail,
  As the breezes give us speed—
On, my spirit, with our sail,
  There's a brighter land ahead.

There are wailings on the wind,
  There are murmurs on the sea,
But the fates ne'er proved unkind
  Till they parted home and me.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
  Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
  The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hill side,
  When hums the hinny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
  Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
  The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs ha'e a' the scented ware
  That simmer's growth can gi'e;
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
  An' the darling o' our e'e;
That makes to us a warld complete—
  O! the ingle side for me!

A HAMEWARD SANG.

Each whirl o' the wheel,
  Each step brings me nearer
The hame o' my youth;
  Every object grows dearer.
The hills, an' the huts,
  The trees on that green;
Losh! they glour in my face,
  Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
  As gif they would crack;
An' the sang o' the bird
  Seems to welcome me back.
O! dear to the heart
  Is the hand that first fed us;
An' dear is the land,
  An' the cottage that bred us.

An' dear are the comrades,
  Wi' whom we once sported;
But dearer the maiden,
  Whose love we first courted.
Joy's image may perish,
  E'en grief die away;
But the scenes o' our youth,
  Are recorded for aye.

SIGHINGS FOR THE SEASIDE.

At the stent o' my string,
  When a fourth o' the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland—
  Dear land o' my birth,—

Wi' the richest o' valleys,
  And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
  Illumes wi' his light.

And surrounded wi' a'
  That the heart or the head,
The body or the mou'
  O' mortal could need.—

I hae paused in sic plenty,
  And stuck in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
  Would mak me look back,—

Look back to auld hills
  In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies,
  And hillocks o' broom,

To some loop in our lock,
  Whar the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
  That bulwark the deep;

Wi' the sea lashing in
  Wi' the wind and the tide—
Aye, 'twas then that I sicken'd,
  'Twas then that I cried—

O! gie me a sough o' the auld saut sea,
  A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
  Has brought on this breast and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit's bow'd and my heart is dow'd
Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving woods,
Look brave in the suns o' June;
But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly damp,
And there's death in the dark lagoon.
Aye, gie me the jaup o' the dear auld saut,
A scent o' his brine again!
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has laid on this bosom and brain.

THOMAS LYLE.

BORN 1792—DIED 1859.

DR. THOMAS LYLE, like his friend John Wilson, a native of Paisley, was born in that town, September 10, 1792. He received a liberal education, and afterwards studied at the University of Glasgow, where in 1816 he obtained his diploma as a surgeon, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Cherishing as he did a love for the old minstrelsy of his native land, he was zealous in collecting such ancient airs as he met with, and to one of these he composed his exceedingly popular song of

"Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O."

It was written in the year 1819, when he was in the habit of resorting, in his botanical excursions, to the then wooded and sequestered banks of the Kelvin, about two miles from Glasgow. Since that date the huge city has swallowed up Lyle's rural retreat of Kelvin Grove. Not meeting with the success in his profession that he anticipated, he removed in 1826 to Airth, a few miles from Falkirk. But it does not appear that he met with any greater success in his new field of labour; for, as in Glasgow, he was regarded as a man more devoted to the muse and to the gathering of rare plants than to the practice of his profession. In the following year he appeared as the author of a volume entitled "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Works, with Biographical and Illustrative Notices." This entertaining work, the result of long investigation into the popular poetry of Scotland, contained numerous compositions of Lyle's; but much the most valuable portion of it to antiquarians consists of the miscellaneous poems of Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan. After a residence at Airth for above a quarter of a century, he returned in 1853 to Glasgow, and resumed his profession. Two years later the Editor found him living there in obscurity, with little practice, and apparently as much forgotten as the spot celebrated in his most popular song. Lyle died in Glasgow, April 19, 1859.

KELVIN GROVE.[1]

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

[1] It is worthy of mention that this song, on which Lyle's poetical reputation chiefly rests, was originally attributed to another writer. Macdonald, in his *Rambles round Glasgow*, says—"The song was first published in 1820 in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of poetical pieces to which an introductory essay on the poets of the district was contributed by William Motherwell. In the index to that work the name of John Sim

O! Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
There the May-pink's crimson plume
Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
Yet with fortune on my side,
I could stay thy father's pride,
And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
Ere yon golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
To the river winding clear,
To the fragrant scented breer,
E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

I ANCE KNEW CONTENT.

I ance knew content, but its smiles are awa',
The broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phebe an' a',
So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how gay!
The broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms fair;
Till Phebe was crowned our Queen of the May,
When the bloom o' the broom strew'd its sweets on the air.

She was mine when the snaw-draps hung white on the lea,
Ere the broom bloom'd bonnie, an' grew sae fair;
Till May-day, anither wysed Phebe frae me,
So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

Sing, love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
When broom waves lonely, an' bleak blaws the air;
For Phebe to me now is naething ava',
If my heart could say, "Gang to the broom nae mair."

Durst I trow that my dreams in the night hover o'er,
Where broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no more,)
Whisp'ring, "Love, will ye gang to the broom ony mair?"

No! fare thee well, Phebe; I'm owre wae to weep,
Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an' fair;
Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,
'Neath the broom on the lea, an' the bawm sunny air.

DARK DUNOON.

See the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp,
From a beam of the rising moon;
On the heathy shore at evening fall,
'Twixt Holy-Loch and dark Dunoon;
Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
From the dew-clad, moorland flower,
Invite my wandering footsteps there,
At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
As she seaward tracks her way;
All else are asleep in the still calm night,
And robed in the misty gray.

is given as that of the author of 'Kelvin Grove.' Mr. Sim, who had contributed largely to the work, and for a time had even acted as its editor, left Paisley before its completion for the West Indies, where he shortly afterward died. In the meantime the song became a general favourite, when Mr. Lyle laid claim to it as his own production, and brought forward evidence of the most convincing nature to that effect. So clearly, indeed, did he establish the fact of his authorship that a music-seller in Edinburgh, who had previously purchased the song from the executors of Mr. Sim, at once entered into a new arrangement with him for the copyright. Mr. Lyle, it seems, was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim on literary matters, and on one occasion sent him 'Kelvin Grove,' with another song, to be published anonymously in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In the meantime Mr. Sim, who had transcribed both the pieces, was called abroad; and after his death his executors, finding the two songs among his papers and in his handwriting, naturally concluded that they were productions of his own genius, and published them accordingly." Dr. Lyle, when upwards of threescore years of age, and his authorship to the piece in question admitted by all, still alluded with considerable acrimony to the wrong and injustice which he had been subjected to in being compelled to prove his just claim to his own property.—Ed.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
And the night breeze sweeps the hill;
It's sweet on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
To wander at fancy's will.

Eliza! with thee in this solitude,
Life's cares would pass away,
Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,
At the wake of early day.

WILLIAM FINLAY.

BORN 1792 — DIED 1847.

WILLIAM FINLAY, the son of a weaver, was born at Paisley in 1792. At an early age he attended Bell's School, and subsequently the Grammar School, where he made such progress that before he was nine years of age he could read and translate Cæsar with facility. For twenty years he followed his father's occupation, after which he was employed in a cotton mill at Duntocher. In 1840 he became an assistant in the office of Mr. Neilson, printer, Paisley, with whom he remained for eight years. He afterwards removed to a bleachfield on the Gleniffer Braes, where he died November 5, 1847.

As early as his twentieth year Finlay became known as a composer of verses, and ultimately as a successful writer of humorous and satirical poems, which he contributed to the Paisley and Glasgow journals. Several of the most agreeable of his productions are those in which there is a combination of the descriptive, the humorous, and the kindly, delicately spiced with the satirical. "The Widow's Excuse" is a favourable specimen of this class of composition. In 1846 Finlay collected a number of his pieces, which were published in Paisley in a volume entitled *Poems, Humorous and Sentimental.* He was fond of music and society, and yielding to the fascinations of conviviality he sometimes committed excesses which he deeply regretted. Frequent and touching allusions to his besetting sin are to be met with in his writings, as well as vain regrets at the time squandered among his friends, to the neglect perhaps of the necessary pursuits of a labouring man. He says—

"While others have been busy, bustling
After wealth and fame,
And wisely adding house to house,
And Bailie to their name;
I, like a thoughtless prodigal,
Have wasted precious time,
And followed lying vanities
To string them up in rhyme."

It has been truthfully said that William Finlay's pictures of the evils of intemperance are equal to Rodger's or Alexander Wilson's.

THE MIGHTY MUNRO.

Come, brawny John Barleycorn, len' me your aid,
Though for such inspiration aft dearly I've paid,
Come cram up my noddle, and help me to show,
In true graphic colours, the mighty Munro.

O! could ye but hear him his stories rehearse,
Whilk the like was ne'er heard o', in prose or in verse,
Ye wad laugh till the sweat down your haffets did flow,
At the matchless, magnificent, mighty Munro.

With such pleasing persuasion he blaws in your lug,
Ye wad think that the vera inanimate jug
Whilk stan's on the table, mair brichtly doth glow
At the wild witching stories o' mighty Munro.

Such care-killing capers—such glorious riggs,
Such cantrin' on cuddies, and cadging' in gigs,
Such rantin,' and jauntin', and shunting, and show,
Could ne'er be displayed but by mighty Munro.

Great Goliath o' Gath, who came out and defied,
With the great swelling words o' vainglory and pride,
The brave armies of Israel, as all of ye know,
Was a dwarf-looking bodie compared wi' Munro.

And Samson, that hero, who slew men *en masse*
Wi' naething but just the jaw bane o' an ass;
And drew down a house on himsel' and the foe,
Was a puir feckless creatur' compared wi' Munro.

The chivalrous knight of La Mancha, 'tis true,
And Baron Munchausen, had equals but few;
Their exploits have astonished the warl', but lo!
Both the Don and the Baron must bow to Munro.

But a tythe o' his merit nae words can impart,
His errors are all of the head, not the heart;
Though his tongue doth a little too trippingly go,
Yet a guid chiel at bottom is mighty Munro.

Though the lamp o' his fame will continue to burn
When even his dust to the dust shall return,
And for ages to come a bright halo will throw
O'er the mouldering remains o' the mighty Munro.

THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

Once more, Eliza, let me look upon thy smiling face,
For there I with the "joy of grief" thy mother's features trace;
Her sparkling eye, her winning smile, and sweet bewitching air—
Her raven locks which clust'ring hung upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile, and eye of joyous mirth,
Which beamed so bright with life and light in her who gave thee birth;
And strongly do they bring to mind life's gladsome happy day,
When first I felt within my heart love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few—my heart was pure; for vice and folly wore
A hideous and disgusting front, in those green days of yore:
Destructive dissipation then, with her deceitful train,
Had not, with their attractive glare, confus'd and turn'd my brain.

Ah! well can I recall to mind how quick my heart would beat,
To see her, in the house of prayer, so meekly take her seat;
And when our voices mingled sweet in music's solemn strains,
My youthful blood tumultuously rush'd tingling through my veins.

It must have been of happiness a more than mortal dream,
It must have been of heavenly light a bright unbroken beam;
A draught of pure unmingled bliss; for to my wither'd heart
It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow of ecstacy impart.

She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom the brow doth never shade—
Where on the cheek the rosy bloom of youth doth never fade;
And I've been left to struggle here, till now my locks are gray,
Yet still I love to think upon this "dream of life's young day."

THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

"O, Leezie M'Cutcheon, I canna but say,
Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day;
The crape aff your bannet already ye've tane;
Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle an' fain.
Ye sich't and ye sabbit, that nicht Johnnie dee't,
I thought my ain heart wad hae broken to see't;
But noo ye're as canty and brisk as a bee;
Oh! the frailty o' women I wonner to see:
The frailty o' women I wonner to see,
The frailty o' women I wonner to see;
Ye kiss'd his cauld gab wi' the tear in your e'e;
Oh, the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

"When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist
That the sound o' the mools as they fell on his kist,
While yet like a knell, ringing loud in your lug,
By anither man's side ye'd be sleeping sae snug.
O Leezie, my lady, ye've surely been fain,
For an unco-like man to your arms ye have ta'en;
John M'Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,
The e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through:
O, the e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through,
His nose it is shirpit, his lip it is blue,
Oh, Leezie, ye've surely to wale on had few,
Ye've looted and lifted but little, I trow."

"Now, Janet, wi' jibing and jeering hae dune,
Though it's true that anither now fills Johnnie's shoon,
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,
Was a handy bit body, and lived but and ben.

He was unco obliging, and cam' at my wag,
Whan wi' grief and fatigue I was liken to fag:
'Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I've seen
His e'e glisten wi' gladness when Robin cam' in.
Then, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun!
Oh, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun;
When I needed his help he was aye at comman';
Then how can ye wonner I gied him my haun?

"At length when John dee't, and was laid in the clay,
My haun it was bare, and my heart it was wae;
I had na a steek, that was black, to put on,
For wark I had plenty wi' guiding o' John;
Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan
He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at comman',
And he lent me as muckle as coft a black gown,
Sae hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon?
Then hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon,
My heart-strings wi' sorrow were a' out o' tune;
A man that has worth and twa notes at comman',
Can sune get a woman to tak him in haun."

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

BORN 1793—DIED 1875.

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., the friend and biographer of Thomas Campbell, was born in the parish of Dalton, Dumfriesshire, Feb. 24, 1793. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the Clarencefield Academy, he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1813, where in 1820 he took the degree of M.D. He then continued his studies in London and on the Continent for ten years, when he commenced practice in London, where he ever afterward continued to reside. While actively pursuing his profession, Dr. Beattie, like the late Sir Henry Holland, found leisure for literary pursuits and foreign travel. His first work, giving an account of a four years' residence in Germany, appeared in 1827, followed by "John Huss, a Poem." Dr. Beattie's next poetical publication, "Polynesia, a Poem," celebrated the labours of the missionaries in the South Seas. He is also the author of professional writings, including a Latin treatise on pulmonary consumption. His most popular work, and the one most likely to keep his name before the public, is his admirable memoir of the poet Campbell, whose personal friendship he enjoyed for many years. It was through Dr. Beattie's persevering efforts that a statue of Campbell was placed in Westminster Abbey. His latest literary work was an entertaining memoir, published in 1855, of William Henry Bartlett, whom he had assisted in the preparation of several of his illustrated works.

Dr. Beattie was well known as the genial entertainer of men of letters, as a contributor to the magazines, as rendering professional services gratuitously to authors and clergymen, and as a hearty lover of his native land. At upwards of fourscore years of age he continued to mingle in the literary society of London, and to indulge in occasional poetic composition. He was much esteemed for his amiable character and ability in his profession. He died at his residence in Portman Square, London, March 17, 1875, aged eighty-two years, and was buried at Brighton by the side of his wife, to whom he was married in the summer of 1822. During the last few years of his life Dr. Beattie amused his leisure hours in the preparation of an autobiography, which it is to be hoped that his literary executors, one of whom is Dr. Robert Carruthers of Inverness, will ere long give to the world. From his residence of half a century in the great metropolis, and his wide acquaintance with many literary and distinguished people, such as Samuel Rogers, Lady Byron, and the Countess of Blessington, it can hardly fail to be an attractive book.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[1]

Hark!—'Tis the death-knell, from Bononia's shore,[2]
Startles the ear, and thrills in every core!
Pealed from these cliffs, the echoes of our own
Catch, and prolong the melancholy tone,
As fast and far the mournful tidings spread—
"The light is quench'd—the 'Bard of Hope' is dead!"

Campbell is dead! and Freedom on her wall
Shrieks—as she shrieked at Kosciusko's fall!
And warrior-exiles, as the dirge they hear,
Heave the deep sigh, and drop the bitter tear.

Friends of the poet!—ye to whom belong
The prophet's fire—the mystic powers of song—
On *you* devolves the sad and sacred trust
To chant the requiem o'er a brother's dust!
His kindred shade demands the kindred tear—
The poets' homage o'er a poet's bier!
While *I*—who saw the vital flame expire,
And heard the last tones of that broken lyre—
Closed the dim eye, and propp'd the drooping head—
And caught the spirit's farewell as it fled—
With your high notes my lowly tribute blend,
And mourn at once the poet and the friend!

Twice twenty summers of unclouded fame
Had shed their lustre on our poet's name;
And found him ever arm'd, and in the van,
To guard the rights and dignity of man.
On Freedom's altar sacrificing wealth,
To Science consecrating life and health;
In age retaining all the fire of youth—
The love of liberty, the thirst for truth—
He spent his days—improved them as they pass'd,
And still reserved the brightest for the last!

'Twas here—where Godfrey's sullen rampart frowns[3]
O'er wave-worn cliffs and cultivated downs;
Where the cool breeze a bracing freshness throws,
Where shade and solitude invite repose;
And whispering elms, in soothing cadence, wave
O'er Churchill's death-bed and Le Sage's grave[4]—
'Twas here our poet—on the stranger's soil,
Retired to pause from intellectual toil;
Resign'd the well-fought field, with honours rife,
To trim with frugal hand the lamp of life;
To solve the mystic writing on the wall—
Adjust his mantle ere he let it fall;
Weigh life's great question—commune with his heart,
Then, hail the welcome signal and depart.

And here—tho' health decay'd—his taste still warm
Conferr'd on all it touch'd a classic charm;
Dispell'd the gloom, and peopled every shade
With forms and visions brilliantly portray'd.
Thoughts well directed—reason well applied—
Philosophy with cheering faith allied—
Inspired a fresh and healthful tone of mind
That braced the spirit as the body pined;
While freedom strew'd her laurels at his feet,
And song and science dignified retreat.

But soon life's current darken'd as it flow'd;
Gladness forsook the poet's new abode;
His hearth grew sad, and swiftly pass'd away
The cheerful evening of his well-spent day!
The books, the lyre, the lov'd Achaian strain,
That charm'd the fancy, could not lull the pain,
That now, in fatal ambush, hour by hour
Bore witness to the fever's wasting power.—
Yet pain, depression, anguish never wrung
Complaint, regret, or murmur from his tongue:
Or if—amidst his pain, a tear, a sigh
Rose on his lip, or trembled in his eye,—
'Twas when sweet memories o'er his spirit came,
And his lips mov'd to some beloved name,
Which, while the soul was yearning to depart,
Still kept its mansion sacred in his heart!—
But else, unmov'd, he watch'd the close of life—
Brac'd on his armour for the final strife;
Resolv'd in death, to fall beneath his shield,
Conqueror—not captive—to resign the field.

The hour arriv'd: the star of Hope arose
To light her poet to his last repose!
Life ebbed apace: the seraph, stooping down,
Illumed his couch, and showed the future crown.
"Welcome!" she whispered—"welcome be the hour
That clothes my votary with celestial power!
Enough hast thou achieved of earthly fame,
To gild the patriot's and the poet's name;
Thou hast not pandered to a vicious age,
Nor left thy sins recorded in thy page;

[1] Written at Boulogne shortly after the poet's decease, and now published for the first time.—Ed.

[2] *Bononia Galliæ*—the Gessoriacum of antiquity, or Boulogne-sur-Mer of the present day, "Gessoriacum quod nunc *Bononia*."

[3] Godfrey (of Bouillon), whom history represents as having been born in the citadel of Boulogne, not Bouillon in Lorraine.

[4] Churchill—the English Juvenal—died at Boulogne in 1764; and Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, in 1747: "Ici est mort l'Auteur de Gil Blas, 1747," is engraved on a stone over the door of his house.

But, kindred with the source from which it came,
Thy song hath minister'd to virtue's flame.
And now—that longer life were lengthened pain—
In brighter realms revive the hallowed strain;
That heaven-born genius to thy keeping given,
Pure and unsullied, render back to heaven!"
So said—the radiant herald waved her torch,
And, beckoning onward, showed the dismal porch—
Death's dreary vale, thro' which the fleeting soul
Flies to its fount, like streamers to the pole.

As o'er yon headlands,[1] where the sun has set,
Beams of reflected glory linger yet;
So now—to gild the last and closing scene—
Fresh on the poet's cheek and brow serene,
The setting sun of life's eventful day
Has left a soft and sanctifying ray!

Campbell is dead!—dissolved the spirit's bond—
The bourne is past—and all is light beyond!
Dead—yet not silent!—still to memory dear,
His latest accents linger on my ear;
His words—his looks, like spirits from the urn—
With awful force and tenderness return;
While here I watch, beside the breathless clay,
The lines, and fleeting hues of life decay.

All—all is changed!—the master-lyre unstrung,
Quenched the bright eye, and mute the inspiring tongue,
That erst with generous glow, and godlike art,
Subdued—exalted—sway'd the stubborn heart;
Abashed the proud, dispelled the exile's fears,
And even from despots wrung reluctant tears—
In British hearts infused a Spartan zeal,
That stirred our spirits like a trumpet-peal.
Speak thou, Sarmatia! When the spoiler's hand
With blood and rapine filled thy smiling land—
When beauty wept, and brave men bled in vain,
And reeking slaughter stalked on every plain—
Whose voice uprose?—as with a mighty charm,
To shield the weak and foil the despot's arm—
Whose voice first taught our sympathies to flow
In streams of healing through a land of woe?
'Twas *his!* 'twas Campbell's soul-inspiring chord,
That nerved the heart, and edged the Patriot's sword—
That changed—nor faltered—nor relaxed the song,
Till, roused to vindicate thy nation's wrong,
Britannia, seconding her poet's art,
Received thy band of heroes to her heart;
And o'er the wreck of Freedom's gory field
Threw the broad shade of her protecting shield!

[1] The headlands alluded to are the English cliffs, as far as Beachy Head: the sunset over which, as seen from the ramparts of Boulogne, is often very beautiful, and was strikingly so at the time mentioned.

He loved thee, Poland! with unchanging love;
Shared in the sorrows he could not remove!
Revered thy virtues, and bewail'd thy woes;
And—could his life have purchas'd thy repose—
Proud of the sacrifice, he would have bled,
And mingled ashes with thy mighty dead!

And ye—who in the sad or social hour
Have seen, and felt the minstrel's varied power—
Say how his soul rejoiced with you to share
The noon of sunshine, or the night of care!
His heart—to tenderest sympathies awake—
His mind—transparent as the summer lake—
Lent all his actions energy and grace,
And stamped their manly feelings in the face—
Feelings—no sordid aim could compromise—
That feared no foe, and needed no disguise.

To you—his cherished friends and old compeers—
The frank companions of his brightest years;
Whose friendship strengthened as acquaintance grew—
Warmed—glowed, as fate the narrowing circle drew;—
To you—a mournful messenger—I bear
The minstrel's blessing, and the patriot's prayer.

"Be firm!" he said; "Freedom shall yet strike home;
Worth shall be crowned—the brave shall cease to roam;
The exile shall regain his father's hearth,
And Justice recommence her reign on earth!
Thrice happy days!—tho' but to gild my urn—
Fulfil the prophecy—return! return!"

Britons! when next in Freedom's wonted hall
Assembled patriots hold high festival;
When, face to face, Sarmatia's sons ye meet—
Miss the loved voice, and mark the vacant seat!
When thro' the soul conflicting passions throng,
Your poet will be present in his song!
His spirit will be there!—a shadowy guest—
Unseen—unheard—but felt in every breast!
He will be there, the minstrel-chair to claim,
And fan the sparks of freedom into flame.—

I knew him well!—how sad to say *I knew!*
That word alone brings all my loss to view—
I knew his virtues—ardently and long
Admir'd the poet for his moral song;
But soon—when closer intercourse began,
I found the poet's rival in the *Man*—
The man, who blended in the minstrel's art
The brightest genius with the warmest heart.

And thus bereaved—in this her two-fold grief—
Where shall the mourning spirit find relief?
She turns instinctive to his page, and hears
The voice of Hope, triumphant in her tears!
"Weep not for him," she cries, "who leaves behind

The fruits and flowers of an immortal mind.
Weep not for him—the minstrel hath a part—
A living home in every kindred heart!
Fraught with high powers, his lay in every clime
Still warms the soul, and prompts the thought sublime.

His songs, that haunt us in our grief and joy,
Time shall not chill, nor death itself destroy!
But, long as love can melt, or hope inspire
One heart imbued with Nature's hallowed fire—
So long the lay—to virtuous feeling true—
Shall breathe, and burn, with fervour ever new."

Sweet Bard of Hope!—Shrined with the glorious dead,
A nation's love shall guard thy hallow'd bed;
While patriots, as their poet's name they scan,
Shall pause, and proudly say—"Here lies the man
Whose upright purpose, force nor fraud could bend;
Who, serving Freedom, served her to the end;
Gave to her sacred cause all man could give,
Nor ceased to love her, till he ceased to live!"

My task is done; nor care I now to weigh
What praise or censure may await my lay:
The mournful theme had better poets sung—
This voice had slept—this harp remained unstrung:
Deep, but not loud—as warriors mourn their chief—
My heart had grieved, but not confessed its grief.
But now—when kindred genius stands aloof
And friendship calls my loyalty to proof;
Shall I—tho' least of England's minstrels here—
Awake no requiem at her poet's bier?—
But, coldly mute, renounce the saddest part?
No! silence *now* were treason to the heart!
Grief must have voice—the wounded spirit vent—
The debt be paid—before my day is spent:
And if—at friendship's call—the numbers flow
In seemly warmth—'tis sorrow gives the glow.[1]

LINES ON A PORTRAIT.[2]

Well hath the master's hand depicted here
The worth we love, the veteran we revere!
Genius by genius, mind by kindred mind:
Science by science, truthfully defined.
The features speak: the canvas seems to live
With all the glow that finished art can give.

. . . . . .

Apollo answered: and, with smile benign,
Said: "Painter and physician—both are mine.
This, with a Nestor's wisdom I inspire;
And that, with all a Zeuxis could desire.
By my divine 'afflatus' I reveal[3]
The soul to paint; the sacred power to heal.
Patron of arts, god of the silver bow,
To me their skill, their excellence they owe."—

He said; then, soaring to Olympus' height,
Around the picture threw a flood of light.

Watson! when closed a long and bright career:
When missed and mourned by friends and colleagues here:
Be thine, no sacred duty left undone,
To hail the rising, in the setting, sun!
In hope rejoicing, take the "promised rest,"
And leave thy monument in every breast.

EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

Brothers, the day declines,
Above, the glacier brightens;
Through hills of waving pines
The "vesper-halo" lightens!
Now wake the welcome chorus
To Him our sires adored;
To Him who watcheth o'er us;—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord.[4]

From each tower's embattled crest
The vesper-bell has toll'd;
'Tis the hour that bringeth rest
To the shepherd and his fold:

---

[1] Having watched at the poet's bedside—during the last ten days of his life—the writer has described several circumstances attending the closing scene, with as much fidelity as he could; and the poem—if it deserves the name—was written partly in the death-chamber, and altogether in the house, of the lamented poet. This fact may account for various allusions in the text, which to the general reader would otherwise appear obscure or overwrought. But it is to the biographer that this affecting period—the last few months of the poet's life—will present a series of particulars which, if recorded, can hardly fail to awaken a deep and lasting interest in a reflecting mind.

[2] In a letter to the Editor, dated March, 1873, Dr. Beattie remarks, "I inclose unpublished lines on a celebrated portrait of our President of the Royal College of Physicians (Sir Thomas Watson, Bart.), which my colleagues have received with gratifying indulgence. —Ed.

[3] Nemo vir magnus sine *afflatu aliquo divino* unquam fuit.

[4] Every evening at sunset "Ye shepherds, praise the Lord" was sung, and repeated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus.

From hamlet, rock, and châlét
Let our evening song be pour'd,
Till mountain, rock, and valley
Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
Our glorious mountain-land!
Who deigned to shield and save us
From the despot's iron hand:
With the bread of life He feeds us;
Enlightened by His Word,
Through pastures green He leads us;—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft,
From cliffs that pierce the cloud,
From blue lakes, calm and soft
As a virgin in her shroud;
New strength our anthem gathers,
From alp to alp 'tis poured;
So sang our sainted fathers;—
Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! from flood and fell
Let the voice of old and young,—
All the strength of Appenzel,
True of heart and sweet of tongue,—
The grateful theme prolong
With souls in soft accord,
Till yon stars take up our song—
Hallelujah to the Lord!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

BORN 1793—DIED 1847.

Fifty years ago Professor Wilson wrote: "Have you seen a little volume, entitled 'Tales in Verse, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte,' which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte shows how the sins and sorrows of men flow from irreligion, in simple yet strong domestic narrations, told in a style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Goldsmith and sometimes of Crabbe. A volume so humble in its appearance and pretensions runs the risk of being jostled off the highway into by-paths; and indeed no harm if it should, for in such retired places it will be pleasant reading—pensive in the shade, and cheerful in the sunshine. Mr. Lyte has reaped

"'The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart;'

and his Christian tales will be read with interest and instruction by many a fireside. 'The Brothers' is exceedingly beautiful. He ought to give us another volume."

The gentle poet, who did "give us another volume," stands next to James Thomson on the roll of sacred Border poets. They were both natives of Ednam, a village beautifully situated on the Eden, a tributary of the Tweed. He was the second son of Captain Thomas Lyte, and was born June 1, 1793. Though of somewhat gentle blood, and having all the early advantage of a loving mother's influence and holy lessons, he was soon made to feel the misery of narrow resources. He, however, finally entered Trinity College, Dublin, matriculating there, and carrying off on three occasions the English prize poem. He took holy orders in Ireland, and was called to a desolate and dreary Irish curacy. After several changes he settled in the quiet little town of Marazion, Cornwall, on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Mount St. Michael. Here he married Miss Anne Maxwell, and finally removed to the parish of Brixham, Devonshire, where he laboured acceptably and successfully for twenty years. It was here that he composed most of his hymns, so remarkable for their pure Christian sentiment and simplicity of diction, and which are held in high estimation by all sections of the Christian Church. Some of them were written "from under the cloud"—clouds of personal suffering, clouds of pastoral difficulty and discouragement.

Failing health induced Lyte to seek for a time a milder climate in the south of Europe. Before his departure he preached on the "Holy Communion," and it was solemnly significant to hear their dying pastor say, "O brethren! I can speak feelingly, experimentally, on this

point; and I stand here among you seasonably to-day as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, dependence on, the death of Christ." This was his last appeal, and for the last time he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing flock; and then, exhausted with his effort, he retired with a soul in sweet repose on that Saviour whom he had preached with his dying breath; and as the evening drew on he handed to a near relative his undying hymn—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,"

which has taken its place in nearly all the sacred collections of the Protestant English-speaking world. It was written in September, 1847, and it was his last hymn upon earth. A few days later he reached Nice, and there, on November 20, the spirit of the sweet singer entered into rest. After his death a volume was published containing a memoir of the faithful pastor and preacher, together with a selection of his poems and hymns. Another beautiful hymn, beginning "Jesus, I my cross have taken," the authorship of which has been erroneously attributed to James Montgomery and others, was written by Lyte in the year 1833.

EVENING.

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

The weeping eye, that loathes the day,
Finds peace beneath thy soothing sway;
And faith and prayer, o'ermastering grief,
Burst forth, and bring the heart relief.

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made—
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own;
And Jesus loved to be alone.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

The very birds cry shame on men,
And chide their selfish silence, then:
The flowers on high their incense send;
And earth and heaven unite and blend.

Let others hail the rising day:
I praise it when it fades away;
When life assumes a higher tone,
And God and heaven are all my own.

ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

There is, in the wide lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene, and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever:

It was his home while he had breath;
'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
A glorious tomb they've found thee.
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
And warriors shout, above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,
And tombs are asunder riven,
Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt bound,
To rise and shine in heaven.

GRACE DARLING'S DEATH-BED.

O wipe the death-dews from her brow!—prop up her sinking head!—
And let the sea-breeze on her face its welcome freshness shed!
She loves to see the western sun pour glory o'er the deep;
And the music of the rippling waves may sing her into sleep.
Her heart has long, 'mid other scenes, for these poured out the sigh;
And now back to her Highland home she comes—but comes to die.

Yes, fearful in its loveliness, that cheek's prophetic bloom;
That lustrous eye is lighted from a world beyond the tomb;
Those thin transparent fingers, that hold the book of prayer;
That form, which melts like summer snow, too plainly speak despair.
And they that tend around her bed, oft turn to wipe the tear
That starts forth, as they view her thus, so fleeting, and so dear.

Not such was she that awful night when o'er Northumbria's foam
The shipwrecked seaman's cry was heard within that rocky home.
Amid the pauses of the storm it loud and louder came,
And thrilled into her inmost soul, and nerved her fragile frame:
"Oh, father, let us launch the boat, and try their lives to save."
"Be still, my child, we should but go to share their watery grave."

Again they shriek. "Oh, father, come, the Lord our guide will be:
A word from him can stay the blast, and tame the raging sea."
And lo! at length her plea prevails; their skiff is on the wave.
Protect them, gracious Heaven! protect the gentle, kind, and brave!
They reach the rock, and, wond'rous sight to those they succour there,
A feeble girl achieving more than boldest men would dare!

Again, again her venturous bark bounds o'er the foaming tide;
Again in safety goes and comes beneath its heavenly guide.
Nor shrinks that maid's heroic heart, nor fails her willing hand,
Till all the remnant of the wreck are ferried safe to land.
The cord o'erstrung relaxes then, and tears begin to fall;—
But tears of love and praise to Him whose mercy saved them all.

A deed like this could not be hid. Upon the wings of fame,
To every corner of our isle, flew forth Grace Darling's name;
And tongues were loud in just applause, and bosoms highly beat,
And tributes from the great and good were lavished at her feet;
While she, who braved the midnight blast, and rode the stormy swell,
Shrank timid, trembling, from the praise that she had earned so well.

Why did they tempt her forth to scenes she ill was formed to share?
Why bid her face the curious crowd, the question, and the stare?
She did not risk her life that night to earn the world's applause:
Her own heart's impulse sent her forth in pity's holy cause.
And richly were her toils repaid, and well her soul content
With the sweet thought of duty done, of succour timely lent.

Her tender spirit sinks apace. Oh, bear the drooping flower
Back to its native soil again—its own secluded bower!

Amidst admiring multitudes, she sighs for
home and rest:
Let the meek turtle fold her wing within her
own wild nest;
And drink the sights and sounds she loves,
and breathe her wonted air,
And find with them a quiet hour for thoughtfulness and prayer!

And she has reached her sea-girt home—and
she can smile once more;
But ah! a faint and moonlight smile, without
the glow of yore!
The breeze breathes not as once it did upon
her fevered brow;
The waves talk on, but in her breast awake no
echoes now;
For vague and flickering are her thoughts, her
soul is on the wing
For Heaven, and has but little heed for earth
or earthly thing.

"My father, dost thou hear their shriek? dost
hear their drowning cry?"
"No, dearest, no; 'twas but the scream of the
curlew flitting by."
Poor panting, fluttering, hectic thing, thy
tossings soon will cease;
Thou art passing through a troubled sea, but
to a land of peace!
And He, who to a shipwrecked world brought
rescue, O may He
Be near thy dying pillow now, sweet Grace, to
succour thee!

"LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL, AND FOLLOWED THEE."

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show thy face, and all is bright!

Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me!
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

BORN 1794—DIED 1854.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, a poet of fine genius and a distinguished miscellaneous writer, was born in the manse of Cambusnethan, near Glasgow, June 12, 1794. From both his parents he inherited an honourable descent. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, who for nearly fifty years was minister of Blackfriars' Church, Glasgow, was well known for his remarkable wit and extreme absence of mind—two qualities which are seldom found united in the same character. Of this pious and amiable divine John Gibson Lockhart was the second son, and the eldest by a second marriage, his mother having been a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. At an early age he prosecuted his studies at the University of Glasgow, and with such success that he received one of the richest tokens of approval in a Snell exhibition to Baliol College, Oxford. Here he could prosecute with increased facilities those classical studies to which he was most addicted. At his graduation, in his eighteenth year, he was numbered in the *first class*—an honour rarely attained by the most accomplished Oxonians.

His studies at Baliol, which were directed to the law, were followed by a continental tour, and on his return to Scotland he was called to the bar in 1816. It was, however, soon evident that Lockhart was not likely to win fame or fortune by the profession of an advocate—he could not make a speech. Had his success depended upon writing, or on pictorial pleading, he would have been the most persuasive of silent orators, for during the trial of a cause his pen was occupied, not in taking notes, but in sketching caricatures of the proceedings, the drollery of which would have overcome both judge and jury. As it was he proved a briefless barrister, and decided to abandon law for literature. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner which was given by his friends in Edinburgh on his departure to assume the charge of the *Quarterly Review*. He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual, but covered his retreat with, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we would not have been here."

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was established, and Lockhart became, with John Wilson, the principal contributor. It was now that the whole torrent of thought, which the bar may have kept in check, burst forth in full profusion. Eloquence, and wit, and learning distinguished his articles, and imparted a character to the work which it long after retained; but unfortunately with these attractive qualities there was often mingled a causticity of satire and fierceness of censure that engendered much bad feeling and hatred. In 1819 Lockhart's first separate publication appeared, entitled *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a work in which an imaginary Dr. Morris gives a series of eloquent, vigorous, and truthful sketches of the more distinguished literary

Scotchmen of the period. Of this volume Sir Walter Scott thus wrote to its author:—"What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago; and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber which have now mouldered away! When I think that, at an age not much younger than yours, I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours."

In 1820 Lockhart married Sophia, Sir Walter's eldest daughter. The marriage took place at Edinburgh, and the "Great Unknown," who was the worshipper as well as recorder of good old Scottish fashions, caused the wedding to be held in the evening, and "gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple." Lockhart and his wife took up their abode at the little cottage of Chiefswood, about two miles from Abbotsford, which became their usual summer residence; and thither Sir Walter, when inundated by sight-seers and hero-worshippers, was occasionally glad to escape, that he might breathe in a tranquil atmosphere, and write a chapter of the novel that was in hand, to despatch to the Edinburgh publisher.

Continuing to furnish varied and sparkling contributions to Blackwood, Lockhart now began to exhibit powers of prolific authorship. In the course of a few years he produced *Valerius*, one of the most classical tales descriptive of ancient Rome and the manners of its people which the English language has as yet embodied. After this came *Adam Blair*, a tale which, in spite of its impossible termination, so opposed to all Scottish canon law, abounds with the deepest feeling as well as descriptive power. The next was *Reginald Dalton*, a three-volume novel, in which he largely brought forward his reminiscences of student life at Oxford, and the town-and-gown affrays with which it was enlivened. The last of this series of novels was *Matthew Wald*, which fully sustained the high character of its predecessors. In 1823 he came forth in a new character by his translations from the Spanish ballads; and such was the classical taste, melody of versification, and rich command of language which these translations evinced, that the regret was general that he had not been more exclusively a poet, instead of a prose writer. Tickner, in his *History of Spanish Literature*, characterizes the collection as "the admirably spirited translations of Mr. Lockhart. . . . A work of genius beyond any of the sort known to me in any language;" and the historian Prescott alludes to the poems as "Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of the Moorish ballads."

Lockhart's next publications were in the department of biography, in which he gave an earnest of his fitness to be the literary executor and biographer of his illustrious father-in-law; these were the *Life of Robert Burns* and the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. At this period he resided in Edinburgh, spending some of the summer months at the cottage of Chiefswood. The varied attainments of Lockhart, and the distinction he had won in so many departments of authorship, obtained for him at the close of 1825 the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, the great champion of Toryism, a position for which he was admirably fitted, and which he held for more than a quarter of a century. On the death of Sir Walter in 1832 he became his literary executor, and in 1838 published the memoirs of his father-in-law, which is one of the most interesting biographies in the language, and will probably remain the best-known and most enduring of Lockhart's productions. During the latter years of his life his health was greatly impaired; but for this his intellectual exertions, as well as family calamities and bereavements, will sufficiently account. In the last volume of Scott's memoirs Lockhart thus mournfully writes:—"Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced seem to haunt me as I write. . . . She whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like in all

things as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she too is no more."

In the summer of 1853 Lockhart resigned his editorship, and spent the following winter in Italy; but the maladies under which he laboured, like Scott's, although assuaged for a time, came back with renewed violence on his return home. Arranging his affairs in London he left it never to return, and went to reside with his elder brother, Mr. Lockhart, M.P., at Milton of Lockhart, near Lanark. Here his strength rapidly failed, and he was removed to Abbotsford, that his dying pillow might be smoothed by his only surviving child, Mrs. Hope Scott. Here he breathed his last November 25, 1854, in his sixty-first year. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, near those of his illustrious father-in-law.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.[1]

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we forgather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit;
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.
There was also a little Malmsay,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Pass'd nimbly to and fro!
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain
Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,

[1] Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. He died in 1807.—Ed.

Which he scarce could credit, having heard
The *con.* but not the *pro.!*
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
And the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories
About Minden field or Dettingen;
How he fought with a French major,
And despatch'd him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water
On the soft grass below!
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain
Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
And grew worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
From which now he staid away;
On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
Made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence
Of our venerable beau!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
And Corkindale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms
That death was in his view;
So the captain made his test'ment,
And submitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn Kirk—
'Tis the way we all must go!
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows—
And a pretty man also—
That has left the Saltmarket
In sorrow, grief, and woe!
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
no mo'e!

BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's
calm on the sea,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
brave—
Let him flee from our board, let him sleep
with the slave,
Whose libation comes slow while we honour
his grave.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Tho' he died not like him amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud
on the shore;
Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Yea a place with the fallen the living shall
claim,
We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious
name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the
Graham.
All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves
of the Forth—
Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven
of the north;
Then go blazon their numbers, their names,
and their worth.
All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in
place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,
Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
Dundee.
Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
And oh! the old Scottish broadswords

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

At the gate of old Grenada, when all its bolts
are barred,
At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a tramp-
ling heard;

---

[1] "Long esteemed," says Scrymgeour, "for the spirit and elegance with which the poet has exhibited the

There is a trampling heard, as of horses treading slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy sound of woe!
"What tower is fallen, what star is set, what chief come these bewailing?"
"A tower is fallen, a star is set—Alas! alas for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry—and wide the doors they throw;
Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand, beneath the hollow porch,
Each horseman grasping in his hand a black and flaming torch;
Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around is wailing,
For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencerraje's blood,—
'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the nobles stood;
The nobles of the land were there, and the ladies bright and fair
Looked from their latticed windows, the haughty sight to share;
But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are bewailing—
For he was Grenada's darling knight—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by two,
With ashes on their turbans spread, most pitiful to view;
Behind him his four sisters—each wrapped in sable veil—
Between the tambour's dismal strokes, take up their doleful tale;
When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their brotherless bewailing,
And all the people far and near cry—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the purple pall,—
The flower of all Grenada's youth, the loveliest of them all;
His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is pale,
The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his burnished mail;
And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the Moor stands at his door,
One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is weeping sore;
Down to the dust men bow their heads, and ashes black they strew
Upon their broidered garments of crimson, green, and blue;
Before each gate the bier stands still,—then bursts the loud bewailing,
From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas! alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she hears the people cry,—
Her hair is white as silver, like horn her glazed eye;
'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that nursed him long ago;
She knows not whom they all lament,—but soon she well shall know!
With one deep shriek, she through doth break, when her ears receive their wailing,—
"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas for Celin!"

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

With some ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the palace hall, the lying king to beard;
With cap in hand, and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who comest unbid to me;
But what from traitors' blood should spring save traitors like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Pancho's grave."

peculiar beauties of this literature in our English dress;" and another critic remarks, "Fine spirit-stirring strain in general, translated and transfused into our tongue with admirable felicity."—ED.

[1] These Spanish ballads are known to our public, but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart. —*Henry Hallam.*

"Whoever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard; "here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne, what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, lord king, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown; I saw the falchion shine,
That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;
But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see—
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."—

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! catiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death:—Cries Bernard, "Here am I;
And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me—
Fain would I know who dares his point—king, Condé, or grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew (it hung below his cloak).
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke:
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling, pass'd away;
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,
And what to say to Muça I cannot, cannot tell."—
'Twas thus, Grenada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,
"The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set,
That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,
Oh! what will Muça think of me—I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been

[1] "All other translations fade away before them," says Allan Cunningham; and Miss Mitford speaks of "Mr Lockhart's spirited volume of Spanish ballads, to which the art of the modern translator has given the charm of the vigorous old poets."—ED.

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame,—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.—
My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—oh! luckless, luckless well,
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve:
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,—
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well!"

BEYOND.

When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May.—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision wane,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.—

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so.

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

September the 18th, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small;
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
Once more within the minstrel's blazon'd hall.

"Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!"

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
At thought beneath his roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes?—what exiled lord
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns,
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And "wake the minstrel's soul?"—The boy of Burns.

O, sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land—
It breathes of thee—and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
More noble than a galaxy of peers.

And he—his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had king or kaiser been,
And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a Border spear,
While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires:—
Serene among them sat the hoary knight;
And, if dead bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,
Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
Health yet, and strength, and length of honoured days,
To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
That bears her poet far from Melrose' glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
When happy breezes waft him back again!

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

(FROM THE SPANISH.[1])

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing;
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,
And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air:—
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"Arise, arise, Xarifa. I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace:
Through all the land of Xeres, and banks of Guadalquivir,
Rode bridegroom forth so brave as he, so brave and lovely never!
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night:—
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town!

"What aileth thee, Xarifa!—what makes thine eyes look down?
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?
I've heard you say, on many a day—and sure you said the truth!—
Andalla rides without a peer, among all Grenada's youth.
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go,
Beneath his stately master, with a stately step and slow:—
Then rise—oh, rise, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;
Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze with all the town!"

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,
Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all the town;
But, though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove:

---

[1] These translations derive, as I have said, not a little of their excellence from Mr. Lockhart being himself a poet—of fine genius, clear in his conceptions and masculine in execution. . . . What was tame he inspired; what was lofty gained additional grandeur; and even the tender grew still more pathetic under his touch.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

One bonny rosebud she had traced, before the noise drew nigh,—
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping from her eye.
"No, no!" she sighs; "bid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze upon Andalla, with all the gazing town!"

"Why rise ye not, Xarifa!—nor lay your cushion down?
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa! with all the gazing town?
Hear—hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry!
He stops at Zara's palace-gate!—why sit ye still—oh, why?"
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate! in him shall I discover
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth, with tears,—and was my lover.
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,
To gaze on false Andalla, with all the gazing town!"

JANET HAMILTON.

BORN 1795 — DIED 1873.

The Scottish muse found Burns at the plough when turning over the "wee, modest, crimson-tippet flower," and once more she has shown that there is no royal road to poetic fame, for she "threw her inspiring mantle" over MRS. JANET HAMILTON amid the greatest poverty and under the most unfavourable circumstances. Janet Thomson was born in the village of Corshill, parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, October 12, 1795, and on her mother's side was a descendant of the Covenanter John Whitelaw, who was executed at Edinburgh in 1683 for his share in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. At the age of fourteen she married John Hamilton, a young man who worked with her father at the trade of shoe-making. Although before the age of nineteen she had composed a few religious pieces, Mrs. Hamilton was fifty before she learned to write, and fifty-five before she again attempted poetical composition. She made her first appearance as a writer of verses in Cassell's *Working-man's Friend.* In 1863 she published a volume of *Poems and Songs;* in 1865 *Poems and Sketches* appeared; three years later *Poems and Ballads* was issued; and in 1871 she increased her fame by bringing out a fourth volume, being in part a reprint of her former collections of poetical and prose sketches. Prefixed to the work is a portrait of the venerable poetess, who, though poor, old, and blind, seems to have bated no jot of either poetic heart or hope. Early on Thursday, October 27, 1873, the day of her death, Mrs. Hamilton made reference to a proposed testimonial in happy and cheery tones, evidently gratified by the interest being taken in her affairs by a number of wealthy friends and admirers; and during the afternoon of the same day her blindness had passed away. She entered into the light of that sinless land of which she had so often and so sweetly sung. Her remains were honoured with a public funeral, at which some five hundred persons were present, including all the clergymen of the place.

Janet Hamilton, the daughter, wife, and mother of working men, all struggling with the vicissitudes of life, received her education at a shoe-maker's hearth, her only teacher being a hard-working mother, who, while she plied the spinning-wheel, taught her daughter by her side to read the Bible, the only education that either ever received. She furnishes the world with another example of success in the pursuit of knowledge under the greatest difficulties. Her handwriting, viewed at arm's length, seems something akin to Greek manuscript written with a very blunt pen. She composed some good English verses, but it is to her Scottish poems that she owes her fame as more than a local writer. In the introduction to her last volume Dr. Alexander Wallace says—"It is remarkable that she has never seen a mountain, nor the sea, nor any river but

the Clyde, the Falls of which she never visited, and she has never been the distance of twenty miles from her dwelling. Her region of song, so far as scenery is concerned, has been very limited. It may be comprised in the glen of the Calder and the bosky dells and breckan-covered banks of her favourite stream, the Luggie (poor David Gray's Luggie), before it was polluted with the refuse of the furnaces, and its 'sweet wilding flowers' covered with slag." It is not easy to understand how the Coatbridge poetess—certainly one of the most remarkable Scottish singers of the present century—could have lived to such a comparatively great age before her poetic genius was evinced, and it is hard to say what she might have accomplished had she enjoyed the early advantages of a Joanna Baillie or Lady Nairne.

THE SKYLARK—CAGED AND FREE.

Sweet minstrel of the summer dawn,
Bard of the sky, o'er lea and lawn
Thy rapturous anthem, clear and loud,
Rings from the dim and dewy cloud
That swathes the brow of infant morn,
Dame Nature's first and fairest born!
From grassy couch I saw thee spring,
Aside the daisy curtains fling,
Shake the bright dew-drops from thy breast,
Prune thy soft wing, and smooth thy crest—
Then, all the bard within thee burning,
Heaven in thine eye, the dull earth spurning;
Thou soar'dst and sung, till lost on high
In morning glories of the sky!
  Not warbling at thine own sweet will,
Far up yon "heaven-kissing hill."
With quivering wing, and swelling throat,
On waves of ambient-air afloat—
Not so, I saw thee last, sweet bird;
I heard thee, and my heart was stirred,
Above the tumult of a street,
Where smoke and sulphurous gases meet;
Where, night and day, resounds the clamour
Of shrieking steam, of wheel, and hammer—
A Babel rude of many a tongue:
There, high o'erhead, thou blithely sung,
Caged, "cribb'd, confin'd," yet full and clear,
As silver flute, fell on my ear
Thy joyous song: as void of sorrow
As when, to bid the sun good morrow,
Just rising from his couch of gold,
Thou sung, and soar'dst o'er mead and wold.
Thy prison song, O bird beloved,
My heart hath strangely, deeply moved.
In reverie, a waking dream
Steals o'er my senses, and I seem
The joyous girl that knew no care,
When fields were green, and skies were fair;
And, sweetest of the warbling throng,
The thrilling, gushing, voice of song
I seem to hear—Ah! 'tis the lark,
That, mounting, "sings at heaven's gate," hark!
These rapturous notes are all his own;
Bard of the sky, he sings alone!
  Sweet captive, though thy fate be mine,
I will not languish, will not pine;
Nor beat my wings against the wires,
In vain regrets, and strong desires
To roam again, all blythe and free,
Through Nature's haunts—again to see
The blooming, bright, and beauteous things
That in her train each season brings:
Spring's bursting buds and tender leaves,
The summer flowers, the autumn sheaves,
The purple hills, the shining streams,
Where lingering memory broods and dreams;
But, never more—ah! never more
To climb the hill, or tread the shore
With foot untiring, swift and free—
It may not—nay, it cannot be.
Ah! cannot be! my eyes are dark—
A prisoner too, like thee, sweet lark:
But I have sought and found content;
And so our songs shall oft be blent—
I, singing in my hermitage,
Thou, warbling in thy prison cage,
Aspire! thou to thine own blue sky,
I to a loftier sphere on high!

GRAN'FAITHER AT CAM'SLANG.

He donn'd his bannet braid and blue,
  His hame-spun suit o' hodden gray,
His blue boot-hose drew o'er his knees,
  An' teuk the gate at skreigh o' day.

His Bible had he in his pouch,
  O' scones an' cheese a guidly whang;
An' staff in haun', he's off to see,
  The godly wark at auld Cam'slang.

"The lingerin' star that greets the morn"
Was twinklin' thro' the misty blue;
The muircock craw'd, the paitrick whirr'd,
An' roun' his head the peesweep flew.

He trampit on ower muir an' moss
For thritty miles an' mair, I ween,
Till to the kirk o' auld Cam'slang
He cam' on Saturday at e'en.

He lodged him in a hamely hoose,
Syne dauner'd oot intil the nicht;
The mune was down, the win's were lown,
But a' the lift wi' stars was bricht.

Nae soon' o' youngsters oot at e'en,
Nae voice o' whisp'ring lovers there;
He heard nae soun' but that o' praise—
He heard nae voice but that o' prayer.

By ilka bush o' whin or broom,
By lown dyke back or braeside green,
Folk greetin', prayin', praisin' there,
A' sittin', kneelin', roun' war seen.

He teuk the bannet aff his heid,
An' liftit up to heaven his e'e;
Wi' solemn awe, an' holy fear,
His heart was fu' as fu' could be.

He kneel'd ahint a boortree bush,
Whaur but the e'e o' God could see,
Whaur but the ear o' God could hear—
An' pray'd baith lang and fervently.

Neist day, frae a' the kintra roun',
By tens o' hunners folk cam there,
To hear the words o' grace and truth
Frae preachers in the open air.

He thocht to sit within the kirk
He rather wad than sit ootbye,
Sae in he gaed, an' there he sat
Till stars were blinkin' in the sky.

Nae cries he heard, nae fits he saw,
But sabs were rife, an' tearfu' een
That ne'er leuk'd aff the preacher's face,
Was a' that could be heard or seen.

The dews were fa'in on the yirth—
On mony a heart the dews o' grace
Had fa'en that day, e'en while they sat
At Jesus' feet, in Mary's place.

At dawnin' o' the morn he rose
On Monday—hame he bou'd to gang;
And a' his days he ne'er forgat
That Sabbath-day at auld Cam'slang.

When years had gane, a printed beuk
Cam' oot, whilk I hae aften seen,
An' it was seal'd, an' it was sign'd,
By ministers a guidly wheen.

It said that mony hunner souls,
What time the wark was at Cam'slang,
War turn'd to God, an' a' their days
Had leev'd an' gane as saints shoud gang.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the "censor of the age," who has rather tried than exercised his powers as a poet, belongs to the common people, and like his countryman Robert Burns comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. He was born at Ecclefechan, near Annan in Dumfriesshire, December 4, 1795, and so has lived to complete fourscore years. Proud of his birth, at once popular and noble, he could say of himself what in one of his works he says of Burns and Diderot, two plebeians like himself—"How many kings, how many princes are there, not so well born!" In *Sartor Resartus* he tells us of the impressions of his childhood, and the influence which those impressions, such as places, landscapes, and surrounding scenery, made upon his mind. The cattle-fairs to which his father sometimes took him, the apparition of the mail-coach passing twice a day through the village, seeming to him some strolling world, coming from he knew not where, and going he knew not whither—all this he describes with a freshness and vivacity which clearly indicate that they are the ineffaceable impressions of childhood. Besides this education Carlyle received another at the high-school of Annan, where he acquired the rudiments of his scholastic training.

Here he had for a schoolfellow Edward Irving, the distinguished orator and divine, whom Carlyle afterwards nobly delineated.

It was the ambition of his parents to see Thomas "wag his pow in a poopit," and he was accordingly, after the necessary preparation, sent to the University of Edinburgh, where his life was one of comparative poverty and privation. After having graduated, he was for several years tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office—in many, and indeed most families, one of dependence and drudgery, unbefitting a strong-hearted, self-reliant man, and accordingly he abandoned it, launching out in 1823 on the career of a man of letters—a calling which he has so well described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." His first efforts were published in a country paper; then came translations of Legendre's *Geometry* and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, followed by his *Life of Schiller*, which led to a lengthened correspondence between him and Goethe. Then appeared some of his finest essays, and *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in *Fraser's Magazine*. His brilliant articles on "Burns," "Characteristics," and "Signs of the Times," contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, marked the advent of a man of genius. Finding the inconvenience of residing among the moors of Dumfriesshire, he decided to remove to London, the great centre of books, of learning, and intellectual movement. Here he has since resided at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, producing his *French Revolution*, *Past and Present*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and many other valuable contributions to literature, including his remarkable *Life of Frederick the Great*. His latest work, *The Early Kings of Norway*, appeared in 1874.

In November, 1865, Carlyle was elected to the rectorship of the Edinburgh University, which, in spite of his stoicism, real or assumed, must have sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart. Throughout many of his works there is to be found a deep under-current of affection for his native land, and although so many years absent from her heathery hills, he has not forgotten Scotland, nor has Scotland forgotten her gifted son. If one thing more than another could gratify him in his declining years, it must have been this public recognition of his services to literature, and of his talents as a teacher of men, by his native land.

After a happy married life of forty years Mr. Carlyle, who is childless, lost his wife. The epitaph he placed on her tombstone is one of the most eloquent and loving memorials ever penned. Since her death his household has been presided over by his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, who in 1874 gave to the world an admirable collection of Scottish song. In 1872 the great writer was called to mourn the death of his eldest brother, John Carlyle, who died in Canada, at the age of eighty-one. Another brother, the translator of Dante, resides at Dumfries, which is also the residence of their sister, Mrs. Aitken, to whom the philosopher makes an annual visit after the close of the London season. On his eightieth birthday Carlyle received from various quarters of the globe, far and near, congratulatory addresses, epistles, and gifts, commemorative of the completion of fourscore years.

The opinions of Carlyle's youth are not in all cases the opinions of his old age. In early life he had some claim to the title of a poet, as the following pieces will testify, but in 1870 he wrote a characteristic letter in which he gives it as his mature opinion that the writing of verse, in this age at least, is an unworthy occupation for a man of ability. It is by no means impossible that the "Philosopher of Chelsea" may be indebted to some of the poets whom in his curious letter he beseeches not to write except in prose, for embalming in deathless strophes his own craggy and majestic character, and transmitting through the magic of rhyme his name and fame to the remotest generations of mankind.

TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT-MOTH.

MAGNA AUSUS.

'Tis placid midnight, stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in heaven;
Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see! a wandering night-moth enters,
  Allured by taper gleaming bright;
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures
  On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;
  A universe of fire it seems
To moth-*savante* with rapture gazing
  Or fount whence life and motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
  Hopes boundless, adoration, dread;
At length her tiny pinions twirling,
  She darts and—puff!—the moth is dead!

The sullen flame, for her scarce sparkling,
  Gives but one hiss, one fitful glare;
Now bright and busy, now all darkling,
  She snaps and fades to empty air.

Her bright gray form that spreads so slimly,
  Some fan she seemed of pigmy queen;
Her silky cloak that lay so trimly,
  Her wee, wee eyes that looked so keen,

Last moment here, now gone for ever,
  To naught are passed with fiery pain;
And ages circling round shall never
  Give to this creature shape again!

Poor moth! near weeping I lament thee,
  Thy glossy form, thy instant woe;
'Twas zeal for "things too high" that sent thee
  From cheery earth to shades below.

Short speck of boundless space was needed
  For home, for kingdom, world to thee!
Where passed, unheeding as unheeded,
  Thy little life from sorrow free.

But syren hopes from out thy dwelling
  Enticed thee, bade thee earth explore,—
Thy frame so late with rapture swelling,
  Is swept from earth for evermore!

Poor moth! thy fate my own resembles;
  Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
  To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

Like thee, with common lot contented,
  With humble joys and vulgar fate,
I might have lived and ne'er lamented,
  Moth of a larger size, a longer date!

But nature's majesty unveiling
  What seemed her wildest, grandest charms,
Eternal truth and beauty hailing,
  Like thee, I rushed into her arms.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
  Thy one brief parting pang may show;
And thoughts like these, for soul that dashes
  From deep to deep, are—death more slow!

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seedsheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
  Fall gently and still, good corn,
  Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
  And stand so yellow some morn,
  For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As years that are past have been.
  Fall gently, &c.

Old mother, receive this corn,
The son of six thousand golden sires:
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
  Fall gently, &c.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you gladly reap.
  Fall gently and still, good corn,
  Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
  And stand so yellow some morn,
  For beast and man must be fed.

ADIEU.

Let time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
  My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
  My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;

In weal or woe, in this world below,
I love you ever and all,
My dear,
I love you ever and all.

A long road full of pain, of pain,
A long road full of pain;
One soul, one heart, sworn ne'er to part,—
We ne'er can meet again,
My dear,
We ne'er can meet again.

Hard fate will not allow, allow,
Hard fate will not allow;
We blessed were as the angels are,—
Adieu for ever now,
My dear,
Adieu for ever now.

CUI BONO?

What is hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;
Never urchin found it yet.

What is life? A thawing iceboard
On a sea with sunny shore;—
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is man? A foolish baby,
Vainly strives, and fights, and frets;
Demanding all, deserving nothing;—
One small grave is what he gets.

PSALM XLVI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF MARTIN LUTHER.)

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
The city of God remaineth.

MASON-LODGE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.[1])

The mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

---

[1] Originally published in *Past and Present*, and introduced there by the following words:—"My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips—a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout, yet wholly credible and veritable; full of pity, yet free of cant: to me, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German man, sounds like a stanza in the grand 'Road Song' and 'Marching Song' of our great Teutonic Kindred—winding, winding, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time! He calls it *Mason-lodge*, not Psalm or Hymn."—ED.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages
Choose well: your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not.

THE FROG AND THE STEER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ULRICH BONER.)

A frog with frogling by his side
Came hopping through the plain, one tide;
There he an ox at grass did spy:
Much angered was the frog thereby:
He said: "Lord God, what was my sin,
Thou madest me so small and thin?
Likewise I have no handsome feature,
And all dishonoured is my nature,
To other creatures far and near,
For instance, this same grazing steer."
The frog would fain with bullock cope,
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.
Then spake his frogling: "Father o' me,
It boots not, let thy blowing be;
Thy nature hath forbid this battle,
Thou canst not vie with the black cattle."
Nathless let be the frog would not,
Such prideful notion had he got;
Again to blow right sore 'gan he,
And said, "Like ox could I but be
In size, within this world there were
No frog so glad to thee, I swear."
The son spake: "Father, me is woe
Thou shouldst torment thy body so;
I fear thou art to lose thy life:
Come, follow me, and leave this strife:
Good father, take advice of me,
And let thy boastful blowing be."
Frog said: "Thou needst not beck and nod,
I will not do it, so help me God!
Big as this ox is, I must turn,
Mine honour now it doth concern."
He blew himself, and burst in twain;
Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such
Who grasp at honour overmuch;
They must with none at all be doing,
But sink full soon, and come to ruin.
He that, with wind of pride accurst,
Much puffs himself, will surely burst;
He men miswishes and misjudges,
Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,
Of all his equals is a hater,
Much grieved he is at any better;
Therefore it were a sentence wise,
Were his whole body set with eyes,
Who envy hath, to see so well
What lucky hap each man befall,
That so he filled were with fury,
And burst asunder in a hurry;
And so full soon betid him this
Which to the frog betided is.

DANIEL WEIR.

BORN 1796 — DIED 1831.

DANIEL WEIR, a poetical bookseller of Greenock, was born in that town, March 31, 1796. Of humble parentage, he received but a limited education, and at the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a bookseller in his native place. Here he enjoyed many opportunities for improving his education by reading, and of gratifying his verse-making propensities. At nineteen he left his amiable employer to follow the calling on his own account. Weir contributed several pleasing songs to Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and himself edited for a Glas-

gow firm three volumes of songs under the titles of *The National Minstrel, The Sacred Lyre,* and *Lyrical Gems.* In these compilations a majority of his own poems first appeared, while others were published in the Glasgow newspapers. In 1829 the poet published a *History of the Town of Greenock,* and at his death (November 11, 1831) left behind him numerous unpublished pieces, and a long MS. poem entitled "The Pleasures of Religion."

"Possessed," writes Rev. Charles Rogers, "of a fine genius, a brilliant fancy, and much gracefulness of expression, Weir has decided claims to remembrance. His conversational talents were of a remarkable description, and attracted to his shop many persons of taste, to whom his poetical talents were unknown. He was familiar with the whole of the British poets, and had committed their best passages to memory. Possessing a keen relish for the ludicrous, he had at command a store of delightful anecdote, which he gave forth with a quaintness of look and utterance, so as to render the force of the humour totally irresistible. His sarcastic wit was an object of dread to his opponents in burgh politics. His appearance was striking. Rather malformed, he was under the middle size; his head seemed large for his person, and his shoulders were of unusual breadth. His complexion was dark, and his eyes hazel; and when his countenance was lit up on the recitation of some witty tale he looked the impersonation of mirthfulness. Eccentric as were some of his habits and modes of action, he was seriously impressed by religious principle. Some of his devotional compositions are admirable specimens of sacred poetry."

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
  Which seem'd, to fancy's ear,
The mournful music of the mind,
  The echo of a tear;
And still methought the hollow sound,
  Which, melting, swept along,
The voice of other days had found,
  With all the powers of song.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
  And thought of friends untrue—
Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twined,
  That nought could e'er undo;
Of cherish'd hopes once fondly bright—
  Of joys which fancy gave—
Of youthful eyes, whose lovely light
  Were darken'd in the grave.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind
  When all was still as death;
When nought was heard before, behind—
  Not e'en the sleeper's breath.
And I have sat at such an hour,
  And heard the sick man's sigh;
Or seen the babe, like some sweet flow'r,
  At that lone moment die.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And wept for others' woe;
Nor could the heart such music find
  To bid its tear-drops flow.
The melting voice of one we loved,
  Whose voice was heard no more,
Seem'd, when those fancied chords were moved,
  Still breathing as before.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And sat beside the dead,
And felt those movings of the mind
  Which own a secret dread.
The ticking clock, which told the hour,
  Had then a sadder chime;
And these winds seem'd an unseen pow'r,
  Which sung the dirge of time.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  When, o'er the new-made grave
Of one whose heart was true and kind,
  Its rudest blasts did rave.
Oh! there was something in the sound—
  A mournful, melting tone—
Which led the thoughts to that dark ground
  Where he was left alone.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
  And courted sleep in vain,
While thoughts like these have oft combined
  To rack the wearied brain.
And even when slumber, soft and deep,
  Has seen the eyelid close,
The restless soul, which cannot sleep,
  Has stray'd till morning rose.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Oh! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,
Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on;
'Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone;
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

The world, to him, with its sorrows and sighs,
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
No more to revisit this valley of tears;—
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Few, few were his years; but, had they been more,
The sunshine which smiled might have vanish'd away,
And he might have fallen on some far friendless shore,
Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate bay:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered here;
But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and woes;
Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sorrowful day?
Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
When perils and toils encompass'd his way?
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

'NEATH THE WAVE.

'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps,
And cold, cold is his pillow;
O'er his bed no maiden weeps,
Where rolls the white billow.
And though the winds have sunk to rest
Upon the troubled ocean's breast,
Yet still, oh still there's left behind
A restless storm in Ellen's mind.

Her heart is on yon dark'ning wave,
Where all she lov'd is lying,
And where, around her William's grave,
The sea-bird is crying.
And oft on Jura's lonely shore,
Where surges beat and billows roar,
She sat—but grief has nipt her bloom,
And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

RAVEN'S STREAM.[1]

My love, come let us wander
Where Raven's streams meander,
And where, in simple grandeur,
The daisy decks the plain.
Peace and joy our hours shall measure;
Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!
Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,
Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,
We'll talk of love, my dear.
None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BORN 1797 — DIED 1835.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, an antiquary, journalist, and poet, and the author of two Scottish ballads unsurpassed for tenderness and pathos, was born in Glasgow, October 13,

[1] A small stream in the neighbourhood of Greenock. — ED.

1797. His father was an ironmonger in that city, and came of a Stirlingshire family who for thirteen generations had possessed a small property named Muirmill on the banks of the Carron. His mother was the daughter of a prosperous Perthshire farmer, from whom she inherited a considerable property. The family removed to Edinburgh early in the century, and in 1805 William became a pupil of Mr. W. Lennie, in whose school he met the heroine of his beautiful song. The year following he entered the high-school, but was soon after sent to reside with an uncle at Paisley, where he completed his education at the grammar-school, with the exception of attending the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow during the session of 1818-19. He was placed as an apprentice in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and his ability and diligence combined secured for him at the age of twenty-one the honourable position of sheriff-clerk depute of Renfrewshire.

While fulfilling the duties of this office Motherwell steadily pursued those literary occupations upon which his claims to public notice are founded. He early evinced a taste for poetry, and in his fourteenth year had produced the first draft of "Jeanie Morrison." In 1818 he contributed to a small work published at Greenock called the *Visitor*, and in the following year he edited an edition of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a valuable collection of songs. In 1827 he published his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, a work of great merit and research, which at once gave him rank and influence as a literary antiquary. In the introduction Motherwell exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the ballad and romantic literature of his native land. In 1828 he commenced the *Paisley Magazine*, the pages of which he enriched with some of his best poetical productions; and during the same year he assumed the editorship of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Tory newspaper previously under the management of his friend William Kennedy. In January, 1830, he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, an influential journal conducted on Tory principles. In his hands the journal maintained its high character as an able exponent of ultra-Tory opinions, and he continued its editorship up to the date of his death.

In 1832 there appeared from the press of his friend David Robertson a small volume of his best poetical compositions, entitled *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*. With the publication of this little book, containing such lyrics as "Jeanie Morrison," "My Heid is like to rend, Willie," and "Wearie's Well," compositions which for soft melancholy and touching tenderness of expression have never been excelled, William Motherwell at once took rank among Scotland's sweetest singers. Miss Mitford says—"Burns is the only poet with whom, for tenderness and pathos, Motherwell can be compared. The elder bard has written much more largely, is more various, more fiery, more abundant; but I doubt if there be in the whole of his collection anything so exquisitely finished, so free from a line too many or a word out of place, as the two great lyric ballads of Motherwell; and let young writers observe, that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and re-touching, during many years, did 'Jeanie Morrison' attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an inexpressible gush of feeling that *would* find vent. In 'My Heid is like to rend, Willie,' the appearance of spontaneity is still more striking, as the passion is more intense—intense, indeed, almost to painfulness."

In 1835, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd, Motherwell edited an edition of Burns, to which he contributed the principal part of the biography, with copious notes; and he was collecting material for a life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly struck down by apoplexy, and died after a few hours' illness, Nov. 1, 1835, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Glasgow Necropolis, where an elegant monument with a life-like bust has been erected to his memory.

As a poet Motherwell was happiest in pathetic and sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels. The translations of Scandinavian poetry which he produced are among the most successful and vigorous which have appeared. After his death a new edition of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir written by his friend

and physician James M'Conechy, who concludes with the following paragraph:—"Upon the whole his place as a minor poet is a distinguished one. He has undoubtedly enriched the language with many noble specimens of manly song; and when it is remembered that he prosecuted his poetical studies in silence and retirement, animated alone by the love of his art, and sustained through many long years of trial by the distant gleam of posthumous fame, it will not be disputed that his motives to action were exalted, and his exertions in the cause of human improvement disinterested." Another competent critic—Christopher North—said of Motherwell: "All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound: he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions we feel—

> 'The ancient spirit is not dead,—
> Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine: he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

THE MASTER OF WEEMYS.

The Master of Weemys has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres,
Doe beare him companie.

They have hoistit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermayd,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermayd,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless hame!"

"Oh Norroway is a gay gay strande,
And a merrie land I trowe;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway
Gin the mermayd keeps her vowe!"

Down doukit then the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa', and they saylit awa',
They have saylit leagues ten;
When lo! uplap by the gude ship's side
The self-same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her richt hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame,
And shee kembit her haire, and aye she sang
As shee flotterit on the faem.

And shee gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan;
O nevir againe on land or sea
Shall be seen sik a faire woman.

And shee shed her haire aff her milk-white bree
Wi' her fingers sae sma' and lang;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea;
"If ye bee men of Christian moulde
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld
If ye bee Christian men;
But an' ye faile, though fast ye sayle,
Ye'll nevir see land agen!"

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
"Sayle on and nevir blinne,
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall never win!"

It's never word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her bricht bricht eyne
Leming like coals o' fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bricht hair
Gae flashing through the tide,
And the sparkles o' the glass shee brake
Upon that gude ship's side.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The wind blaws unco hie;"
"O there's not a sterne in a' the lift
To guide us through the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
The storm is coming fast;"
"Then up, then up, my bonnie boy,
Unto the topmost mast.

"Creep up into the tallest mast,
Gae up, my ae best man;
Climb up until the tall top-mast
And spy gin ye see land."

"Oh all is mirk towards the eist,
And all is mirk be west;
Alas there is not a spot of light
Where any eye can rest!"

"Looke oute, looke oute, my bauldest man,
Looke out unto the storme,
And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
Do ye see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh alace! alace! my master deare,"
Spak' then that ae best man;
"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing,
Do I spy on any hand."

"Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
And tell me what ye do see;"
"O Lord! I spy the false mermayden
Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermayden
Fast sayling on the mirk sea,
For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht,
Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
But as I am a Christian man,
That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
Fast coming out owre the sea;
And fast therein the grim mermayden
Is sayling on to thee!

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
Shee is coming, alace! more near:"
"Ah wae is me now," said the master bauld,
"For I both do see and hear!

"Come doun, come doun, my ae best man,
For an ill weird I maun drie;
Yet, I reck not for my sinful self,
But thou my trew companie!"

THE WOOING SONG.

Bright maiden of Orkney, star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters to gaze upon thee;
I've left spoil and slaughter, I've left a far strand,
To sing how I love thee, to kiss thy small hand!
Fair daughter of Einar, golden-haired maid!
The lord of yon brown bark, and lord of this blade;
The joy of the ocean, of warfare and wind,—
Hath boune him to woo thee, and thou must be kind.
So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter,

In Jutland, in Iceland, on Neustria's shore,
Where'er the dark billow my gallant bark bore,
Songs spoke of thy beauty, harps sounded thy praise,
And my heart loved thee long ere it thrilled in thy gaze.
Aye, daughter of Einar, right tall mayst thou stand;
It is a Vikingir who kisses thy hand;
It is a Vikingir that bends his proud knee,
And swears by great Freya his bride thou must be!
So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in broad bracelets of gold;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming with treasures untold;
The circlet that binds up thy long yellow hair,
Is starred thick with jewels, that bright are and rare;
But gifts yet more princely Jarl Egill bestows:
For girdle, his great arm around thee he throws;
The bark of a sea-king, for palace, gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus, nor toss so thy head,
'Tis a Vikingir asks thee, land-maiden, to wed!
He skills not to woo thee, in trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in so sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart and a hand that are strong;

He comes then as Jarl should, sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee with glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren, thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly,—yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim, or this arm failed its blow;
I had not well taken three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons in death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though in battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors, in worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall and through sights that confound,
I sought the weird women within their dark cell,
And made them surrender futurity's spell;
I made them rune over the dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped with lovers like me;
Yes, maiden, I forced them to read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare as jolly bridegroom.
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned, they passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er their faces of snow;
Their stony eyes, moveless, did glare on me long,
Then sullen they chanted: "The sword and the song
Prevail with the gentle, sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose each evil-shaped mood!"
Fair daughter of Einar, I've sung the dark lay
That the weird sisters runed, and which thou must obey.
So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip, the flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom, so full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin thine eagle eye glows;
Ha! firmly and boldly, so stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber, as bark rides the sea;
This likes me,—this likes me, stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose; bold hearts love the bold.
So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then, I have thy small hand;
Joy with me,—our tall bark now bears toward the strand;
I call it the Raven, the wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin o'er islands of light;
Once more on its long deck, behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it great kingdoms do quail;
Thou shalt see then how truly, my noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can be won by this blade.
So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Aye, gaze on his large hilt, one wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt with blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly, but nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer with cunning spells made.
I call it the adder, death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness it scatters pale light.
Fair daughters of Einar, deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade, proud Egill's loved mate!
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth, like untamed colt, the reckless truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but, oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath waxed old!

JEANIE MORRISON.[1]

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think,
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

---

[1] The heroine of this song, Miss Jane Morrison, afterwards Mrs. Murdoch, was daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Morrison, brewer in Alloa. In the autumn of 1807, when in her seventh year, she became a pupil of Mr. Lennie, and for several months occupied the same class room with young Motherwell. Of the flame which she had excited in the susceptible heart of her boy-lover she was totally unconscious. Mr. Lennie, however, in a statement published by the editor of Motherwell's poems, refers to the strong impression which she made on the young poet; he describes her as "a pretty girl, and of good capacity." "Her hair," he adds, "was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming." In 1823 Miss Morrison became the wife of Mr. John Murdoch, commission-agent in Glasgow, who died in 1829. She never met the poet in after life, and the ballad of "Jeanie Morrison" had been published for several years before she became aware that she was the heroine. —*Rev. Charles Rogers.*

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
  We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
  (The scule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes,—
  The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
  My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
  O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
  O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
  Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
  The deavin', dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burn side,
  And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
  The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
  The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
  The burn sang to the trees—
And we, with nature's heart in tune,
  Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
  For hours thegither sat,
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
  Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
  Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
  When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
  Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
  Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
  As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
  Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
  Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way,
And channels deeper, as it rins,
  The luve o' life's young day.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
  And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—
  My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
  I'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
  Your hand on my briest-bane,—
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
  When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
  Sair grief maun hae its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
  To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,—
  Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
  I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
  For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
  A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
  And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
  Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
  When we thegither met,—
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
  That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
  Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
  That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie—
  I downa seek to blame;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
  And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
  And hailin' ower your chin:

Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up, and let me kiss
That brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel, fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luved ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That fill my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE MERMAIDEN.

"The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws shill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misgi'es me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see!"
Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blythe and free,
"I never said to my bonny bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie preest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hald my luve and me."
"And whare is that preest, my bonny maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"
"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?"
"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mermaiden,
"In the bonny green howes o' the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea:
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand;
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht sternes will schine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine."
A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud laugh the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corncraik was chirming
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
  On bare holm and lea,
And the cauld wind is strippin'
  Ilk leaf aff the tree.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
  Nor leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
  Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
  You're bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
  As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
  And mony braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
  The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
  My first luve and last;
May thy joys be to come—
  Mine live in the past.
In sorrow and sadness
  This hour fa's on me;
But light, as thy luve, may
  It fleet over thee!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
  Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
  Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
  And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
  This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
  In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
  Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
  Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
  This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
  Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
  Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
  Start at that parting knell!

THE DYING POET.[1]

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
  Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
  That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
  Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
  Like full hearts break,
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
  Sad music make;
Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
  Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
  With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
  Burst through that clay;
Will there be one still on that spot repining
  Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
  Of her dark pall;
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
  The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
  For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
  On that low mound;
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
  Its loneness crowned;
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
  Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
  To ask such meed,—
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
  From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
  Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
  Thou gentle heart;

---

[1] This pathetic poem was written the very month of the poet's death. He handed it to a friend a few days before his decease. On its first publication in a Glasgow paper it was accompanied by the remark that no slight interest had been excited in that city in noticing how the prophetic yearning of the dying poet for the memory of affection had been realized – his grave having been frequently visited by a young female, keeping fresh the floral memorials of love and grief offered there. – Ed.

And though t
swelling,
L
It were in vain,
S

THE

A steed! a
A sword
All else to
All else
The neigh
The row
The clang
Be soun

DAVID M
poet and n
Musselburg
education a
town, and
classes of t
his eightee
of surgeon,
Dr. Brown
verses from
lished anon
bardment
was distri
friends. I
contributo
zine, and
for *Black*
graver pie
Δ (Delta).
of Genevi
which co
tions to t
His next
of the st
biography
keith. M
viously a

Engraved by W. H. Worthington & Photograph

[illegible]

(DELTA)

burgh Philosophical Institution on the poetical literature of the past half century, which was afterwards published and met with a very large sale. In June of that year his health became much impaired, and in July he proceeded to Dumfries for a change of air and scene, but he died there suddenly, July 6, 1851. His remains were interred in his native place, where a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory.

After Dr. Moir's death a collected edition of his best poems was published in Edinburgh, under the editorial superintendence of Thomas Aird, who prefixed to the work an interesting memoir of his friend. Lord Jeffrey in a letter to Moir said of his *Domestic Verses*, a new edition of which appeared recently, "I cannot resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and I hope *bettering*, emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have ever read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent." Jeffrey has very correctly set forth the character of Moir's poetry. "Casa Wappy," perhaps the best known of his poems, was written by Dr. Moir on the death of his favourite child, Charles Bell—familiarly called by him "Casa Wappy," a self-conferred pet name—who died at the age of four years. It is one of the most tender and touching effusions in the English language.

We cannot conclude this notice of the Christian poet and accomplished gentleman without quoting a few lines from an old volume of *Maga:* "His, indeed, was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandizement—a life whose value can only be appreciated now, when he has been called to receive his reward in that better world, the passport to which he sought so diligently—in youth as in manhood, in happiness as in sorrow—to obtain. Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian. We have represented Delta as he was—as he must remain ever in the affectionate memory of his friends: and with this brief and unequal tribute to his surpassing worth we take farewell of the gentlest and kindest being, of the most true and single-hearted man, whom we may ever hope to meet with in the course of this earthly pilgrimage."

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven.
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
That found thee prostrate in decay;
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled,
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
Thy clasping arms so round and white—
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat—thy bow—
Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair;
Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
To glad—to grieve—
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All—to the wallflower and wild pea—
Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;—
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee—everywhere—
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below—
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers
Revive again—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
The grass renewed should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
And truth a lie;—
Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy;
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn, apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

THE WINTER WILD.

How sudden hath the snow come down!
Last night the new moon show'd her horn,
And, o'er December's moorland brown,
Rain on the breeze's wing was borne;
But, when I ope my shutters, lo!
Old earth hath changed her garb again,

And, with its fleecy whitening, snow
  O'ermantles hill and cumbers plain.

Bright snow, pure snow, I love thee well,
  Thou art a friend of ancient days;
Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
  Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise;—
Far—to remotest infancy—
  My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
  I watch'd to earth your mazy track—

And upward look'd, with wondering eyes,
  To see the heavens with motion teem,
And butterflies, a thousand ways
  Down flaking in an endless stream;
The roofs around all clothed with white,
  And leafless trees with feathery claws,
And horses black with drapery bright—
  Oh, what a glorious sight it was!

Each season had its joys in store,
  From out whose treasury boyhood chose;
What though blue summer's reign was o'er,
  Had winter not its storms and snows?
The giant then aloft was piled,
  And balls in mimic war were toss'd,
And thumps dealt round in trickery wild,
  As felt the passer to his cost.

The wintry day was as a spell
  Unto the spirit—'twas delight
To note its varying aspects well,
  From dawn to noon, from noon to night,
Pale morning on the hills afar—
  The low sun's ineffectual gleam—
The twinkling of the evening star
  Reflected in the frozen stream:

And when the silver moon shone forth
  O'er lands and lakes, in white array'd,
And dancing in the stormy North
  The red electric streamers play'd;
'Twas ecstasy, 'neath tinkling trees,
  All low-born thoughts and cares exiled,
To listen to the Polar breeze,
  And look upon "the winter wild."

Hollo! make way along the line:—
  Hark how the peasant scuds along—
His iron heels, in concord fine,
  Brattling afar their under-song:
And see, that urchin, ho-ieroe!
  His truant legs they sink from under,
And to the quaking sheet below,
  Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

The skater then, with motion nice,
  In semicirque and graceful wheel,
Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
  His chart of voyage with his heel;
Now skimming underneath the boughs—
  Amid the crowd now gliding lone—
Where down the rink the curler throws,
  With dext'rous arm, his booming stone.

Behold! upon the lapsing stream
  The frost-work of the night appears—
Beleaguer'd castles round which gleam
  A thousand glittering crystal spears;
Here galleys sail of shape grotesque;
  There hills o'erspread with palmy trees;
And, mixed with temples Arabesque—
  Bridges and pillar'd towers Chinese.

Ever doth winter bring to me
  Deep reminiscence of the past;
The opening flower and leafing tree—
  The sky without a cloud o'ercast—
Themselves of beauty speak, and throw
  A gleam of present joy around,
But, at each silent fall of snow,
  Our hearts to boyhood's pulses bound—

To boyhood turns reflection back,
  With mournful pleasure to behold
Life's early morn, the sunny track
  Of feet, now mingled with the mould;
Where are the playmates of those years?
  Hills rise and oceans roll between:
We call—but scarcely one appears—
  No more shall be what once hath been.

Yes! gazing o'er the bleak, green sea,
  The snow-clad peaks and desert plain,
Mirror'd in thought, methinks to me
  The spectral past comes back again:
Once more in retrospection's eyes,
  As 'twere to second life restored,
The perish'd and the past arise,
  The early lost, and long deplor'd!

HEIGH-HO!

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass—
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,
  In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
  And I will love you rarely."

"O! no, no, no!" the maiden said—
  Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
  On that summer morning so early.
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;

I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave,
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, I believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?"

"O, no, no, no! I am all too young"—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
"I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

There is no sound upon the night,
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in smiling beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallow'd to us shall be the hour,
Yea, sacred through all time to come,
Which gave us thee,—a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another hue, and makes
The wither'd green—the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies;
And Heaven is read in every look;
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back;
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already, like a vernal flower,
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!

Ah! little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before;
How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are destined thine, alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with woe.

Yet, could a father's prayers avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou should'st glide beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea:

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
His sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace, and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn!—
And cling to virtue; though the road
Be thorny, boldly travel on!

Yes; travel on—nor turn thee round,
Though dark the way and deep the shade;
Till on that shore thy feet be found,
Where bloom the palms that never fade.

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name:
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as fancy's wish could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
To duty wed, from malice free:
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see.

MARY DHU.

Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew;
But sweeter art thou,
My Mary dhu.
Oh! the skies of night,
With their eyes of light,
Are not so bright
As my Mary dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,
The clouds of sorrow depart from me;
As the shadows fly
From day's bright eye,
Thou lightest life's sky,
My Mary dhu!

Sad, sad is my heart,
When I sigh, Adieu!
Or gaze on thy parting,
My Mary dhu!
Then for thee I mourn,
Till thy steps' return
Bids my bosom burn,—
My Mary dhu.
I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills,
I muse but of thee by the moorland rills;
In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me
Like the breeze,
That ruffles, in gladness,
The leafy trees;
'Tis a wafted tone
From heaven's high throne,
Making hearts thine own,
My Mary dhu.
Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet,
With colours glowing and incense sweet;
And when thou must away,
May life's rose decay
In the west wind's sway,
My Mary dhu!

THE SABBATH.

If earth hath aught that speaks to us of heaven,
'Tis when, within some lone and leafy dell,
Solemn and slow, we list the Sabbath bell
On music's wings through the clear ether driven;
Say not the sounds aloud, "Oh man, 'twere well
Hither to come, nor walk in sins unshriven!
Haste to this temple, tidings ye shall hear,
Ye who are sorrowful, and sick in soul,
Your doubts to chase—your downcastness to cheer;
To bind affliction's wounds, and make you whole;
Hither—come hither; though, with Tyrian dye
Guilt hath polluted you, yet, white as snow,
Cleansed by the streams that from this altar flow,
Home ye shall pass to meet your Maker's eye."

MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

Round thee, pure moon, a ring of snowy clouds
Hover, like children round their mother dear
In silence and in joy, for ever near
The footsteps of her love. Within their shrouds,
Lonely, the slumbering dead encompass me!
Thy silver beams the mouldering Abbey float,
Black rails, memorial stones, are strew'd about;
And the leaves rustle on the hollow tree.
Shadows mark out the undulating graves;
Tranquilly, tranquilly the departed lie!—
Time is an ocean, and mankind the waves
That reach the dim shores of eternity;
Death strikes; and silence, 'mid the evening gloom,
Sits spectre-like the guardian of the tomb!

RURAL SCENERY.

Receded hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowering trees, through which the sunbeams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute,
And wild flowers all around of every hue—
Sure 'tis a lovely scene. There, knee-deep stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine,
And to the left, where cultured fields expand,
'Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline,
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please;
O how inviting to the traveller's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, 'mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, in earth and sky,
And pastoral beauty and Arcadian ease.

THE SCHOOL BANK.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I—
A lapse of years had intervening pass'd
Since I had heard his voice or seen him last;
The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.
Silent we thought upon the school-boy days
Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;
When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
Alone amid the landscape—'twas the same;
Where were our loud companions? Some, alas!
Silent reposed among the church-yard grass,
And some were known, and most unknown, to fame:
And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;
And where they all were happy—we did weep.

ALEXANDER SMART.

BORN 1798—DIED 1866.

ALEXANDER SMART, the author of numerous excellent songs, was born at Montrose, April 26, 1798. A portion of his school education was received from one Norval, a teacher in the Montrose Academy, and a model of the tyrant pedagogues of the past, whose mode of infusing knowledge was afterwards satirized by Smart in his poem entitled "Recollections of Auld Langsyne." He was apprenticed to a watchmaker in his native town, and on the completion of his time of service removed to Edinburgh, where he followed the vocation of a compositor. In 1834 he issued a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Rambling Rhymes*, from which we make the subjoined selections. His volume attracted considerable attention, and Francis Jeffrey wrote to its author in the following terms:—"I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged the receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expressive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary and often laborious industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artisans of our country." A second and enlarged edition was issued in 1845. Smart is also the author of numerous excellent prose sketches, some of which have appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*. He died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, October 19, 1866, after a protracted mental illness, bringing to a close a life of strenuous toil, generous thoughts, and noble aspirations. Many of Smart's sweetest lyrics were the offspring of his happy domestic relationships and his tender friendships. Several of his short pieces, such as "Better than Gold" and "The Empty Chair," breathe a spirit of true poetry. His *Songs of Labour* contain many admirable compositions, and in his *Rhymes for Little Readers* the fables of Æsop are admirably versified.

SPRING-TIME.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
  The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
  Reels round yon bonny mill;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
  Comes laughin' ower the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
  Rin singin' to the sea.

The lintie whids amang the whins,
  Or whistles on the thorn;
The bee comes hummin' frae his byke,
  And tunes his bugle-horn;
The craik rins rispin' through the corn,
  The hare scuds down the furrow;
The merry lav'rock frae the lift
  Pipes out his blythe gude-morrow.

Now springs the docken by the dyke,
  The nettle on the knowe;
The puddock's croakin' in the pool,
  Where green the rushes grow;
The primrose nods its yellow head,
  The gowan sports its charms;
The burrie-thistle to the breeze
  Flings out its prickly arms.

Now moudiewarts begin to howk
  And bore the tender fallow;
And deuks are paidlin' in the pool,
  Where skims the gapin' swallow;
The clockin' hen, wi' clamorous din,
  The midden scarts an' scrubs;
The guse brings a' her gaislins out,
  To daidle through the dubs.

Now bairns get aff their hose an' shoon,
And rin' ther'out a' barefit;
But rantin' through the bloomin' whins,
The rogues get mony a sair fit.
Ill fares it then, by bush or brake,
If on the nest they light,
Of buntlin' wi' the tuneless beak,
Or ill-starred yellow-yite.

The gowk's heard in the leafy wood,
The lambs frisk o'er the field;
The wee bird gathers taits o' woo,
To busk its cozy bield;
The corbie croaks upon the tree,
His auld paternal tower;
While the sentimental cushie doo
Croods in her greenwood bower.

The kye gae lowin' o'er the loan,
As cheery daylight fades;
And bats come flaffin' through the fauld,
And birds gae to their beds;
Then jinkin' out by bent an' brae,
When they are seen by no man,
The lads and lasses blithely meet,
And cuddle in the gloamin'.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
Reels round yon bonny mill;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
Comes laughin' ower the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
Rin singin' to the sea.

MADIE'S SCHULE.

When weary wi' toil, or when cankered wi' care,
Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
In awful authority Madie was seen;
Her close-luggit mutch towered aloft in its pride,
Her lang winsey apron flowed down by her side,
The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—
Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she!

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons would sing,
On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glowered aff his book,
Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
She ne'er spak' a word, but the taws she would fling!
The sad leather whang up the culprit maun bring,
While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies would fa',
Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could reward,
The gude and the eydant aye won her regard—
A Saturday penny she freely would gi'e,
And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.
It sweetened the joys o' that dear afternoon,
When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,
And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the play,
And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin' day,
When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,
And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e;
The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight—
E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
While Madie, dread Madie! would laugh in her chair,
As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er again meet—
Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
The taws and the penny are vanished for aye,
And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead and gane—
But dear to remembrance wi' them wha remain,
Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stool,
An' conned ower their lesson in auld Madie's schule.

OH, LEAVE ME NOT.

Oh, leave me not! the evening hour,
So soft, so still, is all our own;
The dew descends on tree and flower,
They breathe their sweets for thee alone.
Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
And dying echoes, faint and far,
Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
That lip to press, those smiles to win,
Will lend a rapture to the night.

Let fortune fling her favours free
To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine;
Oh, what is all the world to me
While thus I clasp and call thee mine!

JOANNA B. PICKEN.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1859.

JOANNA BELFRAGE PICKEN, authoress of several admired Scottish songs and *vers de société*, was born at Edinburgh, May 8, 1798. She was a daughter of the "Poet of Paisley," as Ebenezer Picken was familiarly called, and Robina, sister of the Rev. Dr. Henry Belfrage, the Christian author and philanthropist. Her earliest poems were contributed to the *Glasgow Courier* and *Free Press* in 1828. Miss Picken emigrated to Canada in 1842, settling in the city of Montreal, and during her residence there contributed under the signature of "Alpha" to the *Literary Garland* and *Transcript*. She maintained herself principally by teaching music, in which art she was a thorough proficient. Miss Picken died at Montreal, March 24, 1859. Her poems were never collected for publication in a volume, and the manuscript of some forty-five pieces is now in the possession of her brother H. B. Picken.

AN AULD FRIEND WI' A NEW FACE.

A queer kind o' lott'ry is marriage—
Ye never ken what ye may draw,
Ye may get a braw hoose an' a carriage,
Or maybe get nae hoose ava.
I say na 'tis *best* to be single,
But ae thing's to me unco clear:
Far better sit *lane* by the ingle
Than thole what some wives hae to bear.
It's braw to be dancin' and gaffin'
As lang as nae trouble befa'—
But hech! she is sune ower wi' daffin'
That's woo'd, an' married, an' a'.

She maun labour frae sunrise till dark,
An' aft tho' her means be but sma',
She gets little thanks for her wark—
Or as aften gets nae thanks ava.
She maun tak just whatever may come,
An' say nocht o' her fear or her hope;
There's nae use o' lievin' in Rome,
An' tryin' to fecht wi' the Pope.
Hectored an' lectured an' a,
Snubbed for whate'er may befa',
Than *this*, she is far better aff—
That never gets married ava'.

Oh, then come the bairns without number,
An' there's naething but kisses an' licks—
Adieu then to sleep an' to slumber,
An' the Pa is as cross as twa sticks.
A' the week she is makin' their parritch,
An' turnin' auld frocks into new;
An' on Sunday she learns them their carritch,
Puir wife! there's nae rest-day for you.
Warkin' an' fechtin' awa,
Saturday, Sunday, an' a';
In troth she is no that ill aff
That never gets married ava.

In nae time the cauld an' the wheesles
Get into your family sae sma',
An' the chincough, the croup, or the measles
Is sure to tak' aff ane or twa.
An' wi' them gang the puir mither's joys,
Nae comfort seems left her ava—
As she pits by the claes an' the toys
That belanged to the wee things awa'.
Doctors an' drugs an' a',
Bills an' buryin's an' a',
Oh surely her heart may be lichter
That never was married ava.

The married maun aft bear man's scornin',
An' humour his capers an' fykes;
But the single can rise in the mornin',
An' gang to her bed when she likes;
An' when ye're in sickness and trouble,
Just tell me at wha's door ye ca';

It's no whar ten bairns mak' a hubble,
But at *hers* that has nae bairns ava.
Usefu', an' peacefu', an' cantie,
Quiet, an' canny, an' a',
It's gude to ha'e sister or auntie
That never was married ava.

A wife maun be humble an' hamely,
Aye ready to rise, or to rin;
An' oh! when she's brocht up a family,
It's then her warst sorrows begin;
For the son, he maun e'en ha'e a wife;
An' the dochter a hoose o' her ain;
An' then, thro' the battle o' life,
They ne'er may forgather again.
Cantie, an' quiet, an' a',
Altho' her bit mailin be sma',
In truth she is no that ill aff
That never gets married ava.

It's far better still to keep single
Than sit wi' yer face at the wa',
An' greet ower the sons and the dochters
Ye've buried and married awa'.
I fain wad deny, but I canna,
Altho' to confess it I grieve,
Folks seldom care muckle for grannie,
Unless she has something to leave.
It's nae that I seek to prevent ye,
For that wad be rhyme thrown awa';
But, lassies, I pray, just content ye,
Altho' ye're ne'er married ava.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

Tic, tic, tic!—
I've a quarrel to pick
With thee, thou little elf—
For my heart beats quick
As thy tic, tic, tic,
Resounds from the old green shelf.

When I cease to weep,
When I strive to sleep,
Thou art there with thy tiny voice;
And thoughts of the past
Come rushing fast,
E'en with that still, small voice.

'Tis said thou hast power,
At the midnight hour,
Of death and of doom to tell;
Of rest in the grave,
That the world ne'er gave,
And I love on this theme to dwell.

Dost thou call *me* home?—
Oh! I come, I come;
For never did lone heart pine
For a quiet berth
In its mother earth,
With a deeper throb than mine.

Then tic, tic, tic—
Let thy work be quick;
I ask for no lengthen'd day—
'Tis enough, kind one,
If thy work be done
In the merry month of May.

For birds in the bowers,
And the blooming flowers,
Then gladden the teeming earth;
And methinks that I
Would like to die
In the month that gave me birth.

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

BORN 1798—DIED 1843.

ERSKINE CONOLLY, author of the popular song of "Mary Macneil," was born at Crail, Fifeshire, June 12, 1798. He was educated at the burgh-school of his native place, and afterwards apprenticed to a bookseller in Anstruther—the birthplace of Chalmers, Tennant, and Charles Gray. He then started business on his own account as a bookseller in the small town of Colinsburgh, but after a few years gave it up and went to Edinburgh. Here he became a messenger-at-arms—a vocation, it would naturally be inferred, of all others unsuited for a poet; but in "Auld Reekie" a great part of the messenger's business consists in serving merely formal writs, and he is rarely a witness to scenes of real

distress. Conolly's manner was exceedingly gentle and refined—his disposition amiable and affectionate. He never married, and his friends surmised that some mystery in this respect overshadowed his life. He was a favourite in society, and had a wide circle of friends, among whom may be mentioned the poets Gilfillan, Gray, Vedder, and Latto, to the last-mentioned of whom the Editor is chiefly indebted for the information contained in this brief notice. Conolly did not write much, but had considerable versatility; he could be witty, quizzical, dignified, or sentimental, as the humour prompted. In his piece "The Greetin' Bairn" there is much weird power, and several of his songs and poems are highly finished. He was fastidious in polishing his verses, and had a happy faculty of imitating some of the early bards, especially "Peter Pindar" and the author of "Anster Fair." Conolly's poems were never collected or published. He died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1843.

THE GREETIN' BAIRN.

Why hies yonder wicht wi' sic tremblin' speed
  Whar the saughs and the fir-trees grow?
And why stands he wi' sic looks o' dreid
  Whar the waters wimplin flow?

O eerie the tale is that I could impart,
  How at Yule's black and dreary return
Cauld curdles the bluid at the bauldest heart,
  As it crosses the Dennan Burn!

'Twas Yule's dread time, when the spirits hae power
  Through the dark yetts o' death to return;—
'Twas Yule's dread time, and the midnicht hour
When the witches astride on the whirlwinds ride
  On their way to the Dennan Burn!

The ill-bodin' howlet screight eerily by,
  And loudly the tempest was ravin',
When shrill on the blast cam' the weary woman's cry,
  And the screams o' the greetin' bairn!

"O, open the door, for I've tint my gate,
  And the frost winds snelly blaw!
O save my wee bairn frae a timeless fate,
  Or its grave is the driftin' snaw!"

"Now get on your gate, ye fell weird wife—
  Ower my hallan ye sall na steer;
Though ye sicker can sweep thro' the tempest's strife,
  On my lintel-stane is the rowan-tree rife,
  And ye daurna enter here!"

"O nippin' and cauld is the wintry blast,
  And sadly I'm weary and worn;
O save my wee bairn—its blood's freezin' fast,
  And we'll baith live to bless ye the morn!"

"Now get on your gate, ye unco wife;
  Nae scoug to sic gentry I'll gi'e;
On my lintel the red thread and rowan-tree is rife,
  And ye daurna lodge wi' me!"

Sair, sair she prigget, but prigget in vain,
  For the auld carle drove her awa';
And loud on the nicht breeze she vented her mane,
As she sank wi' her bairn, ne'er to waken again,
  Whar the burn ran dark through the snaw.

And aften sin' syne has her ghaist been seen
  Whar the burn winds down by the fern;
And aft has the traveller been frighted at e'en
  By the screams o' the greetin' bairn.

MARY MACNEIL.

The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
  Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fare-weel;
An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
  As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
A' glowin' wi' gladness she leaned on her lover,
  Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
And fondly they wander'd whar nane might discover
  The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily,
  That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
  Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces played sportive around her;
  She smil'd, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
  To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
  Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;

An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in,
Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can heal.
The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hicin';
The autumn, his corse on the red battlefiel';
The winter the maiden found heartbroken, dyin';
An' spring spread the green turf ower Mary Macneil.

TO MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Herald of old age, or offspring of care,
How shall I greet thee? my first gray hair!
Comest thou a soother, or censor? in ruth
For the woes, or in ire for the errors of youth?
To speak of thy parent's companionship past,
Or proclaim that thy master will follow thee fast?

Comest thou like ark-dove, commission'd to say
That the waters of life are fast ebbing away,
And soon shall my tempest-toss'd bark be at rest?
Or, avenger of talent-buds recklessly slain,
Art thou sent like the mark to the forehead of Cain?
Thou art silent, but deeply my heart is impress'd
With all thy appearance should stimulate there—
May it cherish thy lessons, my first gray hair!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1850.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born, July 7, 1798, at Dunfermline, in the county of Fife. His parents were in humble circumstances, but were much respected in their neighbourhood. Robert, their second son, received the rudiments of his education at a Dunfermline school, and at the age of thirteen his parents removed to Leith, where he was bound apprentice to the trade of a cooper. To this handicraft, however, he seems never to have taken kindly; yet he faithfully served his employers the usual period of seven years, giving his earnings from week to week to his mother, and enlivening his leisure hours by reading every book he could borrow, composing verses, and playing on a one-keyed flute, which he purchased with a small sum of money found by him in the streets of Leith. It was at this time, and ever afterward, his practice to read to his mother and sister (he never married) his songs as he wrote them; and he was entirely guided by their judgment regarding them. This was an improvement on Molière and his housekeeper.

At the end of his apprenticeship he became an assistant to a grocer in his native town, with whom he remained for three years. He subsequently returned to Leith, and from his twenty-third till his thirty-ninth year acted as clerk for an extensive wine-merchant. While thus engaged he found time for composing, and in 1831 published a volume of *Original Songs*, which was favourably received. Encouraged by his success, Gilfillan issued in 1835 another edition, containing fifty additional songs. Soon after the publication of this volume he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, when a splendid silver cup was presented to him. In 1837 he was appointed collector of police-rates at Leith—a highly respectable position, which he retained until his death. In 1839 he published a third and still larger edition of his original volume, sixty new songs and poems being added to the collection. Mr. Gilfillan died of apoplexy at Hermitage Place, Leith, Dec. 4, 1850, aged fifty-two. A handsome monument was erected by a few friends and admirers over his grave in the churchyard of South Leith, where also rest the remains of John Home, the eminent dramatic poet.

The year after his death a fourth edition of his poetical works was published in Edinburgh, with an interesting memoir of the gentle poet, who is frequently referred to in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* by the Ettrick Shepherd as the "fine chiel doun at Leith." His biographer says—"He fills a place in Scottish poetry altogether different and distinct from any of

the acknowledged masters of Scottish song. He is certainly not so universal as Burns, nor so broad and graphic a delineator of Scottish manners as Ramsay, Fergusson, or Hogg, nor is he so keenly alive to the beauties of external nature as Robert Tannahill; but in his own peculiar walk, that of home and the domestic affections, he has shown a command of happy thought and imagery, in which it may be truly said that he has not been excelled as a poet of nature by any of his predecessors, with the exception only of Burns himself."

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLAWING.

The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay;
The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets springing,
Hae tint a' their sangs, an' wither'd away!
I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning,
Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay!
Why should they perish?—the blossoms we cherish—
The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay!

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,
The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day;
Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,
O'er the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay!
Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—
Should gowden locks fade before the auld an' gray?
But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,
The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay!

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,
In joy and in gladness, time murmured by;
What now were pleasure, wi' a' the warld's treasure?
My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie!
The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way;
A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—
"Happy is that land that knows no decay!"

O! WHAT IS THIS WORLD?

O! what is this world, wi' its wealth and renown,
If content is awanting ilk pleasure to crown?
And where that does dwell, be't in cot e'er sae low,
There's a joy and a gladness nae wealth can bestow.

There's mony a wee biggin', in forest and glen,
Wi' its clean sandit floor, an' its *but* and its *ben*,
Where there's mair o' that peace whilk contentment aye brings,
Than is found in the palace o' princes or kings.

We canna get fortune, we canna get fame,
We canna behind us a' leave a bit name;
But this we can a' hae, and O! 'tis na' sma',
A heart fu' o' kindness to ane and to a'!

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

Wha e'er climbs the mountain maun aye risk a fa',
While he that is lowly is safe frae it a',
The flower blooms unscathed in the valley sae deep,
While the storm rends the aik on its high rocky steep!

My highest ambition—if such be a crime—
Is quietly to glide down the swift stream o' time;
And when the brief voyage in safety is o'er,
To meet with loved friends on the far distant shore!

MANOR BRAES.

Where Manor stream rins blithe and clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden, fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e;
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn when summer blends wi' spring,

So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang.
Oh! let me dwell where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' douncast e'e.
The parting cam, as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I'll return, ere many days,
To live and love 'mang Manor braes!

JANET AN' ME.

O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?
We're baith turning auld, and our walth is soon tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,
She's darning the stockings when I sole the shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're weary,
And syne we sup sowans when ance we are done.
She's baking a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,
While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;
I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's awa';
We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,
As thick as dog lugs, and as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the girnel;
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the door;
An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doot, we have haen our ain sorrows and troubles,
Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fu' o' care;
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows and losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!
I've an' auld rusty sword that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a fae;
We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
But are they mair happy than Janet an me?
A' ye wha ne'er kent the straught road to be happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been telling,
Yo'se learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whaur shall we shelter frae its storms when they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came wi' manhood's riper years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows and tears;
O! I'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom, whaur aften we did meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang our feet;
The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree.

O! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye remain,
There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days, an' fareweel youthfu' glee,
The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane frae me.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
  Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
  Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
  And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
  O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
  And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
  The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
  Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
  O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
  Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
  Amang the yellow corn;
For the tyrant's voice is here,
  And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun o' freedom shines
  In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
  And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
  Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
  And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
  To their ain countrie!

FARE THEE WELL.[1]

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
  But, oh! let not our parting grieve thee;
Happier days may yet be mine,
  At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,
  My love for thee will last for ever;
I leave thee—but thy image dear,
  Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
    Fare thee well, &c.

O! dry those pearly tears that flow—
  One farewell smile before we sever;
The only balm for parting woe
  Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
    Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
  Calm and serene may be the morrow;
The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
  Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
    Fare thee well, &c.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' SCOTLAND.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland—my blessin's on them a',
May love be found in ilka cot, an' joy in ilka ha'.
Whane'er a beild, however laigh, by burn or brae appears,
Be there the gladsome smile o' youth, the dignity o' years!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, sae bloomin' and sae fair,
There's mony a hame o' kindness, an' couthie dwallin' there;
An' mair o' warldly happiness than folk wad seem to ken,
For contentment in the heart maks the canty but and ben!

O! wha wad grasp at fame or power, or walth seek to obtain,
Be't 'mang the busy scenes o' life, or on the stormy main?
Whan the shepherd on his hill, or the peasant at his pleugh,
Find sic a share o' happiness wi' unco sma' ado?

The wind may whistle loud an' cauld, and sleety blasts may blaw,
Or swirlin' round, in whit'nin' wreaths, may drift the wintry snaw;
But the gloamin' star comes blinkin', amaist afore he ken,
An' his wife's cheerfu' smile maks a canty but and ben!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland to my remembrance bring
The lang, lang simmer sunny day, whan life was in its spring;
Whan 'mang the wild flowers wandering, the happy hours went by,
The future wakening no a fear, nor yet the past a sigh!

---

[1] Gilfillan used to say that the first idea of fame which he ever entertained was when his sister and a young lady, a cousin of his own, wept on hearing him read this pathetic song.—Ed.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, hame o' the fair an' free,
An' hame it is a kindly word, whare'er that hame may be;
My weary steps I'd fain retrace back to the happy days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd 'mang Scotland's bonnie braes!

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

In the days o' langsyne when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
O! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, and our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again!

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e;
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas mine;
O! the days o' langsyne—O! the days o' langsyne.

JAMES HYSLOP.

BORN 1798—DIED 1827.

JAMES HYSLOP[1] was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, near the burgh of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, July 13, 1798. Under the care of a pious grandfather he was taught to read, and while yet a child was sent in summer to herd cows on the neighbouring farm of Dalblair, occasionally attending school during the winter months. He was next employed as a shepherd in the vicinity of Airsmoss, in Ayrshire, the scene of a skirmish in July, 1680, between a party of soldiers and a small band of Covenanters, when their pastor Richard Cameron was slain. The traditions floating among the peasantry concerning this conflict arrested the attention of the young shepherd, and he afterwards turned them to good account in his well-known poem. When a lad he had received only a little education, but so eager was his thirst to acquire more, that before he reached his twentieth year he had become an excellent scholar, mostly by his own exertions. After teaching for a time an evening school in his native district, he in 1819 removed to Greenock and opened a day-school, which proved unsuccessful, and he again returned to pastoral pursuits. In February, 1821, "The Cameronian's Dream" appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, by whom Hyslop was induced to open a school in Edinburgh. Through the influence of his literary friends he was soon after appointed schoolmaster on board the frigate *Doris*. During her cruise he contributed to the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine* a series of "Letters from South America," describing the scenes he had visited in that country; also sending an occasional poem. The "Letters" were well written, but the masterly pen of Captain Hall had gone over the same

[1] This name is usually printed Hislop, but we have the poet's own authority in his manuscript for the spelling adopted.—ED.

ground before him, which left the poet or any person but little to glean for a long time.

In 1825 Hyslop visited London, carrying with him letters from Lord Jeffrey and the Rev. Archibald Alison to Joanna Baillie and her sister, John Gibson Lockhart, and Allan Cunningham, by all of whom he was kindly received, and through whose assistance he was appointed head-master of an academy near London, after having been for a time a reporter on the *Times* newspaper. At the end of a year Hyslop, on account of ill health, exchanged the academy for an appointment as school-master on board the *Tweed* man-of-war, bound for India, and commanded by Lord John Spence. Among several poems composed during this voyage that entitled "The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath," in the style of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," is perhaps the best. It is said to have been suggested by the commemoration of the ordinance in Sanquhar churchyard, and is valuable as a faithful picture of one of the customs of his native land. While the *Tweed* was cruising off the Cape de Verd Islands Hyslop and a number of the officers landed on the island of St. Iago. They slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence seized with a malignant fever, to which most of them fell victims, and poor Hyslop among the rest. After lingering for twelve days the young poet died, Dec. 4, 1827, in his twenty-ninth year, adding another to the bead-roll of Scottish poets who passed from the world before they had seen thirty summers.

John MacCall of Sunny Beach, Strone, writes to the Editor (Aug. 11, 1875): "Hyslop spent an evening with me in Glasgow, I think in 1825, shortly before setting out on his last voyage, and I may say it was one of the happiest I ever spent;" and Allan Cunningham describes Hyslop's poetic gifts as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was occasionally lofty too." In MacDiarmid's *Sketches from Nature* there is an interesting memoir of this "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," several of whose hitherto unpublished poems we have pleasure in presenting to our readers.

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills,
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets, 'mang the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
Skiffin' the daisies droukit i' the weet;
The bleating flocks come nibblin' doun the brae,
To shadowy pastures screen'd frae summer's heat;
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mong holms o' clover red, and bright brown rye-grass hay.

His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soil'd and torn,
The task prepar'd, assign'd for Sabbath morn,
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
Kneels down apart her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat wi' solemn converse mix'd,
At early hour they finish their repast,
The pious sire repeats full many a text
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family featly dress'd
The carefu' matron feels a mother's pride,
Gie's this a linen shirt, gie's that a vest;
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide,
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding robes provide.

The sisters buskit, seek the garden walk,
To gather flowers, or watch the warning bell,
Sweet-william, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mix'd wi' mountain-daises, rich in smell,
Green sweet-briar sprigs, and daises frae the dell,
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then down the sunny winding muirland road,
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Streams of my native mountains, oh! how oft
That Sabbath morning walk in youth was mine;
Yet fancy hears the kirk-bell, sweet and soft,
Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine;
How oft the wood-rose wild and scented thyme
I've stoop'd to pull while passing on my way;
But now in sunny regions south the line,
Nae birks nor broom-flow'rs shade the summer brae,—
Alas! I can but dream of Scotland's Sabbath-day.

But dear that cherish'd dream I still behold:
The ancient kirk, the plane-trees o'er it spread,
And seated 'mong the graves, the old, the young,
As once in summer days, for ever fled.
To deck my dream the grave gives up its dead:
The pale precentor sings as then he sung,
The long-lost pastor wi' the hoary head
Pours forth his pious counsels to the young,
And dear ones from the dust again to life are sprung.

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
And boyhood's best beloved ones all are there;
The blanks in family circles fill'd again;
No seat seems empty round the house of prayer.
The sound of psalms has vanish'd in the air,
Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze,
The patriarchal priest wi' silvery hair,
In tent erected 'neath the fresh green trees,
Spreads forth the book of God with holy pride, and sees

The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd,
The kirkyard scarce contains the mingling mass
Of kindred congregations round him mix'd;
Close seated on the gravestones and the grass,
Some crowd the garden-walls, a wealthier class
On chairs and benches round the tent draw near;
The poor man prays far distant, and alas!
Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
Among the fresh green flow'rs let fall a silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooseth: "Who is this
From Edom comes? in garments dy'd in blood,
Travelling in greatness of His strength to bless,
Treading the wine-press of Almighty God."
Perchance the theme, that Mighty One who rode
Forth leader of the armies cloth'd in light,
Around whose fiery forehead rainbows glow'd,
Beneath whose head heav'n trembled, angels bright
Their shining ranks arrang'd around his head of white.

Behold the contrast, Christ, the King of kings,
A houseless wanderer in a world below;
Faint, fasting by the desert springs,
From youth a man of mourning and of woe,
The birds have nests on summer's blooming bough,
The foxes on the mountain find a bed;
But mankind's Friend found every man his foe,
His heart with anguish in the garden bled,
He, peaceful like a lamb, was to the slaughter led.

The action-sermon ended, tables fenc'd,
While elders forth the sacred symbols bring,
The day's more solemn service now commenc'd;
To heaven is wafted on devotion's wing,
The psalms these entering to the altar sing,
"I'll of salvation take the cup, I'll call
With trembling on the name of Zion's King;
His courts I'll enter, at His footstool fall,
And pay my early vows before His people all.

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
Extending far above the flowery graves;
A blessing on the bread and wine-cup bright
With lifted hands the holy pastor craves,
The summer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
His soul is with his Saviour in the skies;
The hallow'd loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the elders seated nigh,
Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven on high.

He in like manner also lifted up
The flagon fill'd with consecrated wine,
Drink, drink ye all of it, salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of his love divine.
Then solemn pauseth;—save the rustling pine
Or plane-tree boughs, no sounds salute mine ears;
In silence pass'd, the silver vessels shine,
Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
Return'd, till many an eye is moist with springing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause,
Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see,
In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour bleeding on the tree;
But hark! the stars again sing jubilee,
With anthems heaven's armies hail their King,
Ascend in glory from the grave set free;
Triumphant see Him soar on seraph's wing,
To meet His angel hosts around the clouds of spring.

Behold His radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table He hath spread for you.
What though you tread affliction's path—a few,
A few short years your toils will all be o'er,
From Pisgah's top the promis'd country view;
The happy land beyond Immanuel's shore,
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your grief,
While faith presents your Father's lov'd abode;
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears in drawing near to God;
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care;
Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
The old for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How blest are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stay;
For he in his pavilion shall them hide

In covert safe when comes the evil day;
Though shadowy darkness compasseth his way,
And thick clouds like a curtain hide his throne;
Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze,
In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
And all things work for good to those that are his own.

And blessed are the young to God who bring
The morning of their days in sacrifice,
The heart's young flowers yet fresh with spring
Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
To me, ye children, hearken and be wise,
The prophets died, our fathers where are they?
Alas! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
Like morning clouds and early dews, decay;
Be yours that better part that fadeth not away.

Walk round these walls, and o'er the yet green graves
Of friends whom you have lov'd let fall the tear;
On many dresses dark deep mourning waves,
For some in summers past who worshipp'd here
Around these tables each revolving year.
What fleeting generations I have seen,
Where, where my youthful friends and comrades dear?
Fled, fled away, as they had never been,
All sleeping in the dust beneath those plane-trees green.

And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
Who round this table never more shall meet;
For him who bowed with age before you stands,
The mourners soon shall go about the street;
Below these green boughs, shadow'd from the heat,
I've bless'd the Bread of Life for threescore years;
And shall not many mould'ring 'neath my feet,
And some who sit around me now in tears,
To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?

Behold he comes with clouds, a kindling flood
Of fiery flame before his chariot flees,
The sun in sackloth veil'd, the moon in blood,
All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize,
Like figs untimely shaken by the breeze;
The fix'd stars fall amid the thunder's roar;
The buried spring to life beneath these trees,
A mighty angel standing on the shore,
With arms stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time shall be no more!

The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep,
The vows you now have sworn are seal'd on high;
Hark! hark! God's answering voice in thunders deep,
'Midst waters dark and thick clouds of the sky;
And what if now to judgment in your eye
He burst, where yonder livid lightnings play,
His chariot of salvation passing by;
The great white throne, the terrible array
Of Him before whose frown the heavens shall flee away.

My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
Where rolls the thick'ning thunder, God is near,
And though we cannot see Him face to face,
Yet as from Horeb's mount His voice we hear;
The angel armies of the upper sphere
Down from these clouds on your communion gaze;
The spirits of the dead, who once were dear,
Are viewless witnesses of all your ways;
Go from His table then, with trembling tune His praise.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glisten'd there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,

Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation,

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

THE CAMERONIAN'S VISION.[1]

From the climes and the seas of the fair sunny south,
I return'd to the gray hills and green glens of youth.
By mountain graves musing on days long gone past,
A dream-like illusion around me was cast.

In a vision, it seem'd that the chariot of time
Was roll'd back till I stood in the ages of crime,
When the king was a despot, who deem'd with his nod
He would cancel the bond bound a nation to God.

The religion of Christ, like a lamb, took its flight,
As the horns of the mitre wax'd powerful in might,
And prelates with priestcraft men's spirits enchain'd,
Till they fear'd to complain when their heart's blood was drain'd.

Stern law made religion no longer a link
The soul to sustain on eternity's brink;
But the gold of the gospel was changed to a chain,
The spirit of Scotland to curb and restrain:

A political bridle the people to check,
When the priest or the prince chose to ride on their neck;
For churchmen a chariot in splendour who roll'd,
At the poor man's expense, whose salvation they sold.

From the court, over Scotland went forth a decree--
"Let the kirk of the north to the king bend the knee:
To the prince and his priesthood divine right is given,
A sceptre to sway both in earth and in heaven.

"Let no one presume from the pulpit to read
The Scriptures, save curates by courtiers decreed;
At their peril let parents give precepts to youth,
Till prelates and prayer-books put words in their mouth.

"And none 'mong the hills of the heather shall dare
To meet in the moorlands for praises and prayer;
Nor to Heaven in private prefer their request,
Except as the prince should appoint by the priest."

---

[1] Written on the banks of the Crawick, Sept. 30, 1825.—Ed.

The nation of Knox held the mandate accurs'd:
He the fetters of Popery and priestcraft had burst,
With the stamp of his foot brought their towers to the ground,
Till royalty trembling shrunk back when he frown'd.

And Melville the fiery had fearlessly dared,
In a prince's own presence his priesthood to beard;
On the archbishop's head made his mitre to shake,
And the circle of courtiers around him to quake.

And Scotland's Assemblies in council sat down,
God's word well to weigh with decrees of the crown:
A Covenant seal'd, as they swore by the Lord,
Their Bibles and birthrights to guard with the sword.

These priests from their kirks by the prelates were driven,
A shelter to seek with the fowls of the heaven;
The wet mist their covering, the heather their bed,
By the springs of the desert in peril they fed.

At the risk of their lives with their flocks they would meet,
In storm and in tempest, in rain and in sleet;
Where the mist on the moorglens lay darkest; 'twas there
In the thick cloud conceal'd, they assembled for prayer.

At their wild mountain worship no warning bell rung,
But the sentries were fix'd ere the psalm could be sung;
When the preacher his Bible brought forth from his plaid,
On the damp rock beside him his drawn sword he laid.

The sleepless assemblies around him who met,
Were houseless and hungry, and weary and wet;
The wilderness wandering, through peril and strife,
To be fill'd with the word and the waters of life.

For in cities the wells of salvation were seal'd,
More brightly to burst in the moor and the field;
And the Spirit, which fled from the dwellings of men,
Like a manna-cloud rain'd round the camp of the glen.—

I beheld in my vision a prince on his throne;
Around him in glory the mitred heads shone;
And the sovereign assembly said, "Who shall go forth
In the moorlands to murder the priests of the north?

"Our horsemen now hunted the moor and the wood,
But the soldiers shrunk back from the shedding of blood;
And some we sent forth with commission to slay,
Have with Renwick remain'd in the mountains to pray.

"Is there no one around us whose soul and whose sword
Will hew down in the desert that priesthood abhorr'd;
With their blood, on the people's minds print our decree?
The warrior's reward shall be Viscount Dundee."

'Twas a title of darkness, dishonour, and shame;
No warrior would wear it, save Claver'se the Graham.
With the warrant of death, like a demon he flew,
In the blood of his brethren his hands to imbrue.

The mission of murder full well fitted him,
For his black heart with malice boil'd up to the brim;
Remorse had his soul made like angels who fell,
And his breast was imbued with the spirit of hell.

A gleam of its flame in his bosom had glow'd,
Till his devilish delight was in cursing of God:
He felt him a foe, and his soul took a pride
Bridle-deep through the blood of His sufferers to ride.

His heart, hard as flint, was with cruelty mail'd;
No tear of the orphan with him e'er prevail'd;
In the blood of its sire while his sword was defil'd,
The red blade he wav'd o'er the widow, and smiled.—

My vision was changed, and I stood in a glen
Of the moorlands, remote from the dwellings of men,
'Mong Priesthill's black scenery, a pastoral abode,
Where the shepherds assembled to worship their God.

A light-hearted maiden met there with her love,
Who had won her affections, and fix'd them above:
Conceal'd 'mong the mist on the dark mountain side,
Stood Peden the prophet, with Brown and his bride.

A silent assembly encircled the seer,
A breathless expectance bent forward to hear;
For the glance of his gray eye wax'd bright and sublime,
As it fix'd on the far-flood of fast-coming time.

"O Scotland! the angel of darkness and death
One hour the Almighty hath staid on his path:
I see on yon bright cloud his chariot stand still;
But his red sword is naked, and lifted to kill.

"In mosses, in mountains, in moor and in wood,
That sword must be bath'd yet in slaughter and blood,
Till the number of saints who shall suffer be seal'd,
And the breaches of backsliding Scotland be heal'd.

"Then a prince of the south shall come over the main,
Who in righteousness over the nations shall reign;
The race of the godless shall fade from the throne,
And the kingdom of Christ shall have kings of its own.

"But think not, ye righteous, your sufferings are past;
In the midst of the furnace ye yet must be cast;
But the seed we have sown in affection and tears,
Shall be gather'd in gladness in far distant years.

"On the scroll of the Covenant blood must be spilt,
Till its red hues shall cancel the backslider's guilt.
Remember my warning. Around me are some
Who may watch, for they know not the hour He shall come.

"And thou, pretty maiden, rejoice in the truth
Of the lover I link for thy husband of youth.
Be kind while he lives; clasp him close to thy heart;
For the time is not far when the fondest must part.

"The seal of the Saviour is printed too deep
On the brow of thy bridegroom for thee long to keep.
The wolf round the sheepfold will prowl for his prey,
And the lamb be led forth for the lion to slay.

"His winding-sheet linen keep woven by thee;
It will soon be requir'd, and it bloody will be.
A morning of terror and tears is at hand,
But the Lord will give strength in thy trial to stand."—

My vision was changed: happy summers had fled
O'er the heath-circled home where the lovers were wed;
Affection's springs bursting from hearts in their prime,
The stream of endearment grew deeper with time.

At the door of his home, in a glad summer's night,
With his children to play was the father's delight;
One dear little daughter he fondly caress'd,
For she look'd like the young bride who slept on his breast.

Of her sweet smiling offspring the mother was fain,
Each added a new link to love's wedded chain;
One clung to her bosom, one play'd round her knee,
And one 'mong the heather ran chasing the bee.

In union of warm hearts, of wishes, of thought,
The prophet's prediction was almost forgot;
With wedded affection their hearts overflow'd,
And their lives pass'd in rearing their offspring to God.

The mist of May morning lay dark on the mountains;
The lambs cropt the flowers springing fresh by the fountains;
The waters, the woods, and the green holms of hay, lay
In sunshine asleep down in Wellwood's wild valley.

In Priesthill at dawning the psalm had ascended,
The chapter been read, and the humble knee bended;
Now in moors thick with mist, at his pastoral employment,
The meek soul of Brown with his God found enjoyment.

At home Isabella was busy preparing
The meal, with a husband so sweet aye in sharing;
On the floor, at her feet, in the cradle lay smiling
Her infant, as wild songs its fancies beguiling.

His daughter went forth in the dews of the morning,
To meet on the footpath her father returning;
Alone 'mong the mist she expected to find him,
But horsemen in armour came riding behind him.

The mother, in trembling, in tears, and dismay,
Clasp'd her babe to her bosom, and hasted away;
She clung to her husband, distracted and dumb,
For she felt that the hour of her trial was come.

But vain her distraction, her tears, and her prayer,
For Claver'se commanded his horsemen come there;
With his little ones weeping around him, he brought
The fond father forth, in their sight to be shot.

"Bid farewell thy family, and welcome thy death,
Since thou choosest so fondly to cherish thy faith;
Some minutes my mercy permits thee for prayer.
Let six of my horsemen their pistols prepare."—

"My widow, my orphan, O God! I resign
To thy care; and the babe yet unborn, too, is thine:
Let thy blessing be round them, to guard and to keep,
When over my green grave forsaken they weep."—

At the door of his home, on the heather he knelt;
His prayer for his family the pitiless felt;

The rough soldiers listen'd with tears and with sighs,
Till Claver'se curs'd him, and caus'd him arise.

For the last time the lips of his young ones he kiss'd,
His dear little daughter he clasp'd to his breast:
"To thy mother be kind, read thy Bible, and pray;
The Lord will protect thee when I am away.

"Isabella, farewell! Thou shalt shortly behold
Thy love on the heather stretch'd bloody and cold.
The hour I've long look'd for hath come at the last—
Art thou willing to part?—all its anguish is past."—

"Yes, willing," she said, and she sought his embrace,
While the tears trickled down on her little one's face.
"'Tis the last time I ever shall cling to thy heart,
Yet with thee I am willing, yes, willing to part."—

'Twas a scene would have soften'd a savage's ire;
But Claver'se commanded his horsemen to fire;
As they curs'd his command, turning round to retreat,
The demon himself shot him dead at his feet.

His temples, all shatter'd and bleeding, she bound,
While Claver'se with insult his cruelty crown'd:
"Well, what thinkest thou of thy heart's cherish'd pride?
It were justice to lay thee in blood by his side."—

"I doubt not, if God gave permission to thee,
That thou gladly wouldst murder my offspring and me;
But thy mouth he hath muzzled, and doom'd thee, in vain,
Like a bloodhood to bay at the end of thy chain.

"Thou friendless, forsaken, hast left me and mine,
Yet my lot is a bless'd one, when balanc'd with thine,
With the viper remorse on thy vitals to prey,
And the blood on thy hands that will ne'er wash away.

"Thy fame shall be wafted to far future time,
A proverb for cruelty, cursing, and crime;
Thy dark picture, painted in blood, shall remain
While the heather waves green o'er the graves of the slain.

"Thy glory shall wither; its wreaths have been gain'd
By the slaughter of shepherds, thy sword who disdain'd:
That sword thou hast drawn on thy country for hire,
And the title it brings shall in blackness expire.

"Thy name shall be Claver'se, the bloodthirsty Scot,
The godly, the guiltless, the grayhair'd who shot.
Round my Brown's bloody brow glory's garlands shall wave,
When the muse marketh 'murder' over thy grave."

A LOVE SONG.

How sweet the dewy bell is spread,
Where Spango's mossy streams are lavin',
The heathery locks o' deepenin' red
Around the mountain brow aye wavin'!
Here, on the sunny mountain side,
Dear lassie, we'll lie down thegither,
Where nature spreads luve's crimson bed,
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.

Lang hae I wish'd, my lovely maid,
Amang thae fragrant wilds to lead ye;
And now, aneath my tartan plaid,
How blest I lie wi' you aside me!
And art thou happy, dearest, speak,
Wi' me aneath the tartan plaidie?—
Yes: that dear glance, sae saft and meek,
Resigns thee to thy shepherd laddie.

The saftness o' the gentle dove,
Its eyes in dying sweetness closin',
Is like thae languid eyes o' love,
Sae fondly on my heart reposin'.
When simmer suns the flowers expand,
In a' their silken beauties shinin',
They're no sae saft as thy white hand,
Upon my love-warm cheek reclinin'.

While thus aneath my tartan plaid
Sae warmly to my lips I press ye,
That hinnied bloom o' dewy red
Is nocht like thy sweet lips, dear lassie!
Reclined on luve's soft crimson bed,
Our hearts sae fondly lock'd thegither,
Thus o'er my cheek thy ringlets spread,
How happy, happy 'mang the heather!

SONG—TO YOU.

The Woodland Queen in her bower of love,
Her gleaming tresses with wild-flowers wove,
But her breathing lips, as she sat in her bower,
Were richer far than the honey'd flower!

The waving folds of the Indian silk
Hung loose o'er her ringlets and white neck of milk;

And O! the bosom that sigh'd below
Was pure and soft as the winter snow!

A tear-drop bright in her dark eye shone,
To think that sweet summer would soon be gone;
How blest the hand of the lover who may
From an eye so bright wipe such tears away!

How blest is he in the moonlight hour
Who may linger with her in her woodland bower,
'Midst the gleaming ringlets and silk to sigh,
And share in the tear and the smile of her eye.

My heart was a stranger to love's young dream
Till I found her alone by the fairy stream;
But she glided away through the branches green,
And left me to sigh for the Woodland Queen!

LET ITALY BOAST.

Let Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters,
Her bowers, and her vines, and her warm sunny skies,
Of her sons drinking love from the eyes of her daughters,
While freedom expires mid their softness and sighs.
Scotland's bleak mountains wild,
Where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur, are dearer to me!
Land of the misty cloud—
Land of the tempest loud—
Land of the brave and proud—land of the free!

Enthroned on the cliff of the dark Highland mountain,
The spirit of Scotland reigns fearless and free;
While her tartan-folds wave over blue lake and fountain,
Exulting she sings, looking over the sea:
"Here on my mountains wild
I have serenely smiled,
Where armies and empires against me were hurled;
Throned on my native rocks,
Calmly sustained the shocks
Of Cæsar, and Denmark, and Rome, and the world.

When kings of the nations in council assemble,
The frown of my brow makes their proud hearts to quake,
The flash of mine eye makes the bravest to tremble,
The sound of my war-song makes armies to shake.
France long shall mind the strain
Sung on her bloody plain,
While Europe's bold armies with terror did shiver;
Exulting 'midst fire and blood,
Then sang the pibroch loud,
'Dying, but unsubdued—Scotland for ever.'"

See at the war-note the proud horses prancing—
The thick groves of steel trodden down in their path,
The eyes of the brave like their bright swords are glancing,
Triumphantly riding through ruin and death.
Proud heart and nodding plume
Dance o'er the warrior's tomb,
Dyed with blood is the red tartan wave,
Dire is the horseman's wheel,
Shiv'ring the ranks of steel;
Victor in battle is Scotland the brave!

FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

. . . . . .

I follow'd it on by the pale moonlight,
Through the deep and the darksome wood;
It tarried—I trembled—it pointed and fled!—
'Twas a grave where the spirit had stood:—

'Twas a grave—but 'twas mystery and terror to think
How the bod of the dead could be here;
'Twas here I had met in the morning of life
With one that was loving and dear:—

'Twas here we had wander'd while gathering flowers
In the innocent days of our childhood,
And here we were screen'd from the warm sunny showers
By the thickening green of the wildwood.

And here in the sweet summer morning of love
Young affection first open'd its blossom,
When none were so innocent, loving, and kind
As the maiden that lay in my bosom:—

I look'd on the woods; they were budding as green
As the sorrowful night that we parted,—
When turning again to the grave I had seen,
At the voice of a spirit I started!—

In terror I listen'd! No sound met mine ear
Save the lone waters murmuring by;
But I saw o'er the woods, in the dead of the night,
A dark mourning carriage draw nigh:—

By the green grave it hover'd, mine eye could perceive,
Where a white covered coffin now lay—
It hover'd not long, but again through the woods
It mournfully glided away!—

Where the kirk-yard elms shade the flat gray stones
With the long green grass overgrown,
The carriage stood still o'er an opening grave,
And I saw a black coffin let down.

Upon its dark page were a name and an age—
'Twas my Lydia in death that lay sleeping;
All vanish'd away, but her spirit pass'd by,
As alone by the grave I stood weeping!

How death-like and dim was the gaze of that eye,
Where love's warmest fires once were glowing;
The pale linen shroud now enfaulded the cheek
Where once beauty's ringlets were flowing!

O Lydia, why thus dost thou gaze upon me,
And point to the darksome wood?—
An invisible hand seem'd to proffer a ring,
Or a dagger all stained with blood:—

. . . . . .

But the bright sun of summer return'd with his ray,
And the singing of birds brought the morrow;
Those visions of darkness all faded away
As I woke from my slumber of sorrow!

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1870.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL was born at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 23, 1798. His father was a shepherd, and a man of strong though uneducated mind. Young Henry herded the cows in summer, and went to school during the winter months. At first a careless scholar, he afterwards became a diligent one, and while "out-bye herding" was either studying nature or a book, or composing verses. The lines of an epistle written by him subsequently will convey some idea of his habits at this period:—

"My early years were pass'd far on
The hills of Ettrick wild and lone;
Through summer sheen and winter shade
Tending the flocks that o'er them stray'd.
In bold enthusiastic glee
I sung rude strains of minstrelsy,
Which mingling with died o'er the dale,
Unheeded as the plover's wail.
Oft where the waving rushes shed
A shelter frail around my head,
Weening, though not through hopes of fame,
To fix on these more lasting claim,
I'd there secure in rustic scroll
The wayward fancies of the soul.
Even where yon lofty rocks arise,
Hoar as the clouds in wintry skies,
Wrapp'd in the plaid, and dern'd beneath
The colder cone of drifted wreath,
I noted them afar from ken,
Till ink would freeze upon the pen;
So deep the spell which bound the heart
Unto the bard's undying art—
So rapt the charm that still beguiled
The minstrel of the mountains wild."

After herding for two years at Deloraine he removed to Todrig to follow the same occupation. Here he met a congenial spirit in William Knox, the cultured author of "The Lonely Hearth," and their friendship continued ever afterwards. "While here," he says, "my whole leisure time was employed in writing. I composed while walking and looking the hill. I also wrote down among the wilds. I yet remember, as a dream of poetry itself, how blessedly bright and beautiful exceedingly were these wilds themselves early in summer mornings, or when the white mists filled up the glens below, and left the summits of the mountains near and far away as sight could travel, green, calm, and serene as an eternity."

While at Todrig Riddell's style of thought and experience—doubtless through contact with William Knox—underwent a great change. He abandoned frivolous compositions, and applied himself to sacred themes. "My reading," he says, "was extended, and having begun to appreciate more correctly what I did read, the intention which I had sometimes entertained gathered strength: this was to make an effort to obtain a regular education (to fit himself for the Christian ministry). The consideration of the inadequacy of my means had hitherto bridled my ambition, but having herded as a regular shepherd nearly three years, during which I had no occasion

to spend much of my income, my prospects behoved to be a little more favourable. It was in this year that the severest trial that had yet crossed my path had to be sustained. The death of my father overthrew my happier mood; at the same time the event, instead of subduing my secret aim, rather strengthened my determination. My portion of my father's worldly effects added something considerable to my own gaininga. I bade farewell to the crook and plaid."

He went to school at Biggar, where he found a kind schoolmaster, who taught him much beside Latin and Greek. Here he studied earnestly, and cultivated a circle of intellectual acquaintances, and in due time entered as a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he attracted the attention of Professor Dunbar by a translation of one of the odes of Anacreon. He also won for himself the affectionate regard of Professor Wilson, whose house was always open to him, with all the companionship of genius which graced its hospitable roof-tree.

When his university course was completed, his last session having been spent at St. Andrews, Mr. Riddell went to reside at Ramsay Cleughburn with his brother, and shortly after became the minister of Teviothead. He then married the excellent lady whose affectionate counsel and companionship were a solace and stay to him in his chequered life. There was no manse at Teviothead when he received the charge. He therefore occupied the farmhouse of Flex, nine miles distant; and as his income of £52 a year could not enable him to keep a conveyance, he had to walk eighteen miles every Sabbath, and whenever he went to visit his hearers. The Duke of Buccleuch built a cottage for the minister, and it was while it was in progress that, returning home from preaching one Sabbath afternoon, wet and weary, Mrs. Riddell, looking forward with pleasant anticipation of getting the new home, exclaimed, while he was changing his wet clothes, "Ah! Henry, I wish we were hame to our ain folk!" This was the inspiration to which we are indebted for his most exquisite lyric—a strain which cannot die.

Mr. Riddell ministered faithfully to the people of Teviothead for nearly nine years. His genius and worth had been recognized and appreciated, and everything seemed to bid fair for his progress in the church; but in 1841 a serious attack of nervous disease came upon him, not to pass away for years; and when he did recover, it was deemed prudent that he should not return to the labours of the pastorate. The Duke of Buccleuch generously permitted him to occupy the manse cottage during his lifetime, and also granted him a small annuity and a piece of ground beside his dwelling. This was enough for his simple wants and for the education of his three boys, one of whom died full of poetic promise when budding into manhood. During the remaining years of his life the poet resided in this spot by the banks of the Teviot, reclaiming and beautifying his land, and cherishing his poetic tastes. He had intended to be present at the meeting of the Border Counties Association, held at Hawick, July 28, and his name was associated with the toast of the "literature of the Borders;" but on that day he was seized with a mortal illness, and died on July 30, 1870, aged seventy-two. On August 2, surrounded by a great concourse of friends from far and near, all that was mortal of the Bard of Teviotdale was laid in its last resting-place, in that

"churchyard that lonely is lying
Amid the deep greenwood by Teviot's wild strand."

The poet's loving and faithful wife died May 29, 1875, and now rests by his side.

Riddell wrote much, and much that he wrote became extremely popular. When a student of theology he composed many of his best songs for the *Irish Minstrel* and *Select Melodies* of R. A. Smith, and for the *Original National Melodies* of Peter M'Leod. His *Songs of the Ark, with other Poems*, appeared in 1831, followed in 1844 by a prose work entitled *The Christian Politician, or the Right Way of Thinking*. Three years later he published a third volume, *Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces;* and in 1855 he prepared for publication, by request of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Lowland Scotch, followed in 1857 by a similar translation of the Psalms. Mr. Riddell also wrote a valuable series of papers on "Store-Farming in the South of Scotland," and a number of prose tales similar to those in Wilson's *Tales of the Border*. His last composition was a poem written for a

meeting of the Border Association, held at Hawick two days before his death. In 1871 two volumes of Riddell's poetical works, accompanied by a portrait, and a well-written memoir from the pen of his friend James Brydon, M.D., were published in Glasgow.

In a letter accompanying a song written for Mrs. Mary Wilson Gibbs in 1867, the venerable poet remarks, "In addressing a song to you I wish that it had turned out somewhat more worth while than now appears to be the case. At all events I might have adopted a more harmonious measure, and thereby have given myself at least a chance of wording more harmonious verses: and I could now wish that I had done so, regardless of the air: but I was ambitious of putting the air in your possession, it having been composed by the Ettrick Shepherd. I am no daub—or rather a great *daub* in the literal sense of the term—at copying music, and in attempting to give you a copy I am uncertain whether I have given you altogether a correct one; but I hope you will make it out in some way. Of the song which I originally wrote to it Hogg was wonderfully fond, and I had always to sing it to him when we met. I dare say it is much better as a song than that which I send you: I was not then so hoary-headed, and could write with more freedom and vigour. Yet it is not greatly unlike the verses with which I trouble you, and that you may judge for yourself I will also herewith copy it, more especially as it also related to one who could by her exquisite singing cast a spell of enchantment over the human heart. . . .

"Mrs. Oliver informed me when you intended to leave old Scotland: I therefore made up my mind to write out these things to-day. They are of little consequence I readily confess, but from the respect which I entertained for your father, together with that which I entertain for yourself, I felt anxious to do something that might if possible prevent you from utterly forgetting that we had met. . . . I shall hope that you will soon return to the 'gay green braes of Teviotdale,' and cheer our hearts as in days gone by."

A brother of the late bard, known as Borthwick Riddell, a dark, stalwart, and independent-looking man, who was, both in regard to musical talent and personal appearance, an impersonation of the spirit of ancient Border minstrelsy—a worthy representative of Allister M'Allister, Habbie Simpson, and Rab the Ranter—was in his day and generation the most celebrated piper on the Border. As the writer listened to his soul-stirring strains near Canobie Lee, he appeared to be just such a minstrel as we can imagine strode forth before the Bruce, the Bold Buccleuch, or the Black Douglas of bygone days.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

I winna love the laddie that ca's the cart and pleugh,
Though he should own that tender love that's only felt by few;
For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love betray'd,
Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild his fleecy flocks to view,
While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new sprung frae 'mang the dew;
His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may not weel be stay'd,
Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and heathy fell,
And views his flocks beneath him a', fair feeding in the dell;
And then he sings the sangs o' love, the sweetest ever made;
O! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily flowers sae meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heathbell like my cheek;

His words are sweet and tender, as the dews
frae heaven shed;
And weel I love to list the lad who wears the
crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

When the dews begin to fauld the flowers, and
the gloamin' shades draw on,
When the star comes stealing through the sky,
and the kye are on the loan,
He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the
heart is lighter made
To ken the laddie hameward hies, who wears
the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn gray, that's
growing in the glen,
He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane
on earth can ken,
To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever
may be said,
He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in
his plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one
ride,
And woo across the table cauld his madam-
titled bride;
But I'll gang to the hawthorn gray, where
cheek to cheek is laid,
O! nae wooers like the laddie that rows me in
his plaid;
And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love what heart wad
no comply,
Since love gives purer happiness than aught
aneath the sky?
If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er
afraid;
And through life I'll love the laddie that wears
the crook and plaid;
For he's aye true, &c.

OUR MARY.[1]

Our Mary liket weel to stray
Where clear the burn was rowin',
And trouth she was, though I say sae,
As fair as ought e'er made o' clay,
And pure as ony gowan.

And happy, too, as ony lark
The clud might ever carry;
She shunned the ill and sought the good,
E'en mair than weel was understood;
And a' fouk liket Mary.

But she fell sick wi' some decay,
When she was but eleven;
And as she pined frae day to day,
We grudged to see her gaun away,
Though she was gaun to heaven.

There's fears for them that's far awa',
And fykes for them are flitting;
But fears and cares, baith grit and sma',
We by-and-by o'er-pit them a';
But death there's nae o'er-pitting.

And nature's bands are hard to break,
When thus they maun be broken;
And e'en the form we loved to see,
We canna lang, dear though it be,
Preserve it as a token.

But Mary had a gentle heart—
Heaven did as gently free her;
Yet lang afore she reach'd that part,
Dear sir, it wad hae made ye start
Had ye been here to see her.

Sae changed, and yet sae sweet and fair,
And growing meek and meeker;
Wi' her lang locks o' yellow hair,
She wore a little angel's air,
Ere angels cam' to seek her.

And when she could na stray out by,
The wee wild flowers to gather;
She oft her household plays would try,
To hide her illness frae our eye,
Lest she should grieve us farther.

But ilka thing we said or did
Aye pleased the sweet wee creature;
Indeed ye wad hae thocht she had
A something in her made her glad,
Ayont the course o' nature.

For though disease, beyond remeed,
Was in her frame indented,
Yet aye the mair as she grew ill,
She grew and grew the lovelier still,
And mair and mair contented.

But death's cauld hour cam' on at last,
As it to a' is comin';
And may it be, whene'er it fa's,
Nae waur to others than it was
To Mary—sweet wee woman!

[1] From Mr. Riddell's poem "The Cottagers of Glendale."—Ed.

WOULD THAT I WERE WHERE WILD WOODS WAVE.

Would that I were where wild woods wave,
Aboon the beds where sleep the brave;
And where the streams o' Scotia lave
  Her hills and glens o' grandeur!

Where freedom reigns and friendship dwells,
Bright as the sun upon the fells,
When autumn brings the heather-bells
  In all their native splendour.
The thistle wi' the hawthorn joins,
The birks mix wi' the mountain pines,
And heart with dauntless heart combines
  For ever to defend her.
    Then would I were, &c.

There roam the kind, and live the leal,
By lofty ha' and lowly shiel;
And she for whom the heart must feel
  A kindness still mair tender.
Fair, where the light hill breezes blaw,
The wild flowers bloom by glen and shaw;
But she is fairer than them a',
  Wherever she may wander.
    Then would I were, &c.

Still, far or near, by wild or wood,
I'll love the generous, wise, and good;
But she shall share the dearest mood
  That Heaven to life may render.
What boots it then thus on to stir,
And still from love's enjoyment err,
When I to Scotland and to her
  Must all this heart surrender.
    Then would I were, &c.

SCOTLAND YET.[1]

Gae, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,—
  Gae, bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing another sang
  Ere a' my glee be past;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
  The burden o't shall be
Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
  And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
  Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
  And foaming frae the fells,
Her fountains sing o' freedom still
  As they dance down the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
  That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales,
  And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
  Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
  Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
  To dye her auld gray plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
  He sang this doughty glee—
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
  And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
  Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
  Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
  And Coila's minstrel sang;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
  That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
  And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
  Wi' a' the honours three.

[1] This song set to music was first published in a separate sheet, and the profits given for the purpose of putting a parapet and railing round the monument of Burns on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

When my flocks upon the heathy hill are lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle gray o'er the world's dewy breast,
I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting-tree, that's stannin' a' alane,
Where I hae carved her name upon yon little moss gray stane,
There I will fauld her to my breast, and be mair bless'd, I ween,
Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild glen sae green.

Her head reclined upon this breast, in simple bliss I'll share,
The pure, pure kiss o' tender love that owns nae earthly care,

And spirits hovering o'er us shall bless the heartfelt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie in the wild glen sae green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the gloamin's chilly gale;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love—that tauld sae oft has been
To my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we lo'e weel in grove or garden gay;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life is at the hour o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green.

O! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for aught o' bliss,
If I might share, at my return, a joy sae pure as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace and a queen,
For my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen sae green!

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

I sat in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns so hoary,
And the gloom of my bosom seem'd deep as their shade,
For remembrance was fraught with the far-travell'd story,
That told where the dust of the minstrel was laid:
I saw not his harp on the wild boughs above me,
I heard not its anthems the mountains among;
But the flow'rets that bloom'd on his grave were more lovely
Than others would seem to the earth that belong.

"Sleep on," said my soul, "in the depths of thy slumber
Sleep on, gentle bard! till the shades pass away;
For the lips of the living the ages shall number
That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay,
Oh! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy childhood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,
Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath been.

"Till the footsteps of time are their travel forsaking,
No form shall descend, and no dawning shall come,
To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,
And call them to life from their chamber of gloom;
Yet sleep, gentle bard! for, though silent for ever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung;
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told, and the strains that it sung."

THE EMIGRANT'S WISH.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the gentle are leal, and the semple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've come;
We're canty wi' mony and couthy wi' some;
But something's awantin' we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebors behind.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When daffin' and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some told us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae soon as we cam' to the rich mailens here;
But what is in mailens, or what is in mirth,
If 'tis na enjoyed in the land o' our birth?

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When maidens and men, in the strath and the glen,
Still welcomed us aye as their ain folk;
Though spring had its trials, and summer its toils,
And autumn craved pith ere we gathered its spoils;
But winter repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane craw'd crouse at his ain ingle nook.

I wish I were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
But deep are the howes, and heigh are the knowes,
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk;
The seat at the door, where our auld fathers sat,
To tell o'er their news, and their views, and a' that;
While down by the kail-yard the burnie row'd clear,
Is mair to my liking than aught that is here.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,

Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the brave.
And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk;
But happy-gae-lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak and the haffet grows gray;
And though in this world our own still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warl' o' bliss;
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far 'yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

ROBERT POLLOK.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1827.

The gifted author of the "Course of Time" was born at the farm of North Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, October 19, 1798. He acquired the rudiments of his education at Langlee and at a school at Newton-Mearns, and afterwards entered the University of Glasgow. Being destined for the ministry he studied for five years in the divinity hall of the United Secession Church at Glasgow, under the Rev. Dr. Dick of that city. During his student days he wrote a series of tales relating to the sufferings of the Covenanters, which were published anonymously. A second edition of these "Tales," accompanied by a portrait and memoir of the author, appeared after his death.

The spirit of poetry and inspiration was formed and "became a living soul" within Robert Pollok in the rural solitudes of Muirhouse, where he spent his boyhood. His short compositions written at this time gave, however, little promise of the poetic power developed by him later in life. His celebrated poem was commenced in December, 1824, and finished in the space of nineteen months. The following letter announcing its completion was addressed to his brother, July 7, 1826:—"It is with much pleasure that I am now able to tell you that I have finished my poem. Since I wrote to you last, I have written about three thousand five hundred verses; which is considerably more than a hundred every successive day. This you will see was extraordinary expedition to be continued so long; and I neither can nor wish to ascribe it to anything but an extraordinary manifestation of divine goodness. Although some nights I was on the borders of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, without one twitch of headache; and with all the impatience of a lover hasted to my study. Towards the end of the tenth book—for the whole consists of ten books—where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I, indeed, seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. But now that I have finished, though thin with the great heat and the unintermitted mental exercise, I am by no means languishing and feeble. Since the 1st of June, which was the day I began to write last, we have had a Grecian atmosphere; and I find the serenity of the heavens of incalculable benefit for mental pursuit. And I am convinced that summer is the best season for great mental exertion, because the heat promotes the circulation of the blood, the stagnation of which is the great cause of misery to cogitative men. The serenity of mind which I have possessed is astonishing. Exalted on my native mountains, and writing often on the top of the very highest of them, I proceeded from day to day as if I had been in a world in which there was neither sin, nor sickness, nor poverty. In the four books last written I have succeeded, in almost every instance, up to my wishes; and in many places I have exceeded anything that I had conceived. This is not boasting, remember. I only say that I have exceeded the degree of excellence which I had formerly thought of."

The "Course of Time" was issued in March, 1827, and was at once recognized as a great work. In style it sometimes resembles the lofty march of Milton, and at other times

imitates that of Blair and Young. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok lacked his taste and refinement: shortcomings which time might have removed, but like Henry Kirke White and David Gray he was destined for an early grave. In less than two months after the appearance of his poem he was licensed for the ministry. The success of the "Course of Time" had excited high hopes in respect to his professional career, which were, however, not destined to be realized. He preached but four times, once for his friend Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, when the writer's father happened to be present, and was greatly impressed with his power and self-possession. Symptoms of pulmonary disease becoming apparent, produced by over-exertion in his studies while preparing for the ministry and in the composition of his poem, Pollok spent the summer of 1827 under the roof of a clerical friend, where every means were tried for the restoration of his health. These proving unsuccessful he was persuaded to try the climate of Italy, his many admirers promptly furnishing the means necessary for the journey. He reached London along with his sister, but by the advice of physicians, who deemed him unable to endure the journey to the Continent, he proceeded to Shirley Common, near Southampton, where he died, September 18, 1827. He was buried with the rites of the Church of England in the neighbouring churchyard of Millbrook, near the sea-shore, where a granite obelisk, erected by the admirers of his genius, marks his grave. But, as the inscription on it truly says, "His immortal poem is his monument." The same year witnessed Robert Pollok's advent as a poet and a preacher and his untimely death. He has been described as tall, well proportioned, of a dark complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," with deep-set eyes, heavy eyebrows, and black bushy hair. "A smothered light burned in his dark orbs, which flashed with a meteor brilliancy whenever he spoke with enthusiasm and energy."

After Pollok's death several short poems from his pen, together with a memoir of his life, were published by his brother at Edinburgh, and in New York a volume appeared entitled "*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Robert Pollok*, edited by Rev. James Scott." The sum paid for the "Course of Time," a poem that has passed through eighty editions in Scotland and at least double that number in the United States, amounted to £2500—a price greatly exceeding that given for the poems of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell, and nearly as large as was ever paid to any poet in the height of his fame, and when poetry was most in vogue with the public.

THE COURSE OF TIME.[1]

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the Eternal Spirit.—The subject of the Poem announced.—A period long after the Last Judgment described.—Two youthful Sons of Paradise, waiting on the battlements of Heaven, observant of the return of holy messengers, or the arrival from distant worlds of spirits made perfect, discover one directing his flight towards Heaven.—The hills of Paradise.—The Mount of God.—Welcome of the faithful servant.—The hill of the Throne of God pointed out to him.—The Sons of Paradise offer to guide him into the presence of the Most High.—The New-arrived, bewildered by the strange sights beheld in his flight, begs for knowledge, and the solution of the mysteries he has seen.—Describes his flight through Chaos, and arrival at the place of Everlasting Punishment—Wall of fiery adamant—The worm that never dies—Eternal Death—Hell—The dreadful sights beheld there.—The youthful Sons of Heaven refer the New-arrived to an ancient Bard of Adam's race.—They fly towards his dwelling.—Flight through the fields of Heaven.—The Bard of Earth described—His Bower in Paradise.—He is entreated to clear up the wondering doubt of the New-arrived, who tells what he has seen and conjectured.—The Bard informs him the gracious form he beheld in Hell is Virtue—Agrees to relate the history of the human race.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are—Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unsealed, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens that made the Pagan mountains shake,

[1] He (Pollok) had much to learn in composition; and, had he lived, he would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there,

And Zion's cedars bow—inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what, while I of things to come,
As past, rehearsing, sing the course of Time,
The second birth, and final doom of man.

The muse that soft and sickly woos the ear
Of love, or chanting loud, in windy rhyme,
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale,
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not: such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant, uttering as 'tis
The essential truth—Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of Eternity;
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise,
Instructed, listen of ages yet to come.

Long was the day, so long expected, past
Of the eternal doom, that gave to each
Of all the human race his due reward.
The sun, earth's sun, and moon, and stars, had ceased
To number seasons, days, and months, and years,
To mortal man; Hope was forgotten, and Fear;
And Time, with all its chance, and change, and smiles,
And frequent tears, and deeds of villany
Or righteousness, once talked of much as things
Of great renown, was now but ill remembered;
In dim and shadowy vision of the past
Seen far remote, as country which has left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even; and long Eternity
Had rolled his mighty years, and with his years
Men had grown old. The saints, all home returned
From pilgrimage, and war, and weeping, long
Had rested in the bowers of peace, that skirt
The stream of life; and long—alas! how long
To them it seemed!—the wicked who refused
To be redeemed, had wandered in the dark
Of hell's despair, and drunk the burning cup
Their sins had filled with everlasting woe.

Thus far the years had rolled, which none but God
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet—
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer—
High on the hills of immortality,
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls
Of heaven, walked, casting off their eye far through
The pure serene, observant if returned
From errand duly finished any came;
Or any, first in virtue now complete,
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing,
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,
His flight ascending near the battlements
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.
For round and round, in spacious circuit wide,
Mountains of tallest stature circumscribe
The plains of Paradise, whose tops, arrayed
In uncreated radiance, seem so pure,
That nought but angel's foot, or saint's elect
Of God, may venture there to walk. Here oft
The sons of bliss take morn or evening pastime,
Delighted to behold ten thousand worlds
Around their suns revolving in the vast
External space, or listen the harmonies
That each to other in its motion sings;
And hence, in middle heaven remote, is seen
The mount of God in awful glory bright.
Within, no orb create of moon, or star,
Or sun, gives light; for God's own countenance,
Beaming eternally, gives light to all.
But farther than these sacred hills, His will
Forbids its flow, too bright for eyes beyond.
This is the last ascent of virtue; here
All trial ends, and hope; here perfect joy,

---

though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry and glow along in a divine enthusiasm.—*Professor Wilson.*

The "Course of Time" is a very extraordinary poem; vast in its conception, vast in its plan, vast in its materials, and vast, if very far from perfect, in its achievement. The wonderful thing is, indeed, that it is such as we find it, and not that its imperfections are numerous. It has nothing at all savouring of the little or conventional in it, for he passed at once from the merely elegant and graceful.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

Pollok's "Course of Time," much overlauded on its first appearance, is the immature work of a man of genius who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is clumsy in plan, tediously dissertative, and tastelessly magniloquent; but it has passages of good and genuine poetry.—*Professor W. Spalding.*

The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of Milton's early prose treatises. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement.—*Dr. Robert Chambers.*

This poem is pregnant with spiritual hope, but overshadowed by gloomy views of merely human objects and pursuits. The style is often turgid, without the epigrammatic vividness of Young. As the production of a youth the "Course of Time" must rank among the most wonderful efforts of genius.—*Daniel Scrymgeour.*

With perfect righteousness, which to these heights
Alone can rise, begin, above all fall.

And now, on wing of holy ardour strong,
Hither ascends the stranger, borne upright—
For stranger he did seem, with curious eye
Of nice inspection round surveying all—
And at the feet alights of those that stood
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,
And the embrace sincere of holy love;
And thus, with comely greeting kind, began:—

Hail, brother! hail, thou son of happiness!
Thou son beloved of God! welcome to heaven,
To bliss that never fades! thy day is past
Of trial, and of fear to fall. Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant! enter now
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.
Come with us, and behold far higher sight
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.
See! yonder is the glorious hill of God,
'Bove angel's gaze in brightness rising high.
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight
To mysteries of everlasting bliss—
The tree and fount of life, the eternal throne
And presence-chamber of the King of kings.
But what concern hangs on thy countenance,
Unwont within this place? Perhaps thou deem'st
Thyself unworthy to be brought before
The always Ancient One? so are we too
Unworthy; but our God is all in all,
And gives us boldness to approach His throne.

Sons of the Highest! citizens of heaven!
Began the new-arrived, right have ye judged:
Unworthy, most unworthy is your servant
To stand in presence of the King, or hold
Most distant and most humble place in this
Abode of excellent glory unrevealed.
But God Almighty be for ever praised,
Who, of His fulness, fills me with all grace
And ornament, to make me in His sight
Well pleasing, and accepted in His court.
But if your leisure waits, short narrative
Will tell why strange concern thus overhangs
My face, ill seeming here; and haply, too,
Your elder knowledge can instruct my youth
Of what seems dark and doubtful, unexplained.

Our leisure waits thee: speak; and what we can,
Delighted most to give delight, we will;
Though much of mystery yet to us remains.

Virtue, I need not tell, when proved and full
Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure:
As gravitation to the larger orb
The less attracts, through matter's whole domain.
Virtue in me was ripe. I speak not this
In boast; for what I am to God I owe,
Entirely owe, and of myself am naught.
Equipped and bent for heaven, I left yon world,
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach,
Rolling around her central sun, far out,
On utmost verge of light: but first to see
What lay beyond the visible creation,
Strong curiosity my flight impelled.
Long was my way and strange. I passed the bounds
Which God doth set to light, and life, and love;
Where darkness meets with day, where order meets
Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild; and down
The dark, eternal, uncreated night
Ventured alone. Long, long on rapid wing
I sailed through empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter Nothing dwells, unformed and void.
There neither eye nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought but yourself alone.
But why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like, which is and yet is not?
This past, my path descending led me still
O'er unclaimed continents of desert gloom
Immense, where gravitation shifting turns
The other way, and to some dread, unknown,
Infernal centre downward weighs: and now,
Far travelled from the edge of darkness, far
As from that glorious mount of God to light's
Remotest limb, dire sights I saw, dire sounds
I heard; and suddenly before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,
Wall mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused and looked;
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remarked
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting,
Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned—and oft it vainly turned—
These complicated foldings held it fast;
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know;

And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,
A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words: "This is the Worm that never dies."

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing,
Another was portrayed, more hideous still;
Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more.
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold—
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and uttered mimic groans;
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
To die; but could not die. Oh horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard this voice
Approach my ear: "This is Eternal Death."

Nor these alone. Upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were limned
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate woe.
And prominent in characters of fire,
Where'er the eye could light, these words you read:
"Who comes this way, behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.
But yet to see the worst a wish arose:
For virtue, by the holy seal of God
Accredited and stamped, immortal all,
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.
As easy as my wish, as rapidly,
I through the horrid rampart passed, unscathed
And unopposed; and, poised on steady wing,
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
Of God! tell me, if ye can tell, what then
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tossed perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled
To storm, and lightning forkèd lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
For ever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought,
And cursed and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear—
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not:"
And back again recoiled a deeper groan.
A deeper groan! oh, what a groan was that!
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,
With unaccustomed thoughts conversing, back
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light.
Then up ascending, long ascending up,
I hasted on; though whiles the chiming spheres,
By God's own finger touched to harmony,
Held me delaying, till I here arrived,
Drawn upward by the eternal love of God,
Of wonder full and strange astonishment,
At what in yonder den of darkness dwells,
Which now your higher knowledge will unfold.

They answering said:—To ask and to bestow
Knowledge, is much of heaven's delight; and now
Most joyfully what thou requir'st we would;
For much of new and unaccountable
Thou bring'st. Something indeed we heard before,
In passing conversation slightly touched,
Of such a place; yet rather to be taught
Than teaching, answer, what thy marvel asks,
We need: for we ourselves, though here, are but
Of yesterday, creation's younger sons.
But there is one, an ancient bard of Earth,
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete
The mighty circle round the throne of God:
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves;
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of heaven,
With truth and melody delighted both.
To him this path directs, an easy path,
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.

So saying, they, linked hand in hand, spread out
Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.
O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
That never fade; and many a river, rich
With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;
And mansion of celestial mould, and work
Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,
Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,
Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
Their wing; not long, for strong desire, awaked,
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed
Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wished-for spot,
The sacred bower of that renownèd bard;
That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;
But in immortal vigour young, and young
In rosy health; to pensive solitude
Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing.
Upon a little mount that gently rose,
He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,
Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed and rich
With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced.
The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
And every flower of fairest cheek, around
Him smiling flocked; beneath his feet, fast by
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven.
The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
And out before him opened, in prospect long,
The river of life, in many a winding maze
Descending from the lofty throne of God,
That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
By chance that day, in meditation deep,
Reflecting much of Time, and Earth, and Man.
And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
He touched a harp of wondrous melody;
A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
Which, at the Day of Judgment, with the crown
Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,
And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
But of the heart sincere, into his bower
Invites: like greeting they returned. Not bent
In low obeisancy, from creature most
Unfit to creature, but with manly form
Upright they entered in; though high his rank,
His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.
And thus, deferring all apology,
The two their new companion introduced.

Ancient in knowledge, bard of Adam's race!
We bring thee one, of us inquiring what
We need to learn, and with him wish to learn.
His asking will direct thy answer best.

Most ancient bard! began the new-arrived,
Few words will set my wonder forth, and guide
Thy wisdom's light to what in me is dark.

Equipped for heaven, I left my native place:
But first beyond the realms of light I bent
My course; and there, in utter darkness, far
Remote, I beings saw forlorn in woe,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And still I heard those wretched beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And from above the thunders answered still,
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
And everywhere throughout that horrid den
I saw a form of excellence, a form
Of beauty without spot, that nought could see
And not admire, admire and not adore.
And from its own essential beams it gave
Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark.
And every eye in that infernal pit
Beheld it still; and from its face, how fair!
O, how exceeding fair! for ever sought,
But ever vainly sought, to turn away.
That image, as I guess, was Virtue, for
Nought else hath God given countenance so fair.
But why in such a place it should abide?
What place it is? what beings there lament?
Whence came they? and for what their endless groan?
Why curse they God? why seek they utter death?
And chief, what means the resurrection morn?—
My youth expects thy reverend age to tell.

Thou rightly deem'st, fair youth, began the bard;
The form thou saw'st was Virtue, ever fair.
Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,
Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
No being, once created rational,
Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
With sapience of right and wrong endowed
And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;
However lost, forlorn, and miserable;
In guilt's dark shrouding wrapped, however thick;
However drunk, delirious, and mad,
With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned
Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
Can banish Virtue from its sight, or once

Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
In central night; takes it the lightning's wing,
And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds
Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;
Dives it beneath the ocean of despair:
It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain.
For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
Once stamped upon the soul, before the eye
All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God
Ordains; and lovely to the worst she seems,
And ever seems; and as they look, and still
Must ever look upon her loveliness,
Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
They might have been, and bitter sense of what
They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,
With most repenting torment rend their hearts.
So God ordains—their punishment severe
Eternally inflicted by themselves.
'Tis this, this Virtue hovering evermore
Before the vision of the damned, and in
Upon their monstrous moral nakedness
Casting unwelcome light, that makes their woe,
That makes the essence of the endless flame.
Where this is, there is hell, darker than aught
That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.

The place thou saw'st was Hell; the groans thou heard'st
The wailings of the damned, of those who would
Not be redeemed, and at the Judgment-day,
Long past, for unrepented sins were damned.
The seven loud thunders which thou heard'st, declare
The eternal wrath of the Almighty God.
But whence, or why they came to dwell in woe,
Why they curse God, what means the glorious morn
Of resurrection—these a longer tale
Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back
Through memory of sin and mortal man.
Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace
The dark disastrous years of finished Time:
Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,
Much peace, on earth, to all who feared his name.

But first it needs to say, that other style
And other language than thy ear is wont,
Thou must expect to hear—the dialect
Of man; for each in heaven a relish holds
Of former speech, that points to whence he came.
But whether I of person speak, or place,
Event or action, moral or divine;
Or things unknown compare to things unknown;
Allude, imply, suggest, apostrophize;
Or touch, when wandering through the past, on moods
Of mind thou never felt; the meaning still,
With easy apprehension, thou shalt take.
So perfect here is knowledge, and the strings
Of sympathy so tuned, that every word
That each to other speaks, though never heard
Before, at once is fully understood,
And every feeling uttered, fully felt.

So shalt thou find, as from my various song,
That backward rolls o'er many a tide of years,
Directly or inferred, thy asking, thou,
And wondering doubt, shalt learn to answer, while
I sketch in brief the history of man.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
All lovely on its native stalk,
Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
That strew'd it on my evening's walk.

So, when the morn of life awoke,
My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke
That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
Nor more with sweet-lipped Fancy rave,
But with the long grass sigh and weep
At dewy eve by Helen's grave.

WILLIAM THOM.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1848.

WILLIAM THOM, the author of "The Mitherless Bairn" and many other touching and pathetic Scottish lyrics, was born at Aberdeen in the year 1799. His father died soon after his birth, leaving his mother too poor to give her son much education. When ten years old William was placed in a public factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years, after which he obtained employment in the weaving establishment of Gordon, Barron, &

Co., where he continued for a period of seventeen years. About 1830 he left Aberdeen, after entering into matrimony, and went to reside at Dundee. From here he removed to the village of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus, where he passed several years of hard work, and domestic happiness with his loved Jean. At length, in 1837, heavy failures in the United States silenced in one week six thousand looms in Dundee, and spread dismay through the country. Thom's earnings had been small, and being thrown out of employment he had great difficulty to maintain his family. He purchased a few articles, and accompanied by his wife and children, with only two shillings in his possession, began the precarious life of a pedlar. They did not succeed in their attempts to trade, and one evening found themselves without means to obtain a night's lodging. Leaving his family at the roadside, Thom applied at several places for shelter, but without success. Of one of these applications the poet says: "I pleaded the infancy of my family and the lateness of the hour, but 'No, no' was the cruel reply. I returned to my family by the wayside. They had crept closer together, and all except the mother were fast asleep. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them." At length a passer-by took pity upon them, and though an outhouse was the only accommodation he could offer, it was gladly accepted; but the morning revealed that their favourite little Jeanie had sunk under the exposure of the previous night.

For several months the poet's lot was a grievous one, and he was fain to seek a living by assuming the humbling position of a mendicant musician. But although this was found more profitable than the packman's trade, he grew sick of what he calls "beggar's work," and on reaching Aberdeen he sat down once more to the loom. Finding more profitable occupation at Inverury, he removed to that village, where, nine months after, he lost his beloved wife—the faithful partner of all his sorrowful wanderings. "She left us," he says, "just as the last cold cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. That cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partaker therein." He now occupied a time of slackness in composing small poems, one of the best of which, No. 1 of "The Blind Boy's Pranks," he sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The piece was in due time inserted, with the following editorial note: —"These beautiful stanzas are by a correspondent who subscribes himself 'A Serf,' and declares that he has to 'weave fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.' We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste." This poem was copied extensively into other journals, and attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon of Knockespock, in the neighbourhood, who, ascertaining the indigent circumstances of the poet, sent him five pounds, and undertook to patronize him. Thom had found a real Mecaenas, for soon afterwards, he tells us, he and his daughter were dashing along in a handsome carriage through the streets of London; and under the protection and at the expense of Mr. Gordon they spent upwards of four months in England, visiting and being visited by many of the leading men of the day.

In 1841 he published a volume of poems and songs, with a brief autobiography, under the title of "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," which reached a third edition. On his return to London the year following he was entertained at a public dinner, a member of Parliament presiding, and numerous distinguished artists and men of letters being present. The working classes of London organized a meeting for his benefit, which was presided over by Dr. Bowring, and proved a success. Charles Dickens, the Howitts, Eliza Cook, John Forster, and other literary magnates of the metropolis, paid the weaver-poet attentions. From the United States he received, chiefly through the efforts of Margaret Fuller, upwards of two thousand dollars; and considerable sums were also sent to him from India and Australia.

This was the culminating point of Thom's career. With the assistance of parasites who hovered around him his money was soon spent, his habits became bad, he could not obtain any literary employment, his great friends grew tired of him, he lost caste, and at last lost heart and hope. Starvation was almost staring him in the face, and he resolved to return to

his humble friends and his loom in Scotland. From this time a change came over him. He walked about, as his brother-poet Gow said, "with his death upon him." The last paper he wrote was entitled "Weeds," for which Douglas Jerrold sent him five pounds. He died in deep poverty at Dundee, Feb. 29, 1848, and his remains were honoured with a public funeral. He had married a second time, and left a widow and three children, for whom a handsome sum was afterwards raised by subscription.

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

No. I.

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."
Legsn.l.

Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay,
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He faught his lanely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud,
Syne laithfu', lanely, Love 'gan send
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by;
Till lulled wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He sleepit fu' soun' an' sailed alang
Neath heav'n's gowden sky!

'Twas just whaur creepin' Ury greets
Its mountain-cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weel-faur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played wi' a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time,
The jessamine bark drew nigh,
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief
Was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Loveglower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Sae lovely a dwallin' place.

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast,
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu', devilick neist?
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
That sparkled frae baith her een.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there;
His bow? what but her shinin' brow?
An' O! sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

Guid be our guard! sic deeds waur deen,
Roun' a' our countrie then;
An' mony a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an' stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me!

O! come, spirit mother, discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell,
On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me *ye* wouldna forsake;
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

An' thou shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!

'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled there
Will burn—ay, an' burn, till that breast beat nae mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me. O! bless ye their sleep,
Your ain dark-e'ed Willie will wauken an' weep;
But, blythe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His *heaven-hamed* mammie, was "dautin' his brow."

Though dark be our dwallin'—our happin' though bare,
An' night closes round us in cauldness an' care;
Affection will warm us—an' bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathy reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I saw my true love first on the banks of queenly Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart away;
I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so kind before!

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never shall my cold ear hear again.
In all our friendless wanderings, in homeless penury,
Her gentle song and jetty eye were all unchanged to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest sigh—
I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her lightless eye;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around my Jeanie's grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my footsteps tread;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides from me.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame:
Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?—
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams tremble there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools whaur her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens nae the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!

Her spirit, that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while—
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Oh! tempt me not to the drunkard's draught,
With its soul-consuming gleam!
Oh! hide me from the woes that waft
Around the drunkard's dream!

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep!

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o'er hill and lea,
One sick'ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelry!

The rocket's flary moment sped,
Sinks black'ning back to earth;
Yet darker—deeper sinks his head
Who shares the drunkard's mirth!

Know ye the sleep the drunkard knows?
That sleep, oh! who may tell?
Or who can speak the fiendful throes
Of his self-heated hell?

The soul all reft of heav'nly mark—
Defaced God's image there—
Rolls down and down yon abyss dark,
Thy howling home, Despair!

Or bedded his head on broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep;
And the ball-less eye of Death still darts
Black fire on the drunkard's sleep!

And lo! their coffin'd bosoms rife,
That bled in his ruin wild!
The cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife,
Press lips of his shrouded child!

So fast—so deep the hold they keep!
Hark! that unhallow'd scream;
Guard us, oh God! from the drunkard's sleep—
From the drunkard's demon-dream!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1859.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY was born February 4, 1799, at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets and men of eminence. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and devoted some years to the study of law, but abandoned it and adopted the more congenial pursuit of literature. In 1824 Hervey published his poem "Australia," which contains many exquisite descriptive passages, showing that he possessed the "inspiration and the faculty divine." Five years later he issued *The Poetical Sketch-book*, including a third edition of "Australia." His next volumes, published in the order named, were *Illustrations of Modern Scripture*, *The English Helicon*, and *The Book of Christmas*, every page of which affords a literary feast worthy of the happy season. Mr. Hervey was also the author of a satirical poem entitled "The Devil's Progress," and many popular pieces contributed to the pages of various annuals edited by him. His connection with the London *Athenæum*, of which at its commencement and for several years afterwards he was sole editor, proves him to have been a man of ability.

After Hervey's death, February 17, 1859, a collection of his poems was made by his widow, which, together with a memoir from her practised pen, was published in the United States in 1867. Dr. D. M. Moir says:—"The genius of T. K. Hervey (for he has genius at once pathetic and refined) is not unallied to that of Pringle and Watts, but with a dash of Tom Moore. He writes uniformly with taste and elaboration, polishing the careless and rejecting the crude; and had he addressed himself more earnestly and more unreservedly to the task of composition, I have little doubt, from several specimens he has occasionally exhibited, that he might have occupied a higher and more distinguished place in our poetical literature than he can be said to have attained. His 'Australia' and several of his lyrics were juvenile pledges of future excellence which maturity can scarcely be said to have fully redeemed."

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale.
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle-plain;
A trumpet note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and heel alike are sound—
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that mild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy.

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate;
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering echoes fail!

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

The gondola glides,
Like a spirit of night,
O'er the slumbering tides,
In the calm moonlight.
The star of the north
Shows her golden eye,
But a brighter looks forth
From yon lattice on high!

Her taper is out,
And the silver beam
Floats the maiden about
Like a beautiful dream!
And the beat of her heart
Makes her tremble all o'er;
And she lists with a start
To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,
And her fears are at rest,
And her lover at last
Holds her clasped to his breast;

And the planet above,
  And the quiet blue sea,
Are pledged to his love
  And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined
  On the home of his breast;
And his fingers are twined
  'Mid her ringlets, which rest,
In many a fold,
  O'er his arm that is placed
Round the cincture of gold
  Which encircles her waist.

He looks to the stars
  Which are gemming the blue,
And devoutly he swears
  He will ever be true;
Then bends him to hear
  The low sound of her sigh,
And kiss the fond tear
  From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,
  Which brightly reveal
What the long fringing lashes
  Would vainly conceal;
And reads—while he kneels
  All his ardour to speak—
Her reply, as it steals
  In a blush o'er her cheek.

Till won by the prayers
  Which so softly reprove,
On his bosom, in tears,
  She half-murmurs her love;
And the stifled confession
  Enraptured he sips,
'Mid the breathings of passion,
  In dew from her lips.

JAMES LAWSON.

JAMES LAWSON was born in Glasgow, November 9, 1799. He completed his education at the university of his native city, and in 1815 emigrated to the United States, and entered the counting-house of a relative residing in New York. A few years later the failure of the firm of which Lawson was a partner induced him to turn his attention to literature. In company with James G. Brooks and John B. Skilman he established the *Morning Courier*, the first number of which appeared in 1827. In 1829 Lawson retired from this concern, and joined Amos Butler in the *Mercantile Advertiser*, with which he was associated till 1833. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite.* His next work was *Giordano: a Tragedy*, an Italian state story of love and conspiracy, which was first performed at the Park Theatre, New York. The prologue was written by William Leggett, and the epilogue by P. M. Wetmore. Mr. Lawson has several times appeared before the public in connection with the stage. He was associated with the American poets Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant on the committee which secured for Edwin Forrest the prize play of "Metamora" by John A. Stone, and he was also one of a similar committee which selected the prize play of "Nimrod Wildfire, or the Kentuckian in New York," by James K. Paulding.

Since his retirement from the press in 1833 Mr. Lawson has engaged in the business of marine insurance, and is well known among the mercantile men of New York. He has been during the past fifty years a frequent contributor of criticisms, essays, tales, and verse to the periodicals of the day; and in 1857 printed for private circulation an octavo volume entitled *Poems: Gleanings from Spare Hours of a Business Life*, with the following dedication:—"To my Children and their Mother, these poems, at their solicitation thus gathered together but not published, are affectionately inscribed by the father and husband, James Lawson." This handsome volume was followed in 1859 by *Liddesdale, or the Border Chief: a Tragedy*, which was also printed for private circulation. Mr. Lawson has for many years resided at Yonkers, on the Hudson, where he is well known as a public-spirited citizen and the genial entertainer of men of letters.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Well, let the honest truth be told!
I feel that I am growing old,
And, I have guessed for many a day,
My sable locks are turning gray.
At least, by furtive glances, I
Some very silvery hairs espy,
That thread-like on my temples shine,
And fain I would deny are mine:
While wrinkles creeping here and there,
Some score my years, a few my care.
The sports that yielded once delight
Have lost all relish to my sight;
But, in their stead, more serious thought
A graver train of joys has brought,
Which, while gay fancy is refined,
Correct the taste, improve the mind.

I meet the friends of former years,
Whose smile approving, often cheers:
How few are spared! the poisonous draught
The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,
In dissipation's giddy maze,
O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.
And one, my playmate when a boy,
I see in manhood's pride and joy;
He too has felt, through sun and shower,
Old Time, thy unrelenting power.
We talk of things which well we know
Had chanced some forty years ago;
Alas! like yesterday they seem,
The past is but a gorgeous dream!
But speak of forty coming years,
Ah, long indeed that time appears!
In nature's course, in forty more,
My earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
And the green turf on which I tread
Will gayly spring above my head.

Beside me, on her rocking-chair,
My wife her needle plies with care,
And in her ever-cheerful smiles
A charm abides, that quite beguiles
The years that have so swiftly sped,
With their unfaltering, noiseless tread:
For we, in mingled happiness,
Will not the approach of age confess.
But when our daughters we espy,
Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,
Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,
To see them blooming by our side.
God spare ye, girls, for many a day,
And all our anxious love repay!
In your fair growth of form and grace,
We see age coming on apace.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,
Far backward to our young romance.
And muse upon unnumbered things,
That crowding come on memory's wings;
Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden,
And some intrude that deeply sadden:
Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,
Beloved tones for ever hushed.
We do not grieve that being's day
Is fleeting, shadow-like, away;
But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life
Has passed in love, unmarred by strife;
That sickness, sorrow, pain, and care,
Have fallen so lightly to our share.
We bless thee for our daily bread,
In plenty on our table spread;
And Thy abundance helps to feed
The worthy poor, who pine in need;
And thanks, that in our worldly way,
We have so seldom stepped astray.
But well we should in meekness speak,
And pardon for transgressions seek,
For oft, how strong soe'er the will
To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears
The sure approach of coming years;
Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,
Yet age its burden lightly bears.
Though July's scorching heats are done,
Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,
And sometimes, in our lovely clime,
To dark December's frosty time.
Though day's delightful noon is past,
Yet mellow twilight comes, to cast
A sober joy, a sweet content,
Where virtue with repose is blent,
Till, calmly on the fading sight,
Mingles its latest ray with night.

TO A LINTIE

FRIGHTENED FROM HER NEST.

Wee lintie, stay, an' dinna fear me,
It is nae i' my heart to steer ye,
Ye needna flee, tho' I am near ye,
Frae lounie nest,
But i' your thorny shelter hear me,
Wi' unscaithed breast.

I hae nae come by ill inclined,
Keekin' ilk leafy bield behind,
As I wad fain wee tremblers find,
In hedge or brier;
If I had kent ye here reclined,
I'd nae come near.

But tired o' Glasgow's wark an' wile,
I've wandered mony a weary mile

To see the knowes sae blythely smile
Wi' wealth o' flowers;
The burns and braes my thoughts beguile
O' dreary hours.

I've come to muse by Grieto's linn,
To hear its pleasing, prattling din,
To spy the trout wi' rapid fin
Dart 'neath a stane,
As frae its green banks I peep in,
Amused, alane.

The lark sings to the rising day,
The mavis to its latest ray;
Frae morn to night on ilka spray
Sweet wild notes ring;
My heart exults at every lay
The warblers sing.

An' weel I lo'e your cheerful sang,
The bloomin' whin or broom amang,
I've listened aft the morning lang,
Wi' raptured ear:
Puir thing! I wadna do ye wrang
For warlds o' gear.

Then wherefore, lintie, lea' your bield?
Mair mither-like to stay and shield,
Wi' a' the art that ye may wield,
Your yaupin' things,
Than flee atoure yon stibble-field,
Wi' flurried wings.

If man possess a selfish heart,
Our mithers wadna act thy part,
To drive awa' at ilka start
Sae heedlessly;
They'd save their bairns, or share their smart,
Or wi' them dee.

Come, lintie, to your cozie nest,
An' cuddle 'neath your downy breast
Your unfledged young; their needfu' rest
I've broke ower lang;
I'm gaun awa', but this request—
Sing me a sang!

WHEN SPRING ARRAYED IN FLOWERS.

When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary,
Danced wi' the leafy trees;
When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
And hummed the wandering bees;
Then first we met and loved, Mary,
By Kelburn's loupin' linn,
And blither was thy voice, Mary,
Than linties i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
Amang the withered boughs;
And a' the bonnie flowers, Mary,
Are faded frae the knowes;
But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
Nae chilly autumn there;
And sweet thy smile, as spring's, Mary,
Thy sunny face as fair.

Nae mair the early lark, Mary,
Trills on his soaring way;
Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
Through a' the shortening day;
But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
Like melody divine;
Nae autumn in my heart, Mary,
And summer still in thine.

CAMPSIE GLEN.[1]

Let us ower to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, O,
By the dingle that you ken, bonnie lassie, O,
To the tree where first we woo'd,
And cut our names sae rude,
Deep in the sauch-tree's wood, bonnie lassie, O.

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the woodroof loves to hide
Its scented leaves, beside
The streamlets, as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the blue bell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the sweetest scented slae, bonnie lassie, O,
And the flow'rets ever new,
Of nature's painting true,
All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,
O'er the rock and ravine mingle,
And glen and mountain dingle,
With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
Wi' a hand in each of thine, bonnie lassie, O;
The bosom's warmest thrill
Beats truer, safter still,
As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O;
Then true affection plighted,
We'll love and live united,
With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

---

[1] Campsie Glen is a beautiful valley near the village of Lennoxtown, about ten miles north of Glasgow. It is rich in geological and botanical treasures, and is enlivened by a cascade or waterfall.—Ed.

JOHN IMLAH.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1846.

JOHN IMLAH, whose ancestors for many generations had been farmers in the parish of Fyvie, was born in Aberdeen, Nov. 15, 1799. Of seven sons born in succession he was the youngest. He had the advantage of a good English education, after completing which he was apprenticed to a pianoforte manufacturer. Having given evidence of possessing a musical ear, his employer initiated him into the mysteries of tuning. Becoming an expert, Imlah sought service as a piano-tuner in London, and ultimately entered into an engagement with the firm of Broadwood & Co., which continued until he left Great Britain to visit his brother in the West Indies. Under this arrangement, from January to June he performed the duties of a regular tuner at a fixed salary, and the rest of the year he was allowed to travel in Scotland tuning on his own account, and occasionally adding to his income by the sale of a piano.

Imlah composed songs from his early boyhood. In 1827 he published *May Flowers*, a volume of lyrics chiefly in the Scottish dialect; followed in 1841 by *Poems and Songs*, containing several spirited, patriotic, and popular pieces. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and other periodicals of the day. He was cut off in the vigour of manhood while on a visit to a brother residing in Jamaica, where after a brief period of enjoyment he fell a victim to the fatal disease of the island, Jan. 9, 1846, having just entered upon his forty-seventh year.

WHERE GADIE RINS.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie.[1]

I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,
By Border Nith and Highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossom sprout in spring,
And bid the birdies wag the wing,
They blithely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie.

[1] Gadie is the name of a rivulet, and Bennachie of a hill, both in Aberdeenshire.—ED.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

Auld Scotia's sangs! auld Scotia's sangs—the strains o' youth and yore!—
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er;
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or changfu' as a child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the "native wood-notes wild!"

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up fresh and fair
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's Green and Yellow Woods in autumn's dwining day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller burnies shine,
The lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld Langsyne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that blossom'd doun the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter luve's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flodden's day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin' youth at Yule;—
Now o'er young luve's impassion'd strain our conscious heart will yearn,—
And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce o' Bannockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld Scotia's lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar too, but, hallow'd meikle mair,
The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,—the Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the pleugh—the shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milking pail, or by the ingle neuk.
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's guile maun I like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my breist—the het tear scald my e'e!
But let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's sangs.
And I will a' forget my waes—will a' forgi'e my wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' mony lovely thochts, wi' monie lo'esome themes;
They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi' brichter shine,
On far aff scenes and far aff friends, and auld langsyne!

Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—her "native wood-notes wild!"
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—the sangs o' youth and yore!

THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D.

Thou'rt sair alter'd now, May,
Thou'rt sair alter'd now:
The rose is wither'd frae thy cheek,
The wrinkles on thy brow;
And gray hath grown the locks o' jet,
Sae shining wont to be,
Thou'rt alter'd sair—but, May, thou'rt yet
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,
That aft in former time
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,
The echo's amorous chime:
Thy e'e hath lost its early light,
My star in ither years,
That aye hath beam'd sae kindly bright,
To me through smiles and tears.

For a' the signs that show, May,
The gloamin' o' our day,
I lo'ed thee young—I lo'e thee yet,
My ain auld wifie, May.
Nae dearer hope hae I than this,
Beyond the day we die,
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless
My halidome on hie!

THE GATHERING.[1]

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highlandmen,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early:
Rise, rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince Charlie.
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,

[1] This song has been erroneously ascribed to the Ettrick Shepherd.—Ed.

Out from the clachan, the bothie, and shieling,
Bugle and battle drum
Bid chief and vassal come,
Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing.

Men of the mountains—descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us
When to the war peal each plaided clan gathers?
Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbin!

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword on!

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

There lives a young lassie
Far down yon lang glen;
How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae ane can ken!
O! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou';
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow!
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as onie
Wee bird of the air,
And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
She's guid as she's fair;
Like a lammie sae airy
And artless is she,
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
An' lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' simmer
Spread verdure an' flower;
There, when night clouds the cary,
Beside her I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

BORN 1799—DIED 1849.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, the personal friend and literary partner of William Motherwell, whose biographer calls him an "Irish gentleman," was born near Paisley,[1] Dec. 26, 1799. Before he was twenty-five years of age he published an interesting prose story called "My Early Days;" followed in 1827 by a volume of short poems under the name of "Fitful Fancies," which met with unusual success. In 1828-29 he was associated with Motherwell in the management of the *Paisley Magazine*, pronounced at the time to be the best edited provincial periodical published in Great Britain. Many of Motherwell's and Kennedy's poems first appeared in its columns. The magazine was not, however, a pecuniary success, and was

[1] Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes to us (Feb. 1, 1873):—"I frequently met William Kennedy in London about 1847. At that time he was British consul at Galveston, the great commercial capital of Texas, and was home on leave of absence. I have always understood that he was a Paisley man. . . . He was a tall, slight, gentlemanly person, of about forty five or fifty years old when I knew him. His hair was of a golden colour, manners very gentle, not much of a talker, and very temperate as to drink, with an unusually small appetite. . . . I think he died about 1850, but I cannot find any record of it among my papers."—ED.

therefore abandoned. In 1830 there appeared from the press of a London publisher "The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy," in a handsome 8vo volume, dedicated to Motherwell. The principal poem is founded on a traditional story of the love of Henry IV. of France, when a youth, for a gardener's daughter, by name Fleurette, and was pronounced by Christopher North to be "exceedingly graceful, elegant, and pathetic." An extract from "The Arrow and the Rose" appears among the following selections from Kennedy's compositions; but we find more to admire among his minor pieces, which are characterized by manly vigour and tenderness.

Having taken up his residence in London Kennedy entered upon his career there by editing, in company with Leitch Ritchie, a magazine issued monthly by Hurst & Chance, at the same time contributing numerous articles in prose and verse to other magazines and periodicals. When the Earl of Durham went to Canada Kennedy accompanied him as his private secretary, and on the return of the earl to England he received the appointment of British consul at Galveston, Texas, where he resided for many years. Before crossing the Atlantic the poet visited Scotland, and spent some happy hours with his family and his attached friend Motherwell, and wrote the spirited stanzas beginning "I love the land." When published they called forth another poem entitled "The Response," from which we take the following lines:—

> "I love it too,—
> Ay, and I love it well,
> Nor, Kennedy, the muse's minion, thou
> May not have felt thy bosom higher swell,
> Than mine has erst, as listless verse may show;
> For Albyn owns no classic lyre can tell
> Like Kennedy's what tones do echo through
> The bursting heart—what time the weird-like spell
> Comes o'er the quiv'ring lips in 'fare thee well!'
> I love it too."

In 1841 Kennedy published in London the *Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas*, in two 8vo vols. He returned to England in 1847, and retired on a pension, taking up his residence near London, where he died in 1849. Soon after landing in the Old World he again visited Scotland, and while there he wrote the beautiful lines inspired by a visit to Motherwell's then unmarked grave in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Sheriff Bell of Glasgow wrote to the Editor of this Work as follows: "I was well acquainted with the late William Kennedy. He was a man of considerable genius, and died comparatively young nearly twenty years ago." Allan Cunningham, in his *History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years*, says, "William Kennedy has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour, but he is unequal in execution and occasionally overstrained in language."

THE ARROW AND THE ROSE.

(EXTRACT.)

Against a pleasant chestnut tree
  A youth, not yet sixteen, was leaning;
A goodly bow he had, though he
Inclined not to their archery,
  But with a look of meaning,
A wayward smile, just half subdued,
Apart the sylvan pastime viewed.
His careless cap, his garments gray,
  His fingers strong—his clear brown cheek
And hair of hapless red, you'd say
  A mountain lad did speak—
A stripling of the Bearnese hills,
Reared hardy among rocks and rills.
But his rude garb became him well;
His gold locks softly, curling fell;
His face with soul was eloquent,
His features delicately blent,
And freely did his quick glance roam,
As one who felt himself at home
Where'er a warrior's weapon gleam'd,
Or the glad eye of beauty beam'd.

"What, loitering thus, hope of Guienne!"
  Cries Guise's duke, advancing near
The boy's retreat—"A wondering man
  Am I to find you here!
The fiery steed brooks not the stall
When hound and horn to greenwood call,
And bowman bold will chafe to be
Restrain'd from his artillerie.

My liege impatient is to learn
Where bides the merry Prince of Bearne."

With solemn tone and brow demure
  The blossom of Navarre replied,
"Trust me, my lord, you may assure
  My cousin that with pride
I'd venture in the morning's sport,
Had I been perfected at court
In forest lore. The little skill
I boast was gleaned on woodland hill,
From the wild hunters of our land,
Who Paris modes ill understand.
If you will countenance to-day
Trial of our provincial way,
I'll take my chance among the rest,
And, hap what will, I'll do my best."

Loud laughed the king, and cried, "Agreed!"
  Ladies and lords laughed louder still.
The buoyant prince, with feathery speed,
  Unheeding, worked his will.
At a tall yeoman's boldest pace
He measured o'er the shooting space,
Planted an orange on a pole,
And, pointing, said, "Behold the goal!"
Then stood as practised archers stand
When the coy deer invites the hand.

Back to his ear the shaft he drew,
  And gracefully, as he had been
Apollo's pupil—twang! it flew
Right to the mark, which, pierced core through,
  Fell sever'd on the green.
High swell'd the plaudits of the crowd;
The marksman neither spoke nor bow'd,
But braced him for a second shot,
  As was the custom of the play,
When Charles, in accents brief and hot,
  Desired him to give way,
And with small show of courtesy
Displaced him ere he could reply.

His generous cheek flush'd into flame—
Trembled from head to heel his frame.
Again he had his weapon ready,
  His eye concentred on the king,
With manhood's mettle burning steady,
  A fearful-looking thing!
A knight the amplest in the field
Served the scared monarch for a shield
Until his cousin's anger slept,
When from his portly screen he stept
And idly strove the mark to hit,
Passing a spear's length wide of it;
Muttering a ban on bow and quiver,
He flung them both into the river,
And straight departed from the scene,
His dignity disturbed by spleen.

France's lost laurel to regain,
Guise shot and cleft the fruit in twain.
Harry liked little to divide
The garland with Parisian pride,
And failing at the time to find
An orange suited to his mind,
Begg'd from a blushing country maid
A red rose on her bosom laid.
Poor girl! it was not in her power
From such a youth to save the flower!
The prize was his—triumphantly
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—
His bonnet doffed and cleared his brow,
While beauty whispered "Note him now."
A moment, and the sweet rose shiver'd
Beneath the shaft that in it quiver'd.

He bore the arrow and its crest,
  The wounded flower, to the fair,
The pressure of whose virgin breast
  It late seem'd proud to bear.
Shrinking, she wished herself away
As the young prince, with bearing gay
And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again," he said,
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!
Unwept it perished—for there glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose!"

THE DIRGE OF THE LAST CONQUEROR.

The flag of battle on its staff hangs drooping—
  The thundering artillery is still—
The war-horse pines, and, o'er his sabre stooping,
  His rider grieves for his neglected skill:
The chief who swept the ruddy tide of glory,
The conqueror! now only lives in story.
  Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
  Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Skies, baleful blue—harvests of hateful yellow—
  Bring sad assurance that he is not here;
Where waved his plume the grape forgot to mellow,
  He changed the pruning-hook into the spear.
But peace and her dull train are fast returning,
And so farewell to famine, blood, and burning!
  Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
  Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Hopes of the young and strong, they're all departed—
Dishonour'd manhood tills the ungrateful farm;
Parents! life's balm hath fled—now, broken-hearted,
Deplore the fate that bids your sons disarm.
O heavenly times! when your own gold was paying
Your gallant sons for being slain, or slaying!
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Bud of our island's virtue! thou art blighted,
Since war's hot breath abroad hath ceased to blow;
Instead of clashing swords, soft hearts are plighted,
Hands joined, and household goblets made to flow;
And for the ocean-roar of hostile meeting,
Land wafts to land Concord's ignoble greeting.
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

The apple-tree is on the rampart growing;
On the stern battlement the wall-flower blooms;
The stream that roll'd blood-red is faintly glowing
With summer's rose, which its green banks perfumes;
The helm that girt the brow of the undaunted
By peasant hands with garden shrubs is planted.
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Men wax obscurely old—the city sleeper
Starts not at horse-tramp or deep bugle-horn;
The grenadier consoles no lovely weeper,
Above her sullen kindred's bodies borne;
The people smile, and regal pride's declining,
Since round imperial brows the olive's twining.
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.[1]

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,
On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star;
Then wake, lady! wake! I am waiting for thee,
And this night or never my bride thou shalt be!

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed to sue,
I woo not, perchance, as your land lovers woo;
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
That startle the deep when the combat's begun;
And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
Whose glove has been ever the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but this moment be mine,
And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine;
A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy slave;
Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall last
Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

O! islands there are, on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, where the skies never weep;
And there, if thou wilt, shall our love bower be,
When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on the sea;
And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were done,
When we braved the last blast, and the last battle won.

Then haste, lady! haste! for the fair breezes blow,
As my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow;
Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,
They are meet for such feet and such fingers as thine;
The signal, my mates—ho! hurra for the sea!
This night and for ever my bride thou shalt be.

I LOVE THE LAND.

(WRITTEN ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.)

I love the land!
I see its mountains hoary,
On which Time vainly lays his iron hand;
I see the valleys robed in sylvan glory,
And many a lake with lone, romantic strand;
And streams and towers, by immortal story
Ordained heart-stirring monuments to stand;
Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move me,
Nor the star-wooing mountain, thus to love thee,
Old, honour'd land!

I love the land!
I hear of distant ages,
A voice proclaiming that it still was free;

[1] The "Serenade" is everywhere sung throughout the United States, and his "Camp Song" is one of the popular and well-established favourites in Texas.—Ed.

That from the hills where winter wildest rages
  Swept forth the rushing winds of Liberty;
That blazoned brightly on the noblest pages
  E'er stamped by Fame its children's deeds shall be.
Oh! poor pretender to a poet's feeling
Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing:
  I love the land!

  I love the land!
My fathers lived and died there;
  But not for that the homage of their son;
I found the spirit in its native pride there—
  Unfettered thoughts — right actions boldly done;
I also found (the memory shall preside here,
  Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to run)
Affection tried and true from men high-hearted.
Once more, as when from those kind friends I parted,
  God bless the land!

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, NOV. 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat,
  Ever approvingly,
  Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
  Hence, not unwillingly—
  For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
  Who, for the early day,
  Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast raves—
  Tears—which devotedly,
  Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flow'rets, when pensive moons shine,
  His grassy covering,
  Where spirits, hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
  With the frame perishing—
  That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

JAMES TELFER.

BORN 1800 — DIED 1862.

JAMES TELFER, for twenty-five years a schoolmaster who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year," was born in the parish of Southdean, Roxburghshire, Dec. 3, 1800. At first he followed his father's occupation of a shepherd. A very great admirer of the Ettrick Shepherd's "Queen's Wake," he while quite young determined to produce some ballads similar to those contained in that charming work, and in 1824 he published at Jedburgh a volume of *Border Ballads and Miscellaneous Poems*, which obtained for him something more than a local reputation. It contained some fine lines, such as the fairy ballad of the "Gloamyne Buchte," which is remarkable for its tenderness. The style and measure of others of his pieces are as wild and graphic as the old specimens of Scottish ballads. The volume was dedicated to James Hogg in a few sweetly modulated lines. In 1835 Telfer published "Barbara Gray," a well written and interesting prose tale. He was also a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the magazines, and like the Ettrick Shep-

herd excelled in weird and wild subjects, fairy legends, and folk-lore. He contributed several stories to Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. A collected edition of his best productions in prose and verse was published in London in 1852, with the title of *Tales and Sketches*.

Telfer had abandoned the crook, and having qualified himself he for a time kept a school at Castleton, Langholm, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the schoolmaster at Saughtrees, Liddesdale, where in his humble but happy home he was frequently visited by the Ettrick Shepherd. His attainments were rewarded with a salary of some forty pounds per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr. Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who being a scholar and a man of virtue was "provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children." Telfer was a most exemplary man and a vigorous writer. He died January 18, 1862, in his sixty-second year.

THE GLOAMYNE BUCHTE.

The sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;
And gloamyn gatherit from the easte,
The dowye world to fill.

When bonnye Jeanye Roole she milkit the yowes,
I' the buchte aboon the lynne;
And they were wilde and ill to weare,
But the hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

O milk them weil, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
The wylye shepherd could say,
And sing to me "The Keache i' the Creel,"
To put the tyme away.

It's fer owre late at e'en, shepherd,
Replyed the maiden fair;
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonny Jeanye Roole,
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middel sae sma',
While the yowes ran bye between,
And out o' the buchte he's layd her down,
And all on the dewye green.

The star o' love i' the eastern lifte
Was the only e'e they saw:—
The only tongue that they might hear
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O who can tell of youthfu' love!
O who can sing or say!
It is a theme for minstrel meete,
And yet transcends his lay.

It is a thraldome, well I weene,
To hold the heart in sylke;
It is a draught to craze the braine,
Yet mylder than the mylke.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Now, dearest, sing to me!
The angels will listen at yon little holes,
And witness my vowes to thee.

I mayna refuse, quo' bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sae weel ye can me winne:
And she satte in his armis, and sweetly she sang,
And her voice rang frae the lynne.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
Might weel the wits beguile;
They clearer were than shepherd's pipe
Heard o'er the hylls a mile.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
That rose an' fell so free,
They softer were than lover's lute,
Heard o'er a sleeping sea.

The liltings o' that sylver voice
Were melody sae true;
They sprang up-through the welkin wide
To the heaven's keystane blue.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sing on your sang sae sweet;—
Now Chryste me save! quo' the bonnye lass,
Whence comes that waesome greete?

They turned their gaze to the Mourning Cleuch,
Where the greeting seemed to be,
And there beheld a little greene bairne
Come o'er the darksome lea.

And aye it raised a waesome greete,
Butte and an eiry crye,
Untille it came to the buchte fauld ende,
Where the wynsome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its snail-cap eyne,
That made their hearts to grou;
Than turned upright its grass-green face,
And opend its goblyne mou';

Then raised a youle, sae loude and lange—
Sae yerlish and sae shrille,
As dirled up throwe the twinkling holes
The second lifte untille.

I tell the tale as tolde to me,
I swear so by my faye;
And whether or not of glamourye,
In soothe I cannot say.

That youling yowte sae yerlish was,
Butte and sae lang and loude,
The rysing moone like saffron grewe,
And holed ahint a cloude.

And round the boddome o' the lifte,
It rang the worild through,
And boomed against the milkye waye,
Afore it closed its mou'.

Then neiste it raised its note and sang
Sae witchinglye and sweete,
The moudies, powtelit out o' the yirth,
And kyssed the synger's feete.

The waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
The theiffe foulmart came nighe;
The hurcheon raxed his scory chafts,
And gepit wi' girning joye.

The todde he came frae the Screthy holes,
And courit fou cunninglye;
The stinkin' brocke wi' his lang lank lyske,
Shotte up his gruntle to see.

The kidde and martyne ranne a race
Amang the dewye ferne;
The mawkin gogglet i' the synger's face,
Th' enchanting notes to learne.

The pert little eskis they curlit their tails,
And danced a myrthsome reele;
The tade held up her auld dunne lufes,
She likit the sang sae weele.

The herone came frae the witch-pule tree,
The houlet frae Deadwood howe;
The auld gray corbie hoverit aboone,
While tears down his cheeks did flowe.

The yowes they lap out-owre the buchte,
And skippit up and downe;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole i' the shepherd's armis,
Fell back out-owre in a swoone.

It might be glamourye or not,
In sooth I cannot say,
It was the witching time of night—
The hour o' gloamyne gray,
And she that lay in her loveris armis
I wis was a weel-faured Maye.

Her pulses all were beatinge trewe,
Her heart was loupinge lighte,
Unto that wondrous melody—
That simple song of mighte.

THE SONGE.

O where is tinye Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
And where is bonnye Lu?
And Menie o' the glenne?
And where's the place o' rest?
The ever changing hame—
Is it the gowan's breast,
Or 'neath the bell o' faem?
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The fairest rose you finde
May have a taint withinne;
The flower o' womankinde,
May ope her breast to sinne.
The foxglove cuppe you'll bring,
The taile of shootinge sterne,
And at the grassy ring,
We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

And when the blushing moone
Glides down the western skye,
By streamer's wing we soon
Upon her top will lye;—
Her hichest horn we'll ride,
And quaffe her yellowe dewe;
And frae her skaddowye side,
The burning daye we'll viewe.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The straine raise high, the straine fell low,
Then fainted fitfullye;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,
To see what she might see.

She lookit hiche to the bodynge hille,
And laighe to the darklynge deane;—
She heard the soundis still ringin' i' the lifte,
But naethinge could be seene.

She held her breathe with anxious care,
And thought it all a dreame;—
But an eiry nicher she heard i' the linne,
And a plitch-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Butte, shepherd, lette us gange;
And never mair, at a Gloamyne Buchte,
Wald she singe another sange.

SAINT ULLIN'S PILGRIM.

"Remain with us, thou gentle guest,
Remain with us, till morning stay:
The daylight's dying in the west,
And long and lonesome is the way.

"My sons to wake the deer are gone
In far Glen Affric's wild-wood glade;
Flora and I are left alone,
Give us thy company, dear maid.

"Think not that covert guile doth lie
Disguised in garb of fair good-will,
The name of hospitality
Is sacred on the Highland hill.

"Wert thou the daughter of my foe,
As thou'rt the Saxon stranger's child,
I would not, could not let thee go
To be benighted in the wild.

"Flora, my darling, cheer prepare,
And bid the maid our welcome prove;
Old Kenneth of the snowy hair
Is young to see his daughter's love."

"Entreat me not, thou good old man,"
With falt'ring tongue the maid replied,
"I must pursue my wayward plan,—
I may not, cannot here abide."

"Ah! maiden, wayward sure thou art,
And if thou must, thou must be gone;
Yet was it never Kenneth's part
To send the helpless forth alone.

"All-blighting Time hath me subdued,
Mine eyes are glazed and dim of ken,
The way is rugged, waste and rude—
Glenelchaig is a dreary glen.

"Yet Flora will her father aid,
So speaks that bright expressive eye;—
Shall we desert the stranger maid,
When other aid none else is nigh?"

"O kind old man," the maiden spoke,
"All human aid I must forego,
My sacred vow must not be broke—
The vow the living must not know.

"Farewell! entreat not, O! farewell."
So said, she sped away in haste;
Deep, deep the gloom of evening fell,
And heaven and earth were all a waste.

"Abate thy grief, thou white-hair'd man,
And, lovely Flora, cease to weep;
For Heaven the heart can truly scan,
And doth of love remembrance keep.

"For He who is our trust and might,
And who is with His own alway,
As nigh us is in shades of night,
As in the brightest beams of day.

"His presence shield the maiden's soul!"—
The gloom now dark and darker hung;
With wild, continuous, fearful howl
Each glen, each cliff, each cavern rung.

Yet held she on—avaunt, dismay!—
O'er sparry ledge and rolling stone;
Rude, dark, and toilsome was the way,
And all untrod, yet held she on.

Yet held she on, by hill and stream,
Thro' tearing brakes and sinking swamps,
While savage eyes around her gleam
Like half-extinguished cavern lamps.

She heard the Glomah, ever dark,
Like wakening thunder deeply moan;
And louder heard the howl and bark,
With scream, and hiss, and shriek, and groan.

She came beneath that fatal rock
Where horror lower'd in tenfold wrath—
A hamlet here,[1] the mountain broke,
And life was overwhelmed in death.

She deem'd she heard the bursting crash,
The agonized and stifled shriek;
Her senses reel, her ear-drums dash,
Her eyeballs strain well nigh to break.

Yet sped she on, her heart beat high,
So loud it did itself alarm;
She crossed at length the Altondye,
Then lighter grew her thoughts of harm.

Still sped she on by rock and bush,
Her tender limbs much grievance found;
She heard the streams of Fahda rush,
And hollow tongues were whispering round.

---

[1] There is a pass in Glenelchaig nearly blocked up with detached pieces of rock. Here, says tradition, was once a village, and the rock above giving way in the night buried it and all its inhabitants.—ED.

Kilullin[1] met her sight at length—
  Corpse candles burnt with livid flame—
Now Heaven assist the maiden's strength,
  'Tis much to bear for mortal frame.

As near'd she to the camp of death,
  The lights danced in the yawning blast,
And sheeted spectres crossed her path,
  All gibbering ghastly as they pass'd.

Yet high resolve could nothing harm,
  Sped on the maiden free of scathe;
Night's clammy dews fell thick and warm,
  The sulph'ry air was hot to breathe.

She reached at length Saint Ullin's stone,
  Composed in effort thereon sate;
Thou Power that yet hast led her on,
  Enstrengthen her the end to wait!

She knelt her by the slumbering saint,
  Viper and toad around her crawl;
Yet swerv'd she not—her soul grew faint,
  In prayer her lips did move—'twas all.

A languor chilled the living stream,
  She sunk upon the mould of death:
Say did she sleep as those who dream,
  Or sleep as those who slept beneath?

Her sleep was not that mortal night
  In which the spirit leaves the clay;
'Twas wak'ning to a vision bright
  Of light and everlasting day.

'Twas wak'ning in another sphere,
  A fairer, purer, holier, higher;
Where all is eye, where all is ear,
  Where all is gratified desire.

Burst on her sight that world of bliss,
  Where woe and death may never come;
She heard the hymns of Paradise,
  Where not a tuneful breeze is dumb.

She saw Life's river flowing wide,
  With Love and Mercy on the brim,
Compared unto its crystal tide
  The splendour of our sun was dim.

And on that tide were floating isles,
  With bowers of ever-verdant green,
Where sate beneath th' eternal smiles
  Those who on earth had faithful been.

She heard the hallelujahs rise
  From those who stood before the throne;
She turned aside her mortal eyes
  From what they might not look upon.

Her lovely face she strove to hide,
  It was, as angel's, mild and fair;
She felt a tear spontaneous glide,
  She thought of one she saw not there.

A shining seraph to her came,
  In melody his accents moved,—
"Fair virgin of the mortal frame,
  Thy steadfast faith is well approved.

"'Twas seen thy soul devoid of stain—
  'Twas seen thy earthly passion pure—
Thou deem'st thy love in battle slain—
  'Twas seen what virtue can endure.

"'Twas seen your souls asunder rent—
  Each to its better being lost;
In pity was a vision sent—
  You both are proved, and faith shall boast.

"Cease not to love while life shall last,
  And smooth your path shall love divine;
And when your mortal time is past,
  This visioned blissful land is thine."

He ceased,—the maiden raised her eye,
  His radiant form she could not mark;
She heard the music fall and die—
  The vision pass'd, confused and dark.

She felt her heart give fitful thrill—
  She felt the life-stream slowly play—
She thought she heard the lark sing shrill—
  She thought she saw the breaking day.

She felt impressed a glowing kiss,
  She heard the well-known accents move—
She started round—O powers of bliss!
  'Tis Allan Samradh—he, her love!

Can fleeting visions sense enslave?
  No, these are past, she doth not sleep;
'Tis he for whom she death could brave,—
  For whom her eyes in heaven could weep.

The sun above the mountains bright
  Streamed liquid gold o'er land and sea;
Earth, ocean, sky, did float in light,
  And Nature raised her hymns of glee.

Our lovers saw not sea nor sun,
  They heard not Nature's matin hymn;
Their souls were pour'd from one to one—
  Each other's eyes, all else was dim.

[1] Kilullin, literally the burying-place of Ullan.—Ed.

OH, WILL YE WALK?

"Oh, will ye walk the wood wi' me?
Oh, will ye walk the green?
Or will ye sit within mine arms,
My ain kind Jean?"

"It's I'll not walk the wood wi' thee,
Nor yet will I the green;
And as for sitting in your arms,
It's what I dinna mean."

"Oh! slighted love is ill to thole,
And weel may I compleen;
But since that better mayna be,
I e'en maun thol't for Jean."

"Gang up to May o' Mistycleugh,
Ye saw her late yestreen;
Ye'll find in her a lightsome love
Ye winna find in Jean."

"Wi' bonny May o' Mistycleugh
I carena to be seen;
Her lightsome love I'd freely gie
For half a blink frae Jean."

"Gang down to Madge o' Miryfaulds,
I ken for her ye green;
Wi' her ye'll get a purse o' gowd—
Ye'll naething get wi' Jean."

"For doity Madge o' Miryfaulds
I dinna care a preen;
The purse o' gowd I weel could want,
If I could hae my Jean."

"Oh yes! I'll walk the wood wi' thee;
Oh yes! I'll walk the green;
But first ye'll meet me at the kirk,
And mak' me aye your Jean."

LORD KINLOCH.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1872.

WILLIAM PENNEY, although not one of the great masters of song, is entitled to a niche in our gallery as the author of numerous meritorious religious poems. He was the son of Mr. William Penney, a respectable Glasgow merchant, and was born in that city Aug. 8, 1801. He was educated at the university there, and selecting the profession of the law, he passed advocate at the age of twenty-three. His talents and industry insured him success, and in 1858 he was appointed a judge of the Court of Session, taking the title of Lord Kinloch. His first publication, entitled *The Circle of Christian Doctrine*, appeared in 1861, followed in 1863 by "Time's Treasure, or Devout Thoughts for Every Day in the Year, expressed in verse, by Lord Kinloch." "I offer this volume," he remarks in the preface, "as a collection of thoughts rather than poems. My design is simply to present, day by day, a brief exercise of devout reflection, which, actually performed by one Christian, may be fitly repeated by others: expressed in that form of language, which, as it is peculiarly appropriate to the divine praise, is on that account specially fitted to be the vehicle of religious meditation. The object of the volume is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian life." *Time's Treasure* has been favourably received, and has passed through four editions. Lord Kinloch's other works are *Faith's Jewels, presented in Verse; Studies for Sunday Evening; Readings in Holy Writ;* and *Devout Moments: a selection from Time's Treasure.* He died at Hartrigge, near Jedburgh, Oct. 30, 1872.

GIFTS TO GOD.

I gathered, Lord, of flowers the fairest,
For thee to twine;
I hoarded gems, of hue the rarest,
To make them thine:

But thou mine offer so preventedst,
By gift from thee, beyond my thought,
That, whilst I took what thou presentedst,
I was ashamed to give thee ought.

My gifts appeared so poor and meagre,
  Matched with thy boon,
I straightway grew to hide them eager;
  But thou, full soon,
Smil'dst, as thou saidst, "Hast nought to render
  Of all thou from my grace hast gained?"
Then all I gave thee; and the tender
  From thine acceptance worth obtained.

A LOST DAY.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
  If, amidst its weary hours,
  Gloomy thoughts, and flagging powers,
Thou hast found that thou could'st pray.

By a single earnest prayer,
  Thou may'st much of work have done;
  Much of wealth and progress won,
Yielded not by toil and care.

To thy dear ones, then embraced,
  Thou may'st wondrous help have lent;
  Message full of love have sent;
Given a fortune free from waste.

If one thought was upward thrown,
  'Twas to eyes in heaven a sign;
  'Twas to heavenly treasures coin;
'Twas in house above a stone.

In God's book of weal and crime,
  Many days, in which thou thought'st
  Thou full well and hardly wrought'st,
Bear the blot of idle time:

Whilst the day, to which may fall
  One short prayer alone for mark,
  Writ may be, midst bright and dark,
As thy gainfullest of all.

DYING IN DARKNESS.

The Saviour died in darkness; thus he gave
A thought from sinking to despair to save,
When gloom surrounds the entrance to the grave.

The Saviour bowed his head; and meekly went
To death, 'midst all its woes and pangs content,
To teach thee how to meet its worst event.

Thy Saviour felt forsaken, as he died;
No marvel, if with such a fear be tried
The sinner, who with him is crucified.

Yet as a son into his father's hands,
The Saviour gave his spirit, 'midst his bands;
Do thou the same, when run thy latest sands.

As he upon his cross, so, on thy bed,
Be thou, amidst the darkness, free from dread;
And find "'Tis finished," may at last be said.

The earthquake, deemed thy rock to undermine,
Serves but to rend the veil, which masks the shrine;
And make the holiest of holies thine.

DESIRE OF DEATH.

When strongest my desire of death,
  I least am fit to die;
Because the will, which keeps my breath,
  I then would fain deny.

Why would the servant, ere the time,
  Enter the Master's room,
Who may, as for a heedless crime,
  To longer waiting doom?

The angel, who would change his place,
  For work or watch ordained,
God might well exile from his face,
  As one with folly stained.

'Tis the same course, the saint above,
  And earthly fellow suits;
To serve and sing, to look and love,
  And bring the Lord his fruits.

I must, by longer stay on earth,
  Better for heaven prepare:
I may not go, with such a dearth
  Of graces needful there.

God more of strength for duty give;
  More patience Christ supply:
When longer I am fit to live,
  I shall be fit to die.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

I sought for wisdom in the morning time,
When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to climb
  Where I could further see; but all in vain
  The efforts made: 'twas but unwearying strain
  At truth; nor had of knowledge save the pain.

There rose a star i' th' cast, before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might,
  And height, and distance; in a gathering mist,
  I lost the star; I could not but persist
  To seek, but how to find it nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were cast
  On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
  An infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
  Fixed there it stood, and fixed for me still stands.

I found where wisdom dwelt; and, in my joy,
Brought forth my gifts; gold, though it held alloy,
  Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth a breast,
  Warm with new love; myrrh, through all life possessed,
  Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last rest.

LITANY.

Lord, when earthly pleasures lure,
When the bad our doubts assure,
And to sin appears secure,
  Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong,
Judgments harsh, and angry throng,
For that we to Christ belong,
  Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find
Wealth amassed, like idol shrined,
And the fortune threats the mind,
  Keep us kind.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm,
Or when sorrow finds not balm,
And the prayer supplants the psalm,
  Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek,
When we run beyond the weak,
And approach the topmost peak,
  Keep us meek.

Lord, when rusheth whelming ill,
When our sins their pledge fulfil,
And we see in woe thy will,
  Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had,
To our life an hour to add,
And the parting-time is sad,
  Make us glad.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Time rolls on; and, in its flow,
  Thoughts are dropped, which, day by day,
    Float away,
And from reach of memory go.

Are they then for ever gone?
  Or will these, upon thy sea,
    Eternity,
Rise to startle us anon?

Oft are found, on after morn,
  Themes which random words disperse,
    Or which verse
Hath, like ark of rushes, borne.

All at once, on devious way,
  Juts a corner of the stream,
    With a gleam,
Bright remembrance to convey.

On the waters I have cast
  Thoughts on which, like hallowed bread,
    I have fed,
'Midst the scenes of moments past.

All may quickly sink from sight;
  Yet enough in heaven to view
    One, who grew,
Thereby, unto peace or light.

WILLIAM WILSON.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1860.

WILLIAM WILSON, the youngest but one of a family of eight children born to John Wilson and his wife Agnes Ross of Inverness, was born at Crieff on Christmas day, 1801. His family

had settled in Perthshire in the seventeenth century, and the poet's great-grandfather, Allan Wilson, fell fighting gallantly for Prince Charlie at Culloden.[1] At an early age young Wilson was imbued with a passionate love of poetry, derived from his mother, who sang with great beauty the old Jacobite songs and ballads of her native land. When five years old he lost his father, and the misfortunes of the family at that time came not singly, but in battalions. The generous merchant's death was preceded by his failure in business through the knavery of those whom he had trusted; and a bachelor brother's fortune in Jamaica was in some way lost to his children, for whom it was intended. His widow, a high-spirited woman, steadily refused pecuniary aid from sympathizing friends, preferring to rely upon her industry and economy for her own and her children's maintenance, so that Wilson's early life, like that of his friend Robert Chambers, was one of honourable poverty, dignified by hard and honest work, which ultimately brought its due reward.

Young Wilson composed verses when ten years of age. At twenty-two he became the editor of the Dundee *Literary Olio*, a large proportion of the contents of which, both in prose and verse, was from his pen. In 1826 he was induced by influential friends to remove to Edinburgh, where he established himself in business. "There was," wrote Robert Chambers, "at this time something very engaging in his appearance: a fair open countenance, ruddy with the bloom of health; manners soft and pleasing." In the same year he lost his young and devoted wife, to whom he had been married in 1819, and he sought relief from his great sorrow in composition. His contributions were welcomed in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*[2] and other leading periodicals. In 1830 Wilson married for his second wife Miss Sibbald of Borthaugh, a descendant of Sir Andrew Sibbald of Balgonie, and a niece of Dr. James Sibbald, the literary antiquary and editor of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. At this period his charming conversation and manners, and his excellent singing of Scottish songs, made the young poet a welcome guest in the literary circles of Edinburgh. At the house of Mrs. Grant of Laggan he was a frequent visitor, and so great was this gifted lady's attachment to the handsome young Highlander, that she claimed the privilege of giving her husband's name to his eldest son by his second marriage, and of possessing the poet's portrait painted by an eminent artist.

When thirty-two years of age Wilson removed to the United States, and settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, where he engaged in the business of bookselling and publishing, which he continued till his death, August 25, 1860. During his residence in the New World he occasionally contributed in prose and verse—generally anonymously—to various American periodicals, and now and then sent a paper or poem to *Blackwood* or *Chambers' Journal*. Selections of his poems appeared in the *Cabinet*, *Whistle Binkie*, *Book of Scottish Song*, the *Modern Scottish Minstrel*, and other similar publications; but he never issued them in a volume or even collected them, and it was not till the green grass was growing over his grave in the Episcopal burial-ground at Poughkeepsie, where his second wife and four of his children now sleep by his side, that a portion of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir by Benson J. Lossing. A second edition, with additional poems, appeared in 1875.

Many of the poet's musical compositions were much admired. One of his earliest was frequently sung by an eminent songstress at the Edinburgh Theatre; and his latest—an air of great beauty—was composed during the last year of his life for one of Ainslie's sweet songs. The music and the words of many of Wilson's lyrics were written chiefly for the pleasure of hearing them sung in his own house, for he rarely permitted his musical compositions to be published.

[1] The poet's aunt, Jane Wilson, wife of Captain Munroe, commander of an armed merchant vessel owned in Inverness, received an autograph letter of thanks from Queen Charlotte, and a life-pension, for her gallantry in fighting her husband's ship after he was wounded and carried below, capturing the enemy's vessel, a French privateer; and Wilson's eldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsular battles and in his crowning victory at Waterloo. Three of the poet's sons were in the armies of the North during the American civil war, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg.—Ed.

[2] To this periodical, conducted by his friend Henry Glassford Bell, late sheriff of Lanarkshire, Wilson contributed in the course of three years thirty-two poems.

Willis pronounced one of Wilson's pieces "the best modern imitation of the old ballad style that he had ever met with;" and Bryant, another distinguished American poet, said: "The song in which the writer personates Richard the Lion-hearted during his imprisonment is more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun."

Hew Ainslie, who still survives his friend, writes to the Editor: "Having summered and wintered it for many long years with your dear father, I ought to know something of the base and bent of his genius, though, as he hated all shams and pretensions, a very slight acquaintance with him showed that independence and personal manhood, 'As wha daur meddle wi' me,' were two of his strong features; while humour, deep feeling, and tenderness were prominent in all he said or wrote, and oh! the pity that he did not give us more 'Jean Linns' and 'Auld Johnny Grahams' in his native tongue. I loved him as a man, a poet, and a brother, and I had many proofs that my feelings were reciprocated."

The idea of this Work originated with William Wilson, but urgent demands upon his time, together with failing health, interfered with its execution. The task devolved upon his son, who has, as an act of filial duty no less than as a labour of love, endeavoured to complete his father's unfulfilled literary project.

TO MY CHILDREN.[1]

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun:
Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless, if I can,
And merge the busy worldling in the man.
Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,
Authoritative air, and look austere,
But the fond sire with feelings long repress'd,
Eager to bless as eager to be bless'd,—
Longing, in home's dear sanctuary, to find
The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,
The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,
The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,
And all the luxury which boisterous mirth
Scatter'd erewhile around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what "pomp
And circumstance" of glee we used to romp
From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and chairs,
O'erturning household gods—now up the stairs,
Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,
Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding?
Remember ye—when under books and toys
The table groan'd, and evening's tranquil joys
Soothed your excited spirits to repose—
How blithe as larks at peep of dawn ye rose?
Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,
As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower;
No ills annoy'd you, pleasures never pall'd,
Cares ne'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,
But, like blithe birds from clime to clime that fly,
Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless sky.

"But now papa's grown strange, and will not speak,
Nor play at blind-man's buff, or hide-and-seek;
Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,
Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said;
But still, with thoughtful look, and brow of gloom,
He stalks in silence to his study-room,
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share;
Why, what can dear papa be doing there?"
Such were the thoughts which oft in tears gush'd forth
Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,
And dimm'd the lustre of your bright blue eyes—
As wandering clouds obscure the moonlight skies,
Making their misty mellowness even more
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

'Mid laurel'd literature's Elysian bowers,
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,
And these collected treasures at your feet
I lay, ye beautiful! "sweets to the sweet!"
Yet all too soon I dedicate to you
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed;
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed,
To win me favour in your infant eyes;
Though years may come when ye will fondly prize
Affection's fond memorial, given to prove
The doating fondness of a father's love;
Love full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

---

[1] This justly admired composition was written for his friend John Aitken, editor of *Constable's Miscellany* and the London *Cabinet*, to the third series of which work it was prefixed by Mr. Aitken as a dedication to his children.—Ed.

SWEET LAMMAS MOON.

Sweet Lammas moon, thy silvery beam
  Brings many blissful thoughts to me,
Of days when in my first love dream,
  I blest thy light on Craigie Lea.

And well I might—for thy young ray
  Ne'er shone on fairer love than mine;
Nor ever youth met maiden gay
  Beneath a brighter gleam than thine.

And well I might—for Mary's charms
  Upon my bosom lay reclined,
While round her slender waist my arms
  In fondest love were closely twined.

And there and then, in that blest hour,
  We plighted vows of changeless faith;
Vows breathed with passion's warmest power,
  And broken by the hand of death.

Sweet Lammas moon, then thy young ray
  Shone on my Mary's peerless bloom;
Now waningly, in slow decay,
  Thou beamest coldly on her tomb.

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

Dear aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny Graham?
  The carle sae pawkie and slee!
He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,
  And the bodie has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an' owerlay sae clean,
  An' ribbon that waved boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,
  An' rappit, an soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minnie sae thrang
  Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,
An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang
  Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

"Hech, Tibby, lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,
  Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,
An', meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,
  Gin ye will look kindly on me.

"Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,
  Sax naigies that nibble the lea;
The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i' the pen,
  I'se gie a', dear Tibby, to thee.

"An', lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',
  An' pearlin's wad dazzle yer e'e;
A mettl'd, but canny young yaud for the yokin'
  When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

"I'll hap ye and fend ye, and busk ye and tend ye,
  And mak' ye the licht o' my e'e;
I'll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear ye,
  As couthy as couthy can be.

"I've lo'ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit bairn,
  Ye ran up the knowe to meet me;
An' deckit my bonnet wi' blue-bells an' fern,
  Wi' meikle glad laughin' an' glee.

"An' noo woman grown, an' mensefu' an' fair,
  An' gracefu' as gracefu' can be—
Will ye tak' an auld carle wha ne'er had a care
  For woman, dear Tibby, but thee?"

Sae, aunty, ye see I'm a' in a swither,
  What answer the bodie to gie—
But aften I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,
  And let puir young Tibby abee.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.[1]

Oh, the queer auld man, the dear auld man,
  The drollest in Christendie—
Wha sae aft has beguil'd doure care till he smil'd—
  He's comin' his kinsfolk to see!
He's comin' to daud frae his bonnet a blink,
  The stoure o' classic ha's—
He's hung up his goun i' the guid auld toun,
  An' brunt his critic's taws.

Chorus—

He's a dear auld man, he's a queer auld man,
He's a free auld man, he's a slee auld man—
Frae the Aristook to the Raritan,
Ye'll no find the fier o' our spree auld man.

But his pike-staff o' aik whilk mony a paik,
  Has rung on timmer crowns—
An' his birken crutch ye'll find few such,
  For soberin' senseless loons;
Thae switches strang—the short an' the lang,
  The pawkie auld carle brings;
An' wae to the pate o' the blether-skate
  On whilk their vengeance rings.
He's a bauld auld man, he's a yauld auld man,
He's a leal auld man, he's a hale auld man—
An' there's no a lady in a' the lan'
Wi' a blythesomer e'e than our braw auld man.

---

[1] Written as a welcome to Professor Wilson on hearing of his intention to visit the United States.—Ed.

But a kindly wit has Scotland's Kit,
As kind a heart an' smile—
An' the saft words flung frae his witchin' tongue,
The gled frae the lift wad wile;
For a' kinds o' lear—his presence be here!
An' a' kinds o' knowledge has he,
Baith Latin an' Greek he as glibly can speak,
As ye wad the A B C.
He's a grave auld man, he's a brave auld man,
He's a frank auld man, he's a swank auld man,
At fleechin', or preechin', or cloovin' a pan—
There's nae peer to our north countree auld man.

Sae lads to your shanks, an' thegither in ranks,
Let's welcome gude Kit to our shore,
In our costliest braws—wi' our loudest hurrahs,
Till the wondering welkin roar;
For kings are but caff, an' warld's gear draff
Engulphed by the tide of time,
But the heaven-born mind, lovin' a' mankind,
Till dooms-day shall tower sublime.
He's a grand auld man, he's a bland auld man,
He's a yare auld man, he's a rare auld man,
Tho' the terror o' sumph an' o' charlatan,
He's a kind-hearted debonair auld man.

JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie, ma doo!
Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie!
The days that hae been may be yet again seen,
Sae look na' sae lightly on me, ma doo!
Sae look na' sae lightly on me!

Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn,
Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray!
Yer gutcher and mine wad thocht themsels fine
In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may, bonnie may—
In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglee, Jean Linn,
Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
Your daddy, douce carle, was cotter to mine,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean Linn,
An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!
Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
An' the moments scour'd by like birds through the sky,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
When tentin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
I twined ye a bower by the burn,
But dreamt na' that hour, as we sat in that bower,
That fortune wad tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn,
That fortune would tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law, Jean Linn,
An' I'm your puir ploughman, Jock Law.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
On the castle turret-wall;
Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
To the warder's drowsy strain,
And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring flowers spread,
When first he was fettered there;
Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
All lowly lies his banner bright,
That foremost in battle streamed,
And dim the sword that in the fight
Like midnight meteor gleamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
That banner o'er his head,
His good lance in his hand again,
With Paynim slaughter red,
The craven hearts that round him now
With coward triumph stand,
Would quail before that dauntless brow,
And the death-flash of that hand.

BRITANNIA.[1]

Old England, warlike England,
Thy lion wakes again!
His roar through sunny Ind resounds
As once it pealed in Spain.

---

[1] Though living under the "Stars and Stripes," Mr. Wilson never ceased to love, never forgot to render due homage to the land of his birth. The above piece, that might almost be ranked with some of Campbell's patriotic effusions, shows that William Wilson always reserved a warm corner in his heart wherein to cherish the memories of our "sea-girt isle."—*People's Journal.*

In soul-arousing notes it rings,
Through Cathay's distant clime,
And a wail
On the gale
Is blent with battle's hymn,
While the craven herds amaz'd behold
Triumph unstained by crime.

Old England, dauntless England,
Thy conq'ring legions come!
The clansmen's gathering pibroch blends
With trumpet and with drum.
Bold Erin's battle cry bursts forth,
As on the dusky bands
With a cheer
They career,
And the traitors bite the sands,
Or like the chaff by rushing wind,
Are scattered through the lands.

Old England, noble England!
Thy hand ne'er drew the glaive
But from his foes to free the wronged,
His fetters from the slave:
Yet ever gen'rous in thy strength
To spare a fallen foe,
No stain
Can remain
On thy scutcheon's spotless snow,
Who strong in might upholds the right,
And strikes the spoiler low.

Old England, glorious England,
On this terrestrial sphere
For truth, and worth, and majesty
Where yet was found thy peer?
Thou treader down of tyranny,
Thou tamer of the strong,
Land and main
Own thy reign,
And round thy footstool throng,
While wand'ring nations worship thee,
Thou queen of sword and song.

JEANIE GRAHAM.

She whose lang loose unbraided hair
Falls on a breast o' purest snaw,
Was ance a maid as mild an' fair,
As e'er wil'd stripling's heart awa'.
But sorrow's shade has dimm'd her e'e,
And gathered round her happy hame,
Yet wherefore sad? and where is he,
The plighted love of Jeanie Graham?

The happy bridal day was near,
And blythe young joy beam'd on her brow,
But he is low she lov'd so dear,
And she a virgin widow now.
The night was mirk, the stream was high,
And deep and darkly down it came;
He sunk—and wild his drowning cry
Rose in the blast to Jeanie Graham.

Bright beams the sun on Garnet-hill,
The stream is calm, the sky is clear;
But Jeanie's lover's heart is still,
Her anguish'd sobs he cannot hear.
Oh! make his grave in yonder dell,
Where willows wave above the stream,
That every passing breeze may wail,
For broken-hearted Jeanie Graham.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS.

Oh blessed morn! whose ruddy beam
Of gladness mantles fount and stream,
And over all created things
A golden robe of glory flings.

On every tendril, leaf and spray,
A diamond glistens in the ray,
And from a thousand throats a shout
Of adoration gushes out;
A glad but sweet preclusive psalm
Which breaks the hallow'd morning's calm.

Each wimpling brook, each winding rill
That sings and murmurs on at will,
Seems vocal with the blest refrain,
"The Lord has come to life again!"

And from each wild flower on the wold,
In purple, sapphire, snow or gold,
Pink, amethyst or azure hue,
Beauteous of tint and bright with dew,
There breathes an incense offering, borne
Upon the wak'ning breeze of morn
To the Creator, all divine!
Meet sacrifice for such a shrine.

Far down those lofty forest aisles,
Where twilight's solemn hush prevails,
The wind its balmy censer swings
Like odours from an angel's wings,
Who, passing swift to earth, had riven
Their fragrance from the bowers of heaven.

And through each sylvan tangled hall,
Where slanting bars of sunlight fall,
Faint sounds of hallelujahs sweet,
The trancèd ear would seem to greet,

As if the holy seraphim
Were choiring here their matin hymn.

God of all nature! here I feel
Thy awful presence, as I kneel
In humble heart abasement meet,
Thus lowly at thy mercy seat;
And while I tremble, I adore;
(Like him by Bethel's stone of yore),
For this thy vouchsafed presence given,
Hath made this place the gate of heaven.

WORK IS PRAYER.

Laborare est orare.
Oh grant us faith to work, and hope to win,
When jocund youthhood's morning sun is shining,
'Tis time the work of warfare to begin,
The Christian soldier's warfare wog'd with sin.

Laborare est orare.
Oh Father, let our toil seem ever sweet!
When duty bids us still the task be plying;
The task that brings us daily to thy feet
To catch new glimpses of thy mercy-seat.

Laborare est orare.
Though stern the harvest toil, the day's work long,
With thankful hearts our scanty sheaves we'll gather,
And strong in confidence, in trusting strong,
Still with our tears will mingle bursts of song.

Laborare est orare.
We soon must lay our earthly armour down,
And in the heavenly land are legions waiting
To raise the choral welcome of renown,
And crown us with an everlasting crown.

WANING LIFE AND WEARY.[1]

Waning life and weary,
Fainting heart and limb,
Darkening road and dreary,
Flashing eye grow dim;
All betokening nightfall near
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory
From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary—
Kiss that closing eye:
Now drops the curtain on all wrong—
Throes of sorrow, grief and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
Ere life passed away,
Faintly smiled while eyeing
Yonder setting day;

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign—
Cried, with forehead shining,
Father, I am thine!
And so to rest he quietly hath passed,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter at last.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1833.

THOMAS ATKINSON was born at Glasgow, December 30, 1801. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and subsequently entered into partnership with David Robertson, a Glasgow bookseller and publisher. Although engrossed with the management of an extensive business, Atkinson found time to cultivate his taste for literature, and made his first appearance as a writer by the publication of *The Sextuple Alliance*, a series of poems on the subject of Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1826–27 he edited and issued *The Ant*, a work in two volumes, comprising original and selected matter. His next publication was *The Chameleon*, a work of the character of the annuals of that day, which commenced in 1831 and extended to three volumes. The contents of this hand-

[1] Written in a feeble and faltering hand by the author a few days before his death.—ED.

some work were mostly his own composition, and many of his songs were set to music by himself. Atkinson was a keen politician of the Liberal school, and distinguished as a public speaker. He was an unsuccessful candidate for parliament at the election held subsequent to the passing of the first reform bill, and the exertions of his political canvass produced an illness which terminated in pulmonary disease. He died October 10, 1833, during a voyage to Barbadoes for the restoration of his health, and was buried at sea. A monument to his memory was erected in the Necropolis of his native city. He left a considerable sum of money to accumulate for a time in the hands of the city corporation, and then to be applied in the erection of a building in Glasgow for scientific purposes, to be called the Atkinsonian Institution.

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Banner of midnight—vagrant light—
  Aurora of the darken'd pole,
Why shouldst thou here, in fitful flight,
  Why thus unfurl thy portent scroll?

Yet, as we gaze on thee, to see
  The future pictured, as of old,
Lo! thou shut'st up our destiny
  In many a quick and antic fold!

Say, comest thou rushing, with wild wing,
  To warn us of some pending ill?
For still belief will fondly cling,
  When nought remains of prophet skill!

Yes! o'er the peaceful front of heaven
  Methinks the charging squadrons fly!
Look! o'er yon steep battalions driven!
  Hark to the missiles hurtling by!

'Tis past! the rustling strife is o'er,
  But 'thwart the broad expanse of blue,
Where madly flickered light before,
  Now spreads a silent, holy hue.

And, folding like the radiant wings
  Of the adoring cherubim,
Thy more than sapphire lustre flings
  On earth the radiance of a dream.

Then let me, as our fathers did,
  In thee behold the coming time!
The future may not all be hid—
  And oracles have spoke in rhyme!

When the brief strife of MIGHT and RIGHT,
  The last that will be here, is o'er,
Then PEACE and TRUTH, like yon calm light,
  Shall lend to earth one glory more!

But thou wilt pale when morning's ray
  Makes bright yon wide expanse of sky:
Shall these, like thee, too, fade away,
  And all their light and lustre die?

They perish not!—Thou melt'st in light,
  While they in bliss but merge away,
Exhaled in all that's pure and bright,
  As thou by yonder coming day!

THE PROUD HEART'S PAIN.

There's na ane cares for me now,
  In a' this warld wide;
I'm like a withered tree now,
  Whar a' are green beside!
There's nae heart that can love me
  Wi' love sae leal's my ain;—
Yet why should a' this move me,
  Or gie my proud heart pain!

The hand o' warmest greeting,
  When placed in mine, grows chill;
And if blythe's the hour o' meeting,
  Fareweel seems blyther still!
The lowliest are above me,
  They've *ane* they ca' their ain!—
Yet why should a' this move me,
  Or gie my proud heart pain!

The mither dear that bore me,
  In sorrow and in pine;
Yet hung in gladness o'er me,—
  The lad-wean o' langsyne,—
Even wi' her leal breast drappin'
  The bluid, when milk was nane,
Now cares na what may happen
  To gie my proud heart pain.

And them on whom I doated,
  Wi' a mair than brither's heart,
How blythely they've forgot it,
  An' ne'er heed to take my part!
My kith an' kin will listen
  When my name is lichtly ta'en;
An' nae e'e wi' tears will glisten,
  Though my proud heart be in pain!

Oh! dear, dear love o' woman
  Sae fond but fearfu' too,
O, the ills, bye past or comin',
  How much I owe to you!
Dead now are a' who loved me,—
  Though the grave may not ha'e ta'en!
This—this of a' hath moved me,
  And gien my proud heart pain!

The frien's that ance I trusted,
  Ha'e left me in my need;
They were gaen, before I wist it,
  Or word ripen'd into deed!
"He'll maybe rise above me,"
  Said ilka ane that's gane,—
But why should a' this move me,
  Or gie my proud heart pain!

I fed on hope and dreamin',
  Through lang, lang years o' toil,
For the licht of fame seemed gleamin'
  In the distance a' the while!
'Twas the shot-star that beguiled me,
  And then left me thus alane,
O! that fause, fause licht has wiled me,
  To half my proud heart's pain!

But ae thing yet is left me,
  Which I will never tine;
Though Fate of a' bereft me,
  This wealth wad still be mine!
The leal proud heart that never
  Hath bowed beneath its pain,
But that forgives the giver,
  And can throb wi' love again!

ALAS! I CANNOT LOVE!

Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a heart like thine;
No stamp of honour'd ancestry, that spoke a noble line;
Nor wealth that could that want repay, had I to lure thine eye,
When all, but thee and thine, still pass'd the boy-bard coldly by.

Can I forget the blushing hour when by thee led to the dance,
And all the proud who on me lower'd, with many a haughty glance?
A radiant smile there was for me—for them a lofty look,
Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave their scorn rebuke!

Beside thee, in thy father's hall, amid the banquet throng,
For me was kept the place of pride—for me was given the song!
What had I done—what can I do—my title to approve?
Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is dead to love.

It is not that my heart is cold, nor yet is vow'd away;
But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels itself decay;
The wither'd bloom of early hopes, and darings, hope above,
Encrust it now, and dim its shine—Alas! I cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought on thee its spell;
They whisper that my voice, now mute, in speech could please thee well:
Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they say, thy heart could move
More than red cheeks or raven curls—yet, ah! I cannot love!

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing ear
They pour'd the dew of flattery, and that thou, lady, ne'er
Hadst thoughts that friendship would not own: for souls like thine can prove
How much of kindred warmth may glow without a spark of love!

One only passion now will cure this palsy of the heart:—
Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but whatsoe'er the part,
In after life, I do or dree, the praise shall all be thine,
And all I hope, and all I win, be offered at thy shrine!

MARY SHEARER.

She's aff and awa', like the lang summer day,
  And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome and dreary;
The sun-blinks o' June will come back owre the brae,
  But lang for blithe Mary fu' mony may weary.
    For mair hearts thine mine
      Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;
    But nane mair will pine
      For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring, just like ane o' its flowers,
And the bluebell and Mary baith blossom'd thegither;
The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come hither.
Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer.

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;
Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,
Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed cover.
Oh! he maun be blessed
Wha's allowed to be near her;
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch Striven,
My country and kin,—since I've sae lov'd the stranger;
Wharo she's been maun be either a pine or a heaven—
Sae across the braid world for a while I'm a ranger!
Though I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her,—
For mine may be yet,
—Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is some—too soon it came—
When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.
We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together?

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.
Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

ROBERT WILSON.

Robert Wilson was born in the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire, in 1801. He was educated for the medical profession, and practised for some time at St. Andrews. For many years he has lived in retirement at Aberdour, a watering-place on the coast of Fife celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. Dr. Wilson is the author of *Lectures on the Game Laws, The Social Condition of France,* and a volume of poems published in 1856 at Boston, Massachusetts. Since that date he has contributed many poetical pieces, chiefly lyrical, to the periodicals, which have not yet been republished in a collected form. Dr. Wilson is also the author of several *brochures* on subjects of a socio-political character.

AMERICA.

Honour to him on whose prophetic brain
First dawned the woodlands of the western main;
Who realized at last his youthful dreams,
And found the New World, with her woods and streams,
Where living verdure fringed the circling floods,
And red men wandered in primeval woods!

When persecution scourged with iron rod
The worshippers of liberty and God;
Gave patriot-blood the tyrant's thirst to slake,
Fire to the fagot, victims to the stake,—
Freedom, from warring Europe long exiled,
Found a safe refuge in the forests wild.
When future martyrs met their trembling flocks
To worship God among the woods and rocks,
Then many a worshipper, to shun the brand,
Left for his father's faith his father-land,
And, in the western woodlands far away,
Sought fearlessly the house of God to pray;

Once more their pious bosoms proudly swell
To list the tinkling of the Sabbath-bell.

And thither pilgrims flocked from many a clime,
Where love to God or freedom was a crime;
And when at last, across the severing wave,
A giant-arm was stretched to crush the brave,
When Britain strove to impose the tyrant-yoke,
'Twas then the glorious cry for Freedom woke:
The stirring memory of want and wrong,
Sustained in various lands from whence they sprung,
Bound in one resolute devoted band
The scattered children of that foster-land:
The patriot-ranks the stalwart woodmen own,
Beneath whose arm majestic forests groan.

The peasant, lingering round his home, surveys
His log-built cabin 'midst the flowering maize;
Then leaves his sobbing spouse and sportive child,
To wrestle for his treasures in the wild.
The aged sire, whose now-reposing arm
The waste transmuted to the cultured farm,
In hopes to spend his age among his race,
Fights for the sweet spot in the desert place.
To such a glorious band, 'mong whom was none
Who could not call some spot of earth his own,
What are the tools that tyrants cast away,
When at their game of lives they chance to play?
Freedom prevailed, and left this truth sublime
To her fond worshippers of future time,—
All have the power who wish but to be free;
A truth we owe, America! to thee.

Long has the venturous, woe-worn exile-band
Proclaimed thy woody shore the poor man's land,
Where all may boast some little spot of earth,
Where waves their grain, and glows the social hearth.
That sunny spot becomes a guiding star
To suffering kindred in their homes afar,
To lure the victims sad of want and power
To happier shores in Fortune's troubled hour,
Where work the peasant and mechanic's hand
Changes more rapid than enchanter's wand.
Where late the jaguar shunned the noonday heat,
The laden wain rolls up the crowded street;
And where the youth has marked the wild deer shake
Their forked antlers by the crystal lake,
And, never daunted by the woodman's axe,
O'er the smooth water hold their arched necks,
Ere the few gladsome years of youth have flown,
Has marked the commerce of a busy town;
And in the lately silent creek has seen
The havened barks amid the foliage green.
Where the cold ague's treacherous poison sleeps,
And o'er its bed the noxious serpent creeps,
Soon shall the homesteads with their cornfields shine,
Beside the smooth canal's long silvery line,
Adown whose glittering steps the ships shall go
To the broad waters of the lake below.
And where the Indian maid, with barbarous rite,
Mourns for her lover slain in savage fight,
And, with the bow and quiver in his hand,
Equips her warrior for the Spirit's Land,—
There human relics shall in peace be laid,
And o'er the sad ruin mournful honours paid,
Blended with faith that Christ will come again
To raise and beautify the prostrate fane.

HUMBIE WOOD, ABERDOUR.

At sultry noon or close of day
Alike I love the woodland way,
In Hillside's shady walks to stroll,
Or thread the path by hedge or rill
That leads to Humbie's wooded hill,
Conspicuous for its beauty still,
Though trees crown every knoll.

There visions charm the inward sight;
And waking dreams that please to-night
Will yield again their bliss to-morrow;
When on the leafy copse I look,
Or soaring tree, or flowery nook,
Or list the scarce-seen bickering brook
That runs the forest thorough.

Or mark the chestnut's floral crown,
And ancient pine of solemn brown
That knows the cushat's indraw crush;
Or watch, to waving boughs sublime,
The graceful squirrels nimbly climb,
While the plumed minstrels' mingled chime
Is heard from brake and bush.

But not these woodland sounds alone
To the rapt dreamer's ear is known;
But oft in opening glade it meets
Familiar sounds we love to hear,
From him who stoops the plough to steer;
Or oxen low on hillocks near,
Or gamesome lambkin bleats.

Our piney wood and mountain thyme
The gorgeous flower of southern clime
In spicy fragrance far exceed;
Nor Araby a perfume knows
More rich than sweetbriar or the rose,
Or where the bean or hawthorn blows,
Or hay-cock scents the mead.

Awhile my tardy steps are stayed
Beside a beech prolix of shade,
Delicious in the summer noon;
Where in the cool sequestered bower

The speedwell grows, my fav'rite flower,
Or dandelion, that tells the hour,
  The herdboy's clock in June.

Or o'er the ground the trees between,
The ivy spreads its matted green;
  And honeysuckle climbs the tree—
Its odours sweet the insects note,
Which through the sylvan alleys float,
And lure from mossy haunts remote
  The blossom-loving bee.

For where the honeysuckle climbs,
And ample spread the luscious limes,
  The toilsome bees their nectar sip;
There too the nuts and berries grow,
Whose ripening time the schoolboys know—
The berry blue, and purple sloe,
  The hazel and the hip.

Emerging from the forest glade;
Scenes fair as mortal e'er surveyed
  Burst sudden on the raptured view:
For now the gleams of parting day
Tint rock and ruin, inch and bay,
And softly tip with slanting ray
  The wavy Pentlands blue.

The boatman hoists his slender sail
To catch the new-born coming gale,
  While sidelong lies the idle oar—
And sweetly musing feels the power
Of summer gloaming's witching hour,
When gazing on fair Aberdour
  And its enchanting shore.

Or from the blue unruffled bay
Goes the wheeled bark no calms delay,
  Or winds deter, these coasts between;
And from its deck the gazer sees
Wood-fringed shores that ever please,
Or the high Hewes' majestic trees,
  And rocks with ivy green.

Northward, to woodland wanderers dear,
Cullalo hills their barrier rear,
  Their summits with rich forest clad;
While downward severing clumps are seen,
And slender lines of hedgerow green,
With sloping sheltered fields between.
  For coming harvest glad.

But now around the welkin's brim
Gather the shades of evening dim,
  That soon familiar sights confuse;
Far-parted forests seem to meet,
Where swains in glade with hawthorn sweet,
As here, the tale of love repeat,
  And fameless poets muse.

The milkmaid opes the paddock gate,
Where kine distended meekly wait
  That stated fill her shining pail.
No more the rustics drudge and moil,
Untrodden lies the fallowed soil,
And all the sounds of ruder toil
  Are hushed within the vale.

The daisy knows the dewy hour,
And careful folds the tender flower
  Which opens to the morning sun;
The star of eve appears to view;
Thin wreaths of smoke, so faintly blue,
From hut and hamlet rise anew—
  And the long day is done.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF ABERDOUR.

The stately Norman church that shows
  Its arches to the open sky,
The chancel where tall seedling grows,
  And vault where nobles lie;
The nameless grave, the lettered stone,
  To me are more congenial themes
On which to muse an hour alone
  Than all ambition's dreams.

Here father, mother, children own
  Some little spot of common earth,
And cluster round the pillared stone
  As round the parent hearth.
While some beneath those hillocks pressed
  Together share the dreamless sleep,
Whose kindred take their lasting rest
  By distant shore and deep.

Some sleep on India's sultry shore,
  One where the ocean waves o'erwhelm,
Some 'neath this antique sycamore,
  And immemorial elm.
Yon tablet in the churchyard wall,
  Reared by a sister's tender care,
Records the fate that haps to all—
  The household's names are there.

And stones around are thickly strewed,
  Which still the fond survivor rears,
Where homely rhymes and sculpture rude
  Speak to our hopes and fears;
And holy text and humble lay
  Foretell the Christian's endless bliss,
While star and sun still point the way
  To brighter worlds than this.

And see, all eloquent of death,
  Are skull and cross-bones side by side;
The shuttle quaintly carved beneath
  Tells how the moments glide.
The rose's stony petals there
  Speak of a transient breath and bloom,
Fit emblems of the loved and fair
  Who find an early tomb.

And spindles rudely carved disclose
  How fine the thread of life is spun;
This sand-glass to the gazer shows
  How soon his race is run.
The muse in artless numbers sings
  Her tribute to the good and just,
While cherubim with outstretched wings
  Protects the honoured dust.

The worn and weary here at last
  Repose upon their lowly bed,
And text and arrow tell how fast
  Death's fatal weapon sped;
And how for them fond eyes were dim,
  And tender hearts were torn;
While sculptured crowns still speak of Him
  Who wore the crown of thorn.

Beyond the sycamores I mark
  Th' inconstant ocean ebb and flow,
O'er which the full-sailed barge and bark,
  Like wandering pilgrims go;
While in the sheltered haven nigh,
  Meet images of perfect rest,
Some safe from storms together lie,
  In peaceful pennons dressed.

Below, the water of the Dour,
  Like mortal being, glides away;
Aloft, the weather-wasted tower
  Looks down in proud decay:
The ash-tree's verdant branches wave
  Above the heaving, hallowed mould,
That soon shall shed o'er tomb and grave
  Their leaves of paly gold.

Though here no more the anthems swell,
  And holy men no longer preach,
Stream, tower, and tree of frailty tell;
  While texts and verses teach,
Inscribed above the mortal dust
  Which gathers round the house of prayer,
That all who place in God their trust
  Immortal bliss shall share.

ROBERT MACNISH.

BORN 1802 — DIED 1837.

ROBERT MACNISH, M.D., author of the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the *Philosophy of Sleep*, and various contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was born at Glasgow, February 15, 1802. After receiving the elements of education in his native city he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Easton of Hamilton, at that time at the head of a flourishing academy. The acquirement of the French language principally engaged the period between his leaving this school and his entering upon the study of medicine with his grandfather and father, who were then associated in practice in Glasgow. Having at the age of eighteen passed an examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained from the University of Glasgow the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*. After eighteen months of country practice in Caithness, where his health failed, he went abroad and spent a year in Paris. With the medical prelections of Broussais and the surgical ones of Dupuytren he was much delighted; he met Cuvier, and formed an acquaintanceship with Gall. On his return to Scotland he settled in Glasgow, which continued to be his place of residence until his death.

In 1826 Dr. Macnish became a contributor of prose and verse to the most celebrated magazine of the day—*Blackwood*. His elaborate treatises, more especially the *Anatomy of Drunkenness* and the *Philosophy of Sleep*, gained for him great reputation at home, and carried his name to the United States, from whence the degree of Doctor of Laws was sent to him. They were also translated into the French and German languages. Dr. Macnish died Jan. 16, 1837; and so perished in the prime of life, and in the bloom of his fame as well as of his professional usefulness, a man whom

Scotland may well number among her gifted children. A critic said of him—"There was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages and animated and delighted his readers." A few years after Macnish's death two volumes of his essays, poems, and sketches, with a memoir of his life written by his friend Dr. D. M. Moir, the author of many beautiful poetical productions, was published in London. To this work we are indebted for the subjoined poems, as well as for the facts contained in this brief sketch.

TO THE RHINE.

Majestic stream! whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my soul doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

'Tis not thy track o'erhung with towers
Of antique mould—and clustering bowers—
'Tis not thy waves, romantic Rhine,
Rolling away 'mong hills of pine—
'Tis not the matchless beauty given
To thine o'erarching woods—as heaven
Sighs o'er them with her airy spell—
That bids thee in my memory dwell.

Far other ties, majestic river,
Have bound thee to this heart for ever.
The mountains whence thy streams arise
Are gladden'd over by her eyes—
Her starry eyes whose glance divine
Was oft in rapture turn'd on mine.
In vision like a radiant gleam,
I see her mirror'd on thy stream,
I hear her voice of silvery tone
Arising from thy waters lone:
I hear her lute's bland echo come
With voice so soft—so all but dumb—
That sound hath well-nigh striven in vain
To mould the melancholy strain,
Which empty silence fain would quell
For ever in his voiceless cell.

River of rivers! unto me
Thy lucid breast shall ever be
A shrine with thousand gifts o'erflowing—
A spirit known, though all unknowing.
When by thy wizard banks I stray,
Unnumber'd thoughts bestrew my way—
Thoughts rising, like thy gushing fountains,
Far off, from those romantic mountains
Where she doth dwell who rules my heart—
A solitary star apart—
A wild flower in her native glen,
Far from the busy strife of men.
What wonder then—O! lordly stream—
Since like an everlasting dream
Her pictured memory dwells with thee,
That thou art all in all to me?
Sweet is thy course, and even the call
Of thunder—when thy waterfall
Grindeth his rebel waves to spray,
And shadoweth with mist the day.
I love thee in thy gentle path—
I love thee in thy moods of wrath—
I love thee when thou glidest under
The boughs unheard—or roll'st in thunder.
Yes, lordly stream, whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my heart doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

THE LOVER'S SECRET.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty made,
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of thee.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours of sleep,
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me weep:—

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's shrine
Is fill'd with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er be mine:
"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's decree,
Stand, and will ever stand, between my soul and thee!

Hope long hath passed away, and nothing now remains
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its pains;
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe thy name,
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art enshrined
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:

If I had loved thee less, the secret thou hadst known
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me alone.

The secret thou hadst known—but terror, lest thy heart
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred part,
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn
Love which, perchance, from thee durst meet with no return.

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thraldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou utteredst in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

BORN 1802—DIED 1871.

It may be doubted whether in recent years the name of any literary man in Scotland has been more widely known than that of the late DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS. His career was a kind of which his native land can exhibit perhaps more examples in proportion than any other country, and of all her writers and poets of the nineteenth century, not even excepting Sir Walter Scott or Professor Wilson, he was the most thoroughly *Scotch* in his mind, feelings, and character. With his passion for reading, and his indomitable industry, he united an intense admiration for the land of his birth, and an unconquerable determination from his boyhood to celebrate in some way the glories of Auld Scotia—

"Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

If the devoted lover of his native land did not live to sing such stanzas as Burns and Scott sang, he yet lived to write "Young Randal" and many other sweet songs which entitle him to a place in our gallery, and to produce upwards of seventy volumes, exclusive of detached papers, all illustrative of the history and progress of Scotland—its literature, social life, and antiquities. He wandered over and described all its classic scenes; he collected and garnered up the fast-fading traditions and national peculiarities of bygone days; and recorded, as no other writer has done, the story of the rash and romantic military enterprise of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which terminated in the ruin of the Stuart family.

Robert Chambers was born July 10, 1802, in the ancient town of Peebles, lying in the

lovely pastoral vale of Tweed, and the scene of the celebrated old poem "Peblis to the Play." He and his elder brother William were educated at the schools of their native town. Family misfortunes took their father to Edinburgh, and compelled Robert, who was intended for the Church, to make choice of a different career, and to forego the advantages of a university education. At the age of fifteen he opened a small book-shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, his stock consisting entirely of the wreck of the family library. He managed his little business with so much industry that in 1822 he was enabled to remove to a better locality, and soon after issued his first work, entitled *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*. Two years later he published his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, certainly in the writer's judgment the most amusing book of local antiquities to be met with. Robert Chambers' next work, issued in 1826, was the *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, and in the year following his *Pictures of Scotland* appeared. The latter was a successful effort to elevate topographical and archæological details into the region of *belles-lettres*, and it was for many years the best companion for travellers in Scotland. Enlisted in the corps of writers for *Constable's Miscellany*, he wrote successively five volumes embodying the histories of the Scottish rebellions, of which that concerning the affair of 1745, while true as to facts, partakes of the charm of a romance. Then followed two volumes of a *Life of James I.*; three volumes of *Scottish Songs and Ballads*; and four volumes of the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. In addition to writing these various works, and giving attention to his business, he acted for a time as editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a well-established journal belonging to Donaldson, the founder of the hospital in the Scottish capital which bears his name.

In 1832, amid much political distraction, there was a universal upheaving in favour of popular education in Great Britain. At this critical juncture the elder brother projected *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the first number of which appeared Feb. 4, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the *Penny Magazine*. It was a marvel in the literary world, and at once met with surprising success, which, after a period of over forty years, it continues to enjoy. From the first Robert was an efficient contributor to the *Journal*, his delightful essays, pathetic and humorous, fixing the publication firmly in popular esteem. Animated by the same spirit, the brothers now joined in partnership, and it is unnecessary to particularize the various enterprises in which they were unitedly concerned; suffice it to say that their publishing house has become widely known throughout both Great Britain and America. "You are aware," wrote Chambers in 1850 to William Wilson of Poughkeepsie, his life-long friend and correspondent, "that my brother and I conduct what you may call a great literary factory. We are not publishers in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather authors and editors working out our literary plans through the medium of a printing and publishing concern in the hands of a set of subordinates. Thus the literary man takes in our case his naturally due place as the superior of the mere tradesman publisher. It is a curious problem in literary affairs that we are solving, and probably something may be heard of it twenty years hence. The printing of the books written and edited by us gives occasion for ten printing presses, the working of which is one of the sights of Edinburgh—a curious contrast with the infancy of my concern in Leith Walk, where you used to look in upon me!"

Robert Chambers' next important work was his *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, a publication of higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. It was followed by his *Life and Letters of Robert Burns*, including his poems. The profits of one edition, amounting to £200, were presented to the daughters of Burns' surviving sister, who had herself previously received many kindnesses from her brother's editor and admirer. "A dear and faithful friend has Mr. Chambers been to me," said the venerable lady to the writer when he visited her in her cottage of Bridgehouse, near Ayr, in the summer of 1855. Writing to the Editor from St. Andrews a short time before his death, Mr. Chambers said: "It is only last week, after an interval of three years, that I have got once more settled in a home of my own. My health, after being out of order for an equal space of time, is now completely restored. I am setting up a household with one young daughter and three grand-

children, hoping to have a few pleasant leisurely years at the close of a life which has perhaps been too active and laborious."

In 1868 the University of St. Andrews conferred on Robert Chambers the honorary degree of LL.D. In his well-known hospitable home at St. Andrews the doctor dispensed a generous hospitality, and his dinners and evening parties here had something in them of the smack of old times. The pen was now taken up only occasionally as an amusement in the preparation of a *Life of Smollett*, his last literary work. The memoir when published bore strongly, like the archbishop's homily in *Gil Blas*, "the marks of mortal disease," though still a not unpleasing gossipy narrative. The remaining span of his life was happily accompanied by little if any physical suffering, and he passed peacefully away March 17, 1871. In the last letter the Editor received from Dr. Chambers he wrote: "I feel greatly interested, my dear general, in your proposed selections from the Scottish poets. You honour me much by introducing me into the Work. I think the selection of my pieces as good as could be made. In answer to your query, the 10th of July, 1802, is the date of my birth. There are no portraits of Barbour, Wyntoun, and Lyndsay, nor of any before Drummond, excepting the kings, and perhaps Buchanan." In 1872 a memoir of Robert Chambers, containing some of his poems, with autobiographic reminiscences of William Chambers, was issued at Edinburgh, and immediately republished in New York, both editions meeting with a wide circulation.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

Hast thou ne'er marked, in festal hall,
  Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beamed more bright than all—
  Some gay—some glorious one!
Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
  As through the hall she went and came,
And her intensity of brightness,
  As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene;
  Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved:—a gemless queen,
  A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth—
  An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
  And singled such a one,
And if thou hast enraptured been—
  And felt thyself undone;
If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
  Till thou wert sad with fears;
If thou hast gazed on such a one
  Till thou wert blind with tears;
If thou hast sat obscure, remote,
  In corner of the hall,
Looking from out thy shroud of thought
  Upon the festival;
Thine eye through all the misty throng
  Drawn by that peerless light,
As traveller's steps are led along
  By wild-fire through the night:
Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
The joy, the rapture, and the woe,
Which in alternate tides of feeling,
Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
That festal night, my soul possess'd.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
  And brightest of the bright;
And there was many a fair one there,
  That joyous festal night.
A hundred eyes on her were bent,
  A hundred hearts beat high;
It was a thing of ravishment,
  O God! to meet her eye!
But 'midst the many who look'd on,
  And thought she was divine,
O, need I say that there were none
  Who gazed with gaze like mine!
The rest were like the crowd who look
  All idly up to heaven,
And who can see no wonder there
  At either morn or even;
But I was like the wretch embound
Deep in a dungeon under ground,
Who only sees, through grating high,
One small blue fragment of the sky,
Which ever, both at noon and night,
Shows but one starlet shining bright,
Down on the darkness of his place,
With cheering and unblenching grace;
The very darkness of my woe
Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
  To one of calmer tone,

And she her loveliness arranged
  Upon fair Music's throne.
Soft silence fell on all around,
  Like dew on summer flowers;
Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
  Like daisies bent with showers.
And o'er that drooping stilly scene
A voice rose gentle and serene,
  A voice as soft and slow
As might proceed from angel's tongue,
If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
  And wish'd to speak its woe.

The song was one of those old lays
  Of mingled gloom and gladness,
Which first the tides of joy can raise,
  Then still them down to sadness;
A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
The very air and gait of sorrow,
And sorrow takes as much alloy
From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
Its notes, like hieroglyphic thing,
Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
I could have lain my life's whole round
Entranced upon that billowy sound,
Nought touching, tasting, seeing, hearing,
And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
As he down waveless stream doth float.
But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
  Of full melodious tone,
And all into a cadence fell,
  And was in breathing gone.
And she too went: and thus have gone
  All—all I ever loved;
At first too fondly doted on,
  But soon—too soon removed.
Thus early from each pleasant scene
  There ever has been reft
The summer glow—the pride of green,
  And but brown autumn left.
And oh, what is this cherished term,
  This tenancy of clay,
When that which gave it all its charm
  Has smil'd—and pass'd away?
A chaplet whence the flowers are fall'n,
A shrine from which the god is stolen!

SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
  The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
  Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
  Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
  Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
  The sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
  The land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land;
  Land where my soul was nourish'd;
Land of anticipated joy,
  And all by memory cherish'd!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain
  What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
  Has found a place for ever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
  To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not fondly garner'd up
  Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
  With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
  Those rivers join the ocean;
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
  Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
  As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
  And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
  Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the "bonnie broom,"
  The thistle and the heather;
The bluebell and the gowan fair,
  Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
  On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
  Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
  So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
  Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
  Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
  And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
  Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
  Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
  The land of all that love me;

Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
  Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
  Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
  Of ancient faith and glory!

THE PRISONER OF SPEDLINS.

To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh,
  The Jardine he maun ride;
He locks the gates behind him,
  For lang he means to bide.

And he, nor any of his train,
  While minding thus to flit,
Thinks of the weary prisoner,
  Deep in the castle pit.

They were not gane a day, a day,
  A day but barely four,
When neighbours spake of dismal cries
  Were heard frae Spedlins Tower.

They mingled wi' the sigh of trees,
  And the thud-thud o' the lin;
But nae ane thocht 'twas a deein' man
  That made that eldrich din.

At last they mind the gipsy loon,
  In dungeon lay unfed;
But ere the castle key was got,
  The gipsy loon was dead.

They found the wretch stretch'd out at length
  Upon the cold, cold stone,
With starting eyes and hollow cheek,
  And arms peeled to the bone!

. . . . . .

Now Spedlins is an cerie house,
  For oft at mirk midnight
The wail of Porteous' starving cry
  Fills a' that house wi' fright.

"O, let me out, O let me out,
  Sharp hunger cuts me sore;
If ye suffer me to perish so,
  I'll haunt you evermore!"

O sad, sad was the Jardine then,
  His heart was sorely smit;
Till he could wish himself had been
  Left in that deadly pit.

But "Cheer ye," cried his lady fair,
  "'Tis purpose makes the sin;
And where the heart has had no part,
  God holds his creature clean."

Then Jardine sought a holy man
  To lay that vexing sprite;
And for a week that holy man
  Was praying day and night.

And all that time in Spedlins house
  Was held a solemn fast,
Till the cries waxed low, and the boglebo
  In the deep Red Sea was cast.

. . . . . .

There lies a Bible in Spedlins ha',
  And while it there shall lie,
Nae Jardine can tormented be
  With Porteous' starving cry.

But Applegarth's an altered man—
  He is no longer gay;
The thought o' Porteous clings to him
  Unto his dying day.

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
  awa',
Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
  awa',
'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and
  thritty-twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the
  ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters
  twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the
  castle wa',
And mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back?" sae kindly did she
  speir,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my
  dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed
  awa'—
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed
  awa',

And in his bonnie e'e a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man whan he came hame—
A sair altert man was he whan he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
And gray, gray cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit with the ring,
And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen;
"Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carle is this," quo' the dame,
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madame, are ye bonnie Jeanie Graham?"
"In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turn'd him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be;
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND WARRIORS.

Oh, where are the pretty men of yore?
Oh, where are the brave men gone?
Oh, where are the heroes of the north?
Each under his own gray stone.
Oh, where now the broad bright claymore?
Oh, where are the trews and plaid?
Oh, where now the merry Highland heart?
In silence for ever laid.
Och on a rie, och on a rie,
Och on a rie, all are gone;
Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
Each under his own gray stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,
Macdonald and brave Lochiel,
The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,
With their clansmen true as steel;
Who follow'd and fought with Montrose,
Glencairn, and bold Dundee;
Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,
And would aye rather fa' than flee.
Och on a rie, &c.

The hills that our brave fathers trod
Are now to the stranger a store;
The voice of the pipe and the bard
Shall awaken never more.
Such things it is sad to think on—
They come like the mist by day—
And I wish I had less in this world to leave,
And be with them that are away.
Och on a rie, &c.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier
On fire for high-born dame,
With sword and lance I would not fear
To win a warrior's fame.
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer, better mood
The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf athwart my corselet cast,
With her fair name y-wove,
I'll have her pictur'd in my breast,
The ladye that I love.

No crested steed through battle throng
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won.
Amidst the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove,
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

THOMAS AIRD.

BORN 1802 — DIED 1876.

THOMAS AIRD, who early distinguished himself as a poet, was born at Bowden, Roxburghshire, August 28, 1802. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he formed

the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Dr. Moir, and other literary men. He studied originally for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, but, changing his purpose, he embraced the freedom of a literary life, and became a frequent contributor in prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He also wrote for other Edinburgh magazines, including the *Literary Journal*, which he for a time edited. A volume of poems, published about his twentieth year, evinced the early promise of his mind; and this was followed in 1827 by a little treatise entitled *Religious Characteristics*, which won the admiration of Professor Wilson for its high imaginative power and exalted Christian tone. Three years later he published "The Captive of Fez, a Romance," in five cantos, which immediately gained for the young author a place among the poets of the day. A brief extract among our selections will give some idea of the character of this vigorous and picturesque production. Mr. Aird was in 1835 appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald and Register*, a Conservative journal, which met with great success under his editorship, extending over a period of twenty-eight years. Its pages were enriched with some of his choicest verses and criticisms, and the generous editor was always glad to receive the contributions of the youthful talent which gathered around him. Aird's next volume was a collection of admirable tales and sketches, entitled *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*. After the death of his friend Dr. Moir, he edited an edition of his poems, for which he prepared a memoir. In 1848 his poems were published in a collected form, with some new ones; the volume was well received, and reached a fourth edition in 1863. Some of these pieces are of wild imaginative grandeur; the poem "My Mother's Grave," it has been said, "deserves a place beside Cowper's immortal lines: it breathes a spirit of yearning tenderness and intensest pathos." On relinquishing the editorship of the *Dumfries Herald*, and retiring into private life in 1863, Mr. Aird was entertained at a public dinner in Dumfries, and presented with a handsome testimonial subscribed for by men of all shades of political opinion. Resident in a beautiful country, with troops of friends around him, his remaining years glided on in happy tranquillity. He died at his residence of Castlebank, Dumfries, April 25, 1876, after a painful illness borne with manly fortitude.

In a notice of the poet which appeared at the time of his death it is said:—"Thomas Aird resembled the great poet of the English lakes in various respects—in his pure and consecrated life, his musings among the woods and streams, his modest and retiring ways. Every nest in spring was known to him, and every flower which summer brings. The beautiful meadow of the Dock, on the banks of the winding Nith, was his favourite haunt, and here he used to watch the autumn sun as he sank in crimson clouds behind the hills of Galloway, and flushed the river with his dying glory. The numerous visitors, who came from far and near, were also dear to him, amongst whom every season was Thomas Carlyle, his honoured contemporary and friend. His death, though not unexpected, has cast a shadow on Dumfries, which will miss for long his familiar presence and the quiet dignity of his daily walk. It is pleasing to know that his remains will rest in the place which is associated with his name, not far from the grave which holds the sacred ashes of Burns, and from the venerable church of St. Michael, in which for forty years he was a reverent worshipper."

In a letter to the Editor Mr. Aird remarks, "I leave it to your own judgment to select what pieces you think most suitable for your publication. But if you ask myself, I would say that 'Frank Sylvan,' 'The Holy Cottage,' and 'The River' seem to be the best liked."

THE CAPTIVE OF FEZ.

(EXTRACT.)

Gray morn appeared. "My horse!" Zemberbo cried;
And forth was brought, shrill neighing in his pride,
His battle-horse—from Araby a gift,
White as the snows, and as the breezes swift:
A chosen foal, on Yemen's barley fed,
In size and beauty grew the desert-bred,

Fit present for a king: his burnished chest,
Branched o'er with veins, and muscles ne'er at rest,
Starts, throbs, and leaps with life; his eyeballs glow;
Quick blasts of smoke his tender nostrils blow.
The chieftain sprung on him. The rolling drum
Announced his signal that the hour was come
His men should move. Trumpet and deep-smote gong
Quell to the draining march the closing throng.
On through the short defile, compact and slow,
Betwixt the vales, Zemberbo's squadrons go.
Lo! the king's host. The mutual armies seen,
Fierce shouts arose, and claimed the space between.
Paused not the rebel phalanx. On each hand
Hung cloudy swarms, whence, ranging in a band,
The stopping archers, with their pause compressed,
Let loose the glancing arrows from their breast.
Nor less from loyal bows the arrowy rain
Dark on the advancing column fell amain,
Advancing still: in crescent-shaped array,
The Fezzan host in its embosomed bay
Receives it deep; but sharpens round away,
Till curling to the column's flanks it turns,
And turning bores them with its piercing horns.
Yet onward still, still onward through the fight,
That column pushed its firm continuous might,
Till, widening out, it spread a breastwork far
Across the plain, and mingled deep the war.
But where is Julian? At the break of day
Came on his father with a bold array,
Brought by the message of his son; but fear
Disdaining for himself, himself is here
Leading the warriors on, sooner to bar
Zemberbo's rise, and end a long-protracted war.
O how rejoicing to his native band
Did Julian leap! His father, hand in hand
He'll fight with him! And through that stormy day
They crossed Zemberbo in his fellest way.
Faint toiled the staggering battle. Fresh and strong,
A giant troop came dashingly along,
Grim set, reserved for this: Lo! bare of head,
The black compacted turm Zemberbo led;
Low couching, forward bent; and stern and still
His sword intensely waited on his will,
Held pointed by his side. Across his path
Resistance came, and eased his rigid wrath,
Which bowed him corded down. How towering rose
The mighty creature, and made shreds of foes;
His face, as far he bounded to destroy,
Bright with the sunshine of his warlike joy!
He pointed to the thickest of the fight,
There fought the King of Portugal, with might
There Julian fought; deep plunged into the fray
That sable corps, and cleared the crush away;
Then, with the stress of numbers hemming round
That king, they bore him from the embattled ground,
And bore his son; but not one wounding blade
Was dealt on them, for so Zemberbo bade:
Thus Julian and his sire were captive made.
Their capture smote with fear the Fezzan host;
It paused, it wavered, turned, fled—all was lost.

THE RIVER.

Infant of the weeping hills,
Nursling of the springs and rills,
Growing river, flowing ever,
Wimpling, dimpling, staying never,—
Lisping, gurgling, ever going,
Lipping, slipping, ever flowing,
Toying round the polished stone,
Kiss the sedge and journey on.
Here's a creek where bubbles come,
Whirling make your ball of foam.
There's a nook so deep and cool,
Sleep into a glassy pool.
Breaking, gushing,
Downward rushing,
Narrowing green against the bank,
Where the alders grow in rank,—
Thence recoiling,
Outward boiling,
Fret, in rough shingly shallows wide,
Your difficult way to yonder side.
Thence away, aye away,
Bickering down the sunny day,
In the sea, in yonder west,
Lose yourself, and be at rest.
Thus from darkness weeping out,
Flows our infant life away,
Murmuring now the checks about,
Singing now in onward play;
Deepening, whirling,
Darkly swirling,
Downward sucked in eddying coves;
Boiling with tumultuous loves;
Widening o'er the worldly sands;
Kissing full the cultured lands;
Dim with trouble, glory-lit,
Heaven still bending over it;
Changing still, yet ever going,
Onward, downward ever flowing.
O to be a boy once more,
Curly-headed, sitting singing
Midst a thousand flowerets springing,
In the sunny days of yore,
In the sunny world remote,
With feelings opening in their dew,
And fairy wonders ever new,

And all the budding quicks of thought!
O to be a boy, yet be
From all my early follies free!
But were I skilled in prudent lore,
The boy were then a boy no more.
Short our threescore years and ten,
Yet who would live them o'er again?
All life's good, ere they be flown,
We have felt, and we have known.
More than mortal were our fear,
If doomed to dwell for ever here.
Yet O, from age to age, that we
Might rise a day old earth to see!
Mountains high, with nodding firs,
O'er you the clouded crystal stirs,
Fresh as of old, how fresh and sweet!
And here the flowerets at my feet.
Daisy, daisy, wet with dew,
And all ye little bells of blue,
I know you all; thee, clover bloom,
Thee the fern, and thee the broom:
And still the leaves and breezes mingle
With twinklings in the forest dingle.
O through all wildering worlds I'd know
My own dear place of long ago.
Pleased would the yearning spirit then
The doings learn of living men,
The rise and fall of realms and kings,
And O a thousand homely things.
Deeper our care considerate
To know of earth's diviner state:
How speeds the church, with horns of light,
To push and pierce the heathen night?
What promise of the coming day,
When sin and pain shall pass away,
And, under love's perpetual prime,
Joy light the waving wings of time?

THE SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be.
How pleasant through the pleasant sleep thy early twitter heard—
Oh swallow by the lattice! glad days be thy reward!

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's out for honey-dew;
And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshopper and you;
And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home!
What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the morrow come.

The river blue that lapses through the valley, hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping wing.
The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back with leading-strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

THE HOLY COTTAGE.

"Come near, my child!" the dying father said.
Life's twilight dews lay heavy on his brow.
How softly o'er him did that daughter bow!
She wiped those dews away, she raised his drooping head.

He looked upon her with a long, long look,
Thinking of all her winning little ways,
His only gladness from her infant days,
Since God from them away the wife and mother took.

Oft to the moorland places he his child
Led by the hand, or bore upon his back.
The curlew's nest he show'd her in their track,
And leveret's dewy play upon the whinny wild.

The while he dug, his coat she quaintly dressed
With flowers, aye peeping forth lest he might see
The unfinished fancy; then how pleased when he,
Much wondering, donned her work, when came his hour of rest!

Down sate she by him; and when hail or rain
Crossed that high country with its streaming cloud,
She nestled in his bosom o'er her bowed,
Till through the whitening rack looked out the sun again.

And when his axe was in the echoing wood,
Down its shy depths, looking behind her oft,
She o'er the rotting ferns and fungi soft
Thro' boughs and blinding leaves her bursting way pursued.

The dry twig, matted in the spear-like grass,
Where fresh from morning's womb the orbèd dew
Lies cold at noon, cracked as she stepped light through,
Startling the cushat out close by the startled lass.

Her fluttering heart was ready then for fear:
Through the far peeping glades she thought she saw
Forms beckoning, luring her; the while with awe,
The air grew dark and dumb, listening for something drear.

The ferns were stirred, the leaves were shaken, rain
Fell in big drops, and thunder muttered low;
Back burst the flushed dishevelled girl, and O
How glad was she to hear her father's axe again!

Blithe, sitting in the winter night, he made
Or mended by the fire his garden gear;
She with her mates, their faces glancing clear
From shade to ruddy light, quick flitting round him played.

And aye some sly young thing, in rosy joyance,
Looked up between his knees, where she was hid;
Humming he worked till she was found, then chid,
But in a way that just lured back the dear annoyance.

Up grew the virgin in her blooming beauty,
Filling her father's ordered house with grace.
And ever o'er the Word she bowed her face,
Binding her days and nights in one continuous duty.

When Sabbath came, she plucked him mint and thyme,
And led him forth, what hour from farms around
By stile, and sunny croft, and meadow ground,
The parti-coloured folk came to the bell's sweet chime.

The simple people, gathered by the sod
Of the new grave, or by the dial-stone,
Made way, and blessed her as she led him on
With short and tottering steps into the house of God.

And holy was their Sabbath afternoon,
The sunlight falling on that father's head
Through their small western casement, as he read
Much to his child of worlds which he must visit soon.

And if, his hand upon the Book still laid,
His spectacles upraised upon his brow,
Frail nature slept in him, soft going now
She screened the sunny pane, those dear old eyes to shade.

Then sitting in their garden-plot, they saw
With what delicious clearness the far height
Seemed coming near, and slips of falling light
Lay on green moorland spot and soft illumined shaw.

Turned to the sunny hills where he was nursed,
The old man told his child of bloody times,
Marked by the mossy stone of half-sunk rhymes;
And in those hills he saw her sainted mother first.

"I see thy mother now! I see her stand
Waiting for me, and smiling holy sweet;
The robe of white is flowing to her feet;
And O our good Lord Christ, He holds her by the hand!

"Farewell, my orphan lamb! To leave thee thus
Is death to me indeed! Yet fear not thou!
On the Good Shepherd I do cast thee now:
'Tis but a little while, and thou shalt come to us.

"O yes! no fear! home to us in the skies
His everlasting arms will carry thee.
Couldst thou thy mother see, as I do see!
My child!" he said, and died. His daughter closed his eyes.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O rise, and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er!

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done,
And make thy days with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past, of glories seen;
I'd tell thee all my youth has done,
And ask of things to choose and shun.
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways; and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O for life's power, that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthy cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bowed!
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind which lifts the streaming tree,
The skies seem cold and strange to me:

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,
And less than wonted life is there.
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart;
My birth I from thy body drew,
And I upon thy bosom grew;
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done,
From morn till starlight, year by year:
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me, and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof!

My punishment, that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star!
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death;
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread!

Alas! I cannot tell thee now
I could not come to hold thy brow.
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won
Were worth to hear thee call thy son
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas for me, I missed that hour;
My hands for this shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done:
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears!—

Thou car'st not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

WILLIAM BENNET.

William Bennet was born in the parish of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 29, 1802. His parents were in humble circumstances, and he was early apprenticed to a mechanic in a neighbouring parish. From boyhood he was fond of rhyming, and in his nineteenth year published a volume of poems, which brought him into connection with the newspaper press. He became a contributor to the *Dumfries Courier*, edited by the poet MacDiarmid, and in 1825–26

conducted the *Dumfries Magazine*, for which he wrote many interesting articles. In December, 1826, Bennet was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Free Press*, a Liberal newspaper which took an active part in the struggle then going on for political reform. A few years afterwards he withdrew from the Liberal party, and along with Sir Daniel Sandford established the *Glasgow Constitutional*, a Conservative journal, the editorship of which he resigned in 1836.

Mr. Bennet published a second volume of poetry under the title of *Songs of Solitude*, followed by a third entitled *The Chief of Glenorchay*, a poem in five cantos, illustrative of Highland manners and mythology in the middle ages. Both his poetry and his prose contain many sentiments that reflect credit on his heart and indicate a lively and healthy imagination. He is also the author of *Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character*, and *Sketches of the Isle of Man*. After leaving Glasgow Mr. Bennet resided successively in Ireland and England, and for the past twenty years he has lived at Burntisland. In a letter to the Editor he says:—"I have been engaged for twenty-five years on a new translation of the Scriptures, and have finished the whole of the Old Testament, having recovered the genuine meaning of its own original Hebrew; so that part of the Word of God now shines forth in native brightness and intelligibility, clear of all that the apostasy has shrouded it with from the ebbing of the Pentecostal effusion until now. I have also written a grammar and dictionary of the recovered tongue, to let every person see and judge for himself whether the ore of its true meaning has been reached or not. All this you would take to be quite suppressive of my 'rhythmic gift.' On the contrary, however, that gift has enabled me to versify the whole of the Psalms, after translating them into prose like the other books. It was only last week that I put the finishing hand to all these labours, so that they could at once go to the press; and now I am about to commence with the New Testament, and do my best to recover it from mistranslation also."

BLEST BE THE HOUR OF NIGHT.

Blest be the hour of night,
  When, his toils over,
The swain with a heart so light,
  Meets with his lover!
Sweet the moon gilds their path,
  Arm in arm straying;
Clouds never rise in wrath,
  Chiding their staying.

Gently they whisper low;
  Unseen beside them
Good angels watch, that no
  Ill may betide them.
Silence is everywhere,
  Save when the sighing
Is heard, of the breeze's fall,
  Fitfully dying.

How the maid's bosom glows,
  While her swain's telling
The love that's been long, she knows,
  In his heart swelling!
How, when his arms are thrown
  Tenderly around her,
Fears she, in words to own
  What he hath found her!

When the first peep of dawn
  Warns them of parting,
And from each dewy lawn
  Blythe birds are starting,
Fondly she hears her swain
  Vow, though they sever,
Soon they shall meet again,
  Mated for ever.

I'LL THINK ON THEE, LOVE.

I'll think on thee, love, when thy bark
Hath borne thee far across the deep;
And, as the sky is bright or dark,
'Twill be my fate to smile or weep;
For oh, when winds and waters keep
In trust so dear a charge as thee,
My anxious fears can never sleep
Till thou again art safe with me!

I'll think on thee, love, when each hour
Of twilight comes, with pensive mood,
And silence, like a spell of power,
Rests, in its depth, on field and wood;
And as the mingling shadows brood
Still closer o'er the lonely sea,

Here, on the beach where first we woo'd,
I'll pour to heaven my prayers for thee.

Then haply on the breeze's wing,
That to me steals across the wave,
Some angel's voice may answer bring
That list'ning heaven consents to save.
And oh, the further boon I crave
Perchance may also granted be,
That thou, return'd, no more shalt brave
The wanderer's perils on the sea!

THE ROSE OF BEAUTY.

Amang the breezy heights and howes
  Where winds the milk sae clearly,
A rose o' beauty sweetly grows,
  A rose I lo'e most dearly.

Wi' spring's saft rain and simmer's sun,
  How blooms my rose divinely!
And lang ere blaws the winter roun',
  This breast shall nurse it kin'ly.

May heaven's dew aye freshly weet
  My rose at ilka gloamin',
And oh, may nae unhallow'd feet
  Be near it ever roamin'!

I soon shall buy a snug wee cot,
  And hae my rose brought thither;
And then, in that lowne sunny spot,
  We'll bloom and fade thegither.

ODE TO CRAIGDARROCH WATER.

Sweet native vale! amid whose calm repose
Once set my days as joyful as they rose;
When, like the dawn arrayed in orient light,
Life's cloudless morning shone before my sight;—
When all was bliss without one shade of ill,
And all was hope that bliss would crown me still.

To those delightful days, so long gone by,
How oft from darker now I turn my eye,
And bid the sunshine on thy hills descend,
The gorgeous rainbows o'er thy valley bend;
The shadows chase each other o'er thy lea,
Which were my playthings while I dwelt in thee!

For me no more the blackbird's evening song
From hazel copse is poured thy vale along;
Nor cuckoo's herald voice, announcing spring,
Nor coo of dove, nor whirr of woodcock's wing,
Nor do thy nuts, on bending hazel tree,
Or thy green wild sloes, ripen more for me.

Yet in my absence, nature still supplies
Thy wonted charms to ravish others' eyes;
Even as the flowerets on our graves that grow,
Bloom for the living, not for those below.

Still does thy stream in bright meanders run,
With many a troutling flashing in the sun;
Still do thy maids, amid the fragrant hay,
With tales of love beguile the summer day;
Thy swains still labour in the cultured field,
Or court the balmy health thy mountains yield;
And still the sun awakes to smile on thee,
And sinks to glorious rest beyond Craignee.

Bloom on, sweet vale—and flow, Craigdarroch stream!
And yet of other bards be oft the theme!
But, ah! when cold the hand that in thy praise
First waked the lyre, and wreathed thee with his bays,
Where once he lived, shall there another rise
To mark thy beauties with such partial eyes?

Shall all my dreams of youth to him be known,
And all those cherished joys were mine alone,
Whose bright reflection yet my memory fills,
Sweet as the moonlight sleeping on thy hills!
No! though his lyre should more divinely sound,
And more of nature in his verse be found,
There still are feelings mingled with this strain,
Which, dead with me, can ne'er be felt again.

HUGH MILLER.

BORN 1802—DIED 1856.

HUGH MILLER, the distinguished geologist, was born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802. In his sixteenth year he was apprenticed to a stone-mason, and it was while engaged as a hewer in the Old Red Sandstone quarries of Cromarty that he achieved those discoveries in that formation which marked a new epoch in geological science. On finishing his appren-

ticeship he removed south, and worked at his trade for two years at Niddry, near Edinburgh. Having been attacked by the disease peculiar to stone-masons he was obliged to return to his native town, and several months elapsed before he recovered. He then began to execute sculptured tablets and tombstones in Cromarty and its neighbourhood, a task for which his skill as a workman and perceptions of the beautiful admirably qualified him. In 1828 he removed to the more important town of Inverness, and while employed in the same way here became known to the editor of the *Inverness Courier*. Miller had for many years been in the habit of devoting some of his leisure hours to poetry as well as geological inquiry, and a number of his lyrics now appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, from which office was published in 1829 a small volume with the title *Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason.*

Soon after the publication of this volume a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and Miller abandoned his workman's tools to become its accountant. During his first year of office he published his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, a prose work of very great merit, which confirmed and widely extended his reputation as an author. Shortly after he married Miss Lydia F. Fraser, a lady to whom he had been long engaged, and who survived her husband until March, 1876. After acting for some years as bank-accountant, during which a part of his leisure time was occupied in writing for *Wilson's Tales of the Borders* and *Chambers's Journal*, Miller in 1840 was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Witness*, a semi-weekly Edinburgh newspaper established by the party in the Church of Scotland who seceded at the Disruption in 1843. As a controversial writer on ecclesiastical topics Miller at once attained a high rank among contemporary editors. His first publication after his removal to Edinburgh was the *Old Red Sandstone*, followed by *First Impressions of England and its People*, a work on the physical and social aspects of that country. Then came his powerful work the *Footprints of the Creator*, in reply to the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Among his other works we may mention *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, an interesting autobiographic story of his early struggles, which appeared in 1854. His last work, the *Testimony of the Rocks*, on which he had bestowed much time and intense thought, was published posthumously in 1857.

For some years Miller's health had been gradually failing — the result of incessant mental labour, and in a measure had affected his reason. On the night of December 24, 1856, he was attacked by one of the horrible trances that proved too strong for him, for he rose from his bed, and after writing a most affectionate note to his wife and children, he committed suicide. In the morning his body, half dressed, was found lying dead upon the floor, the left lung being pierced by a bullet from his pistol. In this melancholy way ended an honourable and useful life.

Dr. John Brown, in his charming *Horæ Subsecivæ*, says, "Few men are endowed with such a brain as Hugh Miller—huge, active, concentrated, keen to fierceness; and therefore few men need fear, even if they misuse and overtask theirs as he did, that it will turn, as it did with him, and rend its master." Sir David Brewster said of him, "With the exception of Burns the uneducated genius which has done honour to Scotland during the last century has never displayed that natural refinement and classical taste and intellectual energy which mark all the writings of our author;" and Thomas Chalmers asserted, after the death of Sir Walter Scott, "that Hugh Miller was the greatest Scotchman alive."

Hugh Miller is entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland, but it is as a geologist and one of the most powerful prose writers of his native land that he is now, and will hereafter be, indebted for his world-wide reputation. Since the date of his decease a volume of his *Tales and Sketches*, with a memoir by Mrs. Miller, has been published; also a volume of *Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political and Social, Literary and Scientific*, with a preface by Peter Bayne. The same gentleman has written an exhaustive biography of the eminent geologist, in the preparation of which he received much assistance from Mrs. Miller, herself the authoress of several books written under the *nom-de-plume* of "Harriet Myrtle;" and an excellent complete edition of Miller's works was pub-

lished in 1872 in thirteen volumes. A son of Hugh Miller is treading in his father's steps both as a geologist and a writer. He has written a biography of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, and is now engaged on the geological survey of England.

OH! SOFTLY SIGHS THE WESTLIN' BREEZE.

Oh! softly sighs the westlin' breeze
  Through floweries pearl'd wi' dew;
And brightly lemes the gowden sky,
  That skirts the mountain blue.
An' sweet the birken trees amang,
  Swells many a blithesome lay;
An' loud the bratlin burnie's voice
  Comes soundin' up the brae.

But, ah! nae mair the sweets o' spring
  Can glad my wearied e'e;
Nae mair the summer's op'ning bloom
  Gi'es ought o' joy to me.
Dark, dark to me the pearly flowers,
  An' sad the mavis' sang,
An' little heart hae I to roam
  These leafy groves amang.

She's gane! she's gane! the loveliest maid!
  An' wae o'erpress'd I pine;
The grass waves o'er my Myra's grave,—
  Ah! ance I ca'd her mine.
What ither choice does fate afford,
  Than just to mourn and dee!
Sin' gane the star that cheer'd my sky,
  The beam that bless'd my e'e?

At gloamin' hour alang the burn
  Alane she lo'ed to stray,
To pu' the rose o' crimson bloom,
  An' haw-flower purple gray.
Their siller leaves the willows waved,
  As pass'd that maiden by;
And sweeter burst the burdies' sang
  Frae poplar straight an' high.

Fu' aften have I watch'd at e'en
  These birken trees amang,
To bless the bonnie face that turn'd
  To where the mavis sang;
An' aft I've cross'd that grassy path,
  To catch my Myra's e'e;
Oh! soon this winding dell became
  A blissful haunt to me.

Nae mair a wasting form within,
  A wretched heart I bore;
Nae mair unkent, unloved, and lone,
  The warl' I wander'd o'er.

Not then like now my life was wae,
  Not then this heart repined,
Nor aught of coming ill I thought,
  Nor sigh'd to look behind.

Cheer'd by gay hope's enliv'ning ray,
  An' warm'd wi' minstrel fire,
Th' expected meed that maiden's smile,
  I strung my rustic lyre.
That lyre a pitying muse had given
  To me, for, wrought wi' toil,
She bade me, wi' its simple tones,
  The weary hours beguile.

Lang had it been my secret pride,
  Though nane its strains might hear;
For ne'er till then trembled its chords
  To woo a list'ning ear.
The forest echoes to its voice
  Fu' sad, had aft complained,
Whan, mingling wi' its wayward strain,
  Murmur'd the midnight wind.

Harsh were its tones, yet Myra praised
  The wild and artless strain;
In pride I strung my lyre anew,
  An' waked its chords again.
The sound was sad, the sparkling tear
  Arose in Myra's e'e,
An' mair I lo'ed that artless drap
  Than a' the warl' could gie.

To wean the heart frae warldly grief,
  Frae warldly moil an' care,
Could maiden smile a lovelier smile,
  Or drap a tend'rer tear?
But now she's gane,—dark, dark an' drear,
  Her lang, lang sleep maun be;
But, ah! mair drear the years o' life
  That still remain to me!

Whan o'er the raging ocean wave
  The gloom o' night is spread,
If lemes the twinkling beacon-light,
  The sailor's heart is glad;
In hope he steers, but, 'mid the storm,
  If sinks the warning ray,
Dees a' that hope, an' fails his saul,
  O'erpress'd wi' loads o' wae.

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
  What motive placed thee here,
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
  And rests the frequent bier.
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
  Slow o'er thy figured plain;
When mortal life has pass'd away,
  Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
  When shrieks the wintry wind,
So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
  Come sweeping o'er my mind.
I think of what could place thee here,
  Of those beneath thee laid,
And ponder if thou wert not raised
  In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
  May mock his fellow-men;
In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford
  Rare food for mock'ry then.
But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
  When heaven's dread doom is said,
Beats there a human heart could pour
  Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
  Directs his felon power,
May ope the book of grace to him
  Whose day of grace is o'er.
But sure the man has never lived,
  In any age or clime,
Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
  The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
  What motive placed thee here,
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
  And drops the frequent tear.
Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
  Grief's weary mourners be;
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
  Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
  To catch the eye of him
To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
  Worthless, and dull, and dim.
We think of time when time has fled
  The friend our tears deplore;
The God our light proud hearts deny,
  Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Gray stone, o'er thee the lazy night
  Passes untold away,
Nor is it thine at noon to teach
  When falls the solar ray.
In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
  Cease all the works of men,
In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
  Bootless their works and vain.

Gray dial-stone, while yet thy shade
  Points out those hours are mine,
While yet at early morn I rise,
  And rest at day's decline;
Would that the sun that formed thine,
  His bright rays beam'd on me,
That I, thou aged dial-stone,
  Might measure time like thee.

SISTER JEANIE, HASTE, WE'LL GO.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
  To where the white-starr'd gowans grow,
  Wi' the puddock-flower, o' gowden hue,
The snawdrap white, and the bonnie vi'let blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
  To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,
  To where the pine tree, dark and high,
Is pointing its tap at the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
  Is sung in the young-leaved woods to-day;
  Flits on light wing the dragon-flee,
And hums on the flowerie the big red bee.

Doun the burnie wirks its way
  Aneath the bending birken spray,
  An' wimples roun the green moss-stane,
An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie, come! thy days o' play
  Wi' autumn tide shall pass away;
  Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
  An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
  An' though, through mony a cloudless day,
My winsome Jean shall be heartsome and gay;

He wha grasps thy little hand
  Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
  Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
Lead thee the lownest an' the bonniest way.

Dost thou see yon yard sae green,
  Speckled wi' mony a mossy stane?

A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,
An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brother lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile
May chide thy joy an' damp thy smile;
But soon ilk grief shall wear awa',
And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad;
Life vex'd me aft, but this maks glad;
When cauld my heart and closed my e'e,
Bonnie shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

ODE TO MY MITHER TONGUE.

I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung
In the days when care was unkind to me;
Ay, I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
Though gloom the sons o' lear at thee.
Ev'n now, though little skilled to sing,
I've rax'd me doun my simple lyre;
O! while I sweep ilk sounding string,
Nymph o' my mither tongue, inspire!

I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
An' a' thy tales, or sad or wild;
Right early to my heart they clung,
Right soon my darkening thoughts beguiled—
Ay, aft to thy sangs o' a langsyne day,
That tell o' the bluidy fight sublime,
I've listen'd, till died the present away,
An' return'd the deeds o' departed time.

An' gloom the sons o' lear at thee?
An' art thou reckoned poor an' mean?
Ah! could I tell as weel's I see,
Of a' thou art, an' a' thou'st been!
In thee has sung the enraptured bard
His triumphs over pain and care;
In courts and camps thy voice was heard—
Aft heard within the house o' prayer.

In thee, whan came proud England's might,
Wi' its steel to dismay and its gold to seduce,
Blazed the bright soul o' the Wallace wight,
And the patriot thoughts o' the noble Bruce.
Thine were the rousing strains that breathed
Frae the warrior-bard ere closed the fray;
Thine, whan victory his temples wreathed,
The sang that arose o'er the prostrate fae.

An' loftier still, the enraptured saint,
When the life o' time was glimmering awa',
Joyful o' heart, though feeble and faint,
Tauld in thee o' the glories he saw—
O' the visions bright o' a coming life,
O' angels that joy o'er the closing grave,
An' o' Him that bore turmoil an' strife,
The children o' death to succour and save.

An' aft, whan the bluid-hounds track'd the heath,
Whan follow'd the bands o' the bluidy Dundee,
The sang o' praise, an' the prayer o' death,
Arose to Heaven in thee;
In thee, whan Heaven's ain sons were call'd
To sever ilk link o' the papal chain,
Thunder'd the ire o' that champion bauld
Whom threat'nings and dangers assailed in vain.

Ah! mither tongue! in days o' yore,
Fu' mony a noble bard was thine;
The clerk o' Dunkeld, and the coothy Dunbar,
An' the best o' the Stuart line;
An' him wha tauld o' Southron wrang
Cowed by the might o' Scottish men;
Him o' the Mount and the gleesome sang,
And him the pride o' the Hawthornden.

Of bards were thine in latter days
Sma' need to tell, my mither tongue;
Right bauld and slee were Fergie's lays,
An' roared the laugh when Ramsay sung;
But wha without a tear can name
The swain this warl' shall ne'er forget?
Thine, mither tongue, his sangs o' fame,—
'Twill learning be to ken thee yet!

ANDREW B. PICKEN.

BORN 1802—DIED 1849.

ANDREW BELFRAGE PICKEN, the third son of Ebenezer Picken of Paisley, was born at Edinburgh, November 5, 1802. Left an orphan and his own master at an early age, and being naturally of a roving and adventurous spirit, it is not greatly to be wondered at that in 1822, when Sir Gregor Macgregor's infamous prospectus was issued at Edinburgh, the specious promises and glowing pictures set forth in it caused Picken eagerly to embark his little all in the vain hope of securing possessions on the Mosquito shore. He became a leading indi-

vidual in the unfortunate expedition to Poyais, and the sufferings and privations endured by himself and his companions during their voyage and on their landing are vividly described in several of his poems and sketches. On leaving this scene of his misfortunes he engaged with a mahogany merchant in one of the West India Islands, but soon becoming tired of the dull monotony of his new occupation he returned to his native land.

In 1828 Picken published a collected edition of his poetical compositions, entitled "The Bedouins, and other Poems," and contributed a series of tales and sketches under the title of "Lights and Shadows of a Sailor's Life" to the *Edinburgh Observer*. In 1830 he left Scotland for the United States, and after visiting most of the principal cities of the Union, and passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, ultimately settled in Montreal, where he was well known as an artist and teacher of painting and drawing. Mr. Picken was a constant contributor to the newspapers and magazines of Montreal, and continued to be so until a short time before his death, which took place July 1, 1849. His principal poem is "The Bedouins," in three cantos. Of his prose tales that entitled "The Plague Ship" is considered the best. Several of this author's poetical compositions have been erroneously attributed to Andrew Picken, a native of Paisley, who wrote some occasional verses and several popular novels, including the *Black Watch* and the *Dominie's Legacy*.

THE BEDOUINS.

(EXTRACT.)

It is the hour that green Kashmeer
Its loveliest aspect seems to wear,
When clouds, like bright ships, sailing on
In the red wake of the sinking sun,
The last pale pilgrims of his train,
Are wending towards the western main;
While o'er the hushed lake faintly creep
Their dim reflected gleams,
Like a maiden's eyes, half locked in sleep,
Seen smiling through her dreams;
And cedar heights and mountain crown
Have caught the shade of evening's frown;
And groups of topaz-coloured lights,
Such as on stilly moonless nights
Come shining down the Ganges oft,
When 'mid the tall cane tufts that shake
On its green shores, in accents soft,
The Hindoo girls their gazzels wake,
And speed their floating lamps along
With all the spells of sighs and song.
Lights like to these are winking now
In many a far fantastic row,
Tracking the long street and tall spire,
Through all the vale, with lines of fire.
These are the painted lanterns hung
From Bani roofs and galleries,
Where ye may hear the Alme's song,
And see the small white hand that flies
The vina's silver wires athwart,
Awakening tones that fill the heart.
There ye may see the dancing girls,
And hear their golden cymbals clashing,
As their gay groups in mazy whirls
Are past the lighted casements dashing,
Like sunny clouds together twined
And driven before the samoor wind.

Now is the hour when lovers meet
Far in the sandal bowers,
And the lone bulbul singeth sweet
To his own harem flowers,
And o'er the folded lotus bell
The wearied sun-bee hymns his prayer,
That the coy flower may ope her cell
And let him nestle there.
Ah! many a soft and silver tongue
Weaves at this hour such wily song.

Now is the hour when token flowers
Are from Zenana's wickets thrown,
By girls that pine through weary hours,
Unnoticed and alone;
And through the silken curtains peep
Glimpses of rich lips and bright eyes,
Like those that haunt the Moslem's sleep
With promises of paradise;
And Peri hands, to groups that stray
Beneath them, wave invitingly;
And cinnamon and basil blooms,
Such as are found on lovers' tombs,
And bear a language of their own
That lovers understand alone,
Are dropped from time to time to them
That dare their passionate promise claim—
Dare lean their hearts to the floweret's prayer,
And borrow love's pinions to woo them there
In their gilded prisons—so far above
The reach of every power but love.

THE HOME FEVER.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE WEST INDIES.

"Oh it's hame—an' it's hame, an' it's hame fain wad I be,
Hame—hame—hame to my ain country."

We sate in a green verandah's shade,
Where the verdant "tye-tye" twined
Its fairy net-work around us, and made
A harp for the cool sea-wind,
That came there, with its low wild tones, at night,
Like a sigh that is telling of past delight.

And that wind, with its tale of flowers, had come
From the island groves away;
And the waves, like wanderers returning home,
To the beach came wearily:
And the conch's far home call, the parrot's cry,
Had told that the Sabbath of night was nigh.

We sat alone in that trelliced bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep;
And the holy calm of the twilight hour
Came over our hearts like sleep:
And we dreamt of the "banks and bonny braes"
That had gladden'd our childhood's careless days.

And he, the friend by my side that sate,
Was a boy, whose path had gone
'Mid the fields and the flowers of joy, that Fate,
Like a mother, had smiled upon.
But, alas! for the time when our hopes have wings,
And when memory to grief, like a syren, sings!

His home had been on the stormy shore
Of Albyn's mountain land:
His ear was tuned to the breakers' roar,
And he loved the bleak sea-sand;
And the torrent's din, and the howling breeze,
Had all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of the sunny lands
That rose over Indian seas,
Where gold shone glancing from river sands,
And strange fruit bent the trees.
They had wiled him away from his father's hearth,
With its voice of peace, and its light of mirth.

Now, that fruit and the river gems were near,
And he strayed 'neath the tropic sun;
But the voice of promise that thrilled in his ear
At that joyous time was gone:
And the hope he had chased 'mid the wilds of night,
Had melted away like a firefly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long
Where the homeward vessels lay,
Cheating sad thoughts with some old song,
And wiping his tears away!
And well I knew that that weary breast,
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest!

There was a "worm i' the bud" whose fold
Defied the leech's art;
Consumption's hectic plague-spot told
A tale of a broken heart.
The boy was dying—but the grave's long sleep
Is bliss to those that pine, and "watch, and weep."

He died; but memory's wizard power,
With its ghost-like train, had come
To the dark heart's ruins at that last hour,
And he murmured, "Home! home! home!"
And his spirit passed with its happy dream,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh, talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of glory to those that in victory's hour
Lie cold on the fields of war!
But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell
Of aught out the home where it pines to dwell.

MEXICO.

I have come from the south, where the free streams flow
'Mid the scented valleys of Mexico;
I have come from the vines and the tamarind bowers
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers,
And wonder not that I turned to part
From that land of sweets with an aching heart.

I have come from the south, where the landward breeze
Comes laden with spices, to roam on the seas,
And mingle its spells with the sea-boy's lay—
As he carols aloft to the billows' sway,
And wonder not that I come with sighs
To this colder clime and these dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wild woods oft
When the hot day glare fell shadowed and soft,
And nought in their green retreats was heard,
But the notes of the hermit humming-bird,
Or the wayward murmurs of some old song,
That stole through my reverie, sad and long.

I have stood by those shaded streams at night,
And dreamt of the past, when the sweet starlight
And the sound of the water came over my soul,
And its joys lay hushed in their deep control;
And the dead and the severed on memory crept,
With a tale of my youth, and I wept—I wept!

Oh! could my footstep but wander now
Where those wood paths wind and those dark streams flow!
Oh, could I but feel on my brow once more
The fragrant winds of that golden shore,
How my heart would bound as it hailed thee mine,
Oh Mexico! land of the olive and vine!

ROBERT WHITE.

Robert White was born at Yetholm, Roxburghshire, in 1802. His youth was spent at Otterburn, in Redesdale, Northumberland, where his father cultivated a small farm. Robert was fond of reading, and their landlord, who had a good library, kindly allowed him the use of his books, and in 1825 obtained a clerk's situation for him with a tradesman in Newcastle. In 1850 his employer, who was a bachelor, died, and left his whole estate in Mr. White's hands as executor on behalf of his sister. Being a high-minded and honourable man, the lady reposed her entire confidence in him, and at her death, in the latter part of 1864, "she made me her executor, and left me quite independent. I live in a fine house of my own, situated in the best part of the town. I possess the best private library in the district, and after forty years' faithful work I have at my command more capital than I shall ever require."

Mr. White, soon after his removal to Newcastle, became a frequent contributor both in prose and verse to the *Newcastle Magazine*. In 1829 the Typographical Society of Newcastle printed at their own cost his poem of "The Tynemouth Nun." In 1853 Mr. White printed for private circulation "The Wind," another poem; and in 1856 he printed, also privately, "England," a poem, which he dedicated to his generous benefactress. In 1857, having drawn up a full and authentic account of the Battle of Otterburn, it was published in a volume of 188 pages. In the same year he contributed to the *Archæologia Æliana*, issued by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, a full account of the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham. In 1859 he contributed to the same work a sketch of the Battle of Flodden, with a list of all the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who fell in that memorable engagement. Mr. White in 1867 collected his poems, songs, and metrical tales, which were published at Kelso. Many of his lyrics are deservedly popular, and have obtained a place in numerous collections of Scottish song. He is well known as an enthusiastic antiquary, and has contributed both prose and verse to Richardson's *Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumberland and Durham*, and other works of an antiquarian character. In 1858 an edition of the poems and ballads of Dr. John Leyden was published, edited by Mr. White.

LADY JEAN.[1]

By Bothal Tower sweet Wansbeck's stream
  Runs bickerin' to the sea;
Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
  The banner's wavin' free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers,
  There's mirth within the ha';
But owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean
  The tricklin' tear-draps fa'.

She sits within her chamber high,
  Her cousin by her side;
Yet sweer is she to don the dress
  That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! Lord Dacre's on his way;
  Ye hae nae time to spare;
Come let me clasp that girdle jimp,
  And braid your glossy hair.

"O' a' the ladies i' the land,
  Ye'se be surpass'd by nane;
The lace that's on your velvet robe
  Wi' goud'll stand its lane.

[1] The scenery of this ballad is in Northumberland. Bothal Castle is beautifully situated on the Wansbeck, a few miles below Morpeth. At Otterburn stood a tower or castle which was long in possession of the Umphrevilles, a distinguished family; and the place has acquired great celebrity in Border history and song from the battle fought there in 1388 between the heroes Douglas and Percy.—Ed.

"This jewell'd chaplet ye'll put on,
That broider'd necklace gay;
For we maun hae ye buskit weel
On this, your bridal day."—

"Oh! Ellen, ye would think it hard
To wed against your will!
I never loo'd Lord Dacre yet;
I dinna like him still.

"He kens, though oft he sued for love
Upon his bended knee,
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

"And he has gained my mother's ear,
My father's stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Altho' he claim my hand.

"Oh! Ellen, softly list to me!
I still may 'scape the snare;
When morning raise o'er Otterburne,
The tidings would be there.

"And hurrying on comes Umfreville,—
His spur is sharp at need;
There's nane in a' Northumberland
Can mount a fleeter steed.

"Ah! weel I ken his heart is true,
He will—he must be here:
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wave
The pennon o' his spear."—

"Far is the gate, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love come,
Ye'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

"Wi' stately, solemn step the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair:
Alas! alas! for Umfreville—
His heart may weel be sair!

"Keep back! keep back! Lord Dacre's steed:
Ye maunna trot, but gang.
And haste ye! haste ye! Umfreville!
Your lady thinks ye lang."—

In velvet sheen she wadna dress;
Nae pearls o'er her shone:
Nor broider'd necklace, sparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up raise she frae her cushion'd seat,
And totter'd like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
Turned whiter than the snaw.

"O Ellen! throw the casement up,
Let in the air to me:
Look down within the castle-yard,
And tell me what ye see."—

"Your father's stan'in' on the steps,
Your mother's at the door;
Out thro' the gateway comes the train,
Lord Dacre rides before.

"Fu' yauld and gracefu' lichts he doun,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnet plume,
And shakes your father's hand.

"List! lady, list a bugle note!
It sounds not loud but clear;—
Up! up! I see aboon the wa'
Your true love's pennon'd spear!"—

An' up fu' quick gat Lady Jean;—
Nae ailment had she mair:
Blythe was her look, and firm her step,
As she ran doun the stair.

An' thro' amang the apple-trees,
An' up the walk she flew;
Until she reach'd her true love's side
Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride,
He sought her bower alane;
But dowf and blunkit grew his look
When Lady Jean was gane.

Sair did her father stamp an' rage,
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up and aff wi' Umfreville
To bonnie Otterburne.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Fair Scotland, dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills.
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell,
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell,—
Thou art my native land!

I breathed in youth thy bracing air
For many a summer tide;
And saw with joy thy valleys fair
Beneath me stretching wide.
Amid thy classic haunts I found
My glowing heart expand;

For each to me was sacred ground,—
  Mine own inspiring land!

Endear'd to me is every trace
  Of what in thee hath been!
I prize each consecrated place,
  Each thought-awakening scene.
I love thine ancient towers o'erthrown
  By time's unsparing hand,
Where dwelt thy patriots of renown,
  Thou independent land!

Loved country, when I muse upon
  Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone
  Beside thy Wallace bold,
And Bruce, who, for our liberty,
  Did England's sway withstand,
I glory I was born in thee,
  My own ennobled land!

Ah! precious is the dust of those
  Who, by such heroes led,
For sake of thee, against thy foes,
  In fiercest conflict bled!
All unremember'd though they be,
  With steadfast heart and hand
They sold their lives to make thee free,
  Thou spirit-rousing land!

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
  Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
  And conquer'd even in death:
Their graves proclaim o'er hill and plain,
  No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
  My dear, devoted land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—
  Attraction stronger still,—
The gifted poet's sacred art,
  The minstrel's matchless skill:
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott
  Have touch'd, with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,—
  Mine own distinguished land!

Due-reverenced be thy bards each one,
  Whose lays of impulse deep
Abroad upon the world have gone
  Far as the wind may sweep.
Be mine to linger where they moved—
  Where once they stood to stand,
And muse on all they knew and loved
  In thy romantic land!

O, when I wander'd far from thee,
  I saw thee in my dreams,—
I mark'd thy forests waving free—
  I heard thy rushing streams;
Thy mighty dead in life came forth:
  I knew the honour'd band:
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth,—
  Thou high-exalted land!

What feelings through my bosom rush
  To hear thy favour'd name!
And when I breathe an ardent wish,
  'Tis mingled with thy fame.
If prayer of mine prevail on high,
  Thou shalt for ever stand
The noblest realm beneath the sky,
  My dearly-cherish'd land!

MORNING.

Awake, my love! the shades of night
Depart before the rising light;
The lovely sky, all dappled gray,
Gives welcome to the god of day;
Yet fair and brightly though he shine,
His radiance cannot equal thine!

Arise, my dearest! come away!
To mark the morning let us stray:
The genial air, so mild and calm,
Is fresher than the purest balm,
Where sweets from every shrub combine
To emulate that breath of thine!

O come, my gentlest! come with me!
The deep-green earth in splendour see;
But, gazing on her gorgeous dress
Throughout those vales of loveliness,
To where the distant hills decline,
Her beauty cannot vie with thine!

Come forth, my love, the sky is blue:
Both blade and flower are gemm'd with dew!
The rich unfolding rose appears
Blushing amid its pearly tears,
And with the lily would entwine,
As if to match that hue of thine!

Welcome, my love! both land and sky
Resound with vocal harmony;
Yet all the strains that warblers sing,
Of melting music, cannot bring
Such pure delight to ear of mine
As those mellifluous words of thine!

Come, let us go! the brightest flower,
The liveliest bird in forest bower,
Exult not in the season's pride
As I, when thou art by my side;

Nor shall I hence at aught repine,
Ennobled by that love of thine!

With thee all trial I can brave,
Wander o'er earth and stem the wave,
Though winter freeze or summer sigh,
Nor deem that harm shall come me nigh
While I possess a sacred shrine
Within that spotless breast of thine!

All praise to HIM whose wondrous care
Is mirror'd in a world so fair!
Whose goodness through the joyful spring
Awakes from sleep each living thing,
And, kinder still, whose power divine
Framed me that hand and heart of thine!

THE CAGED BIRD.

To other climes on changing wing
Has fled the wintry blast;
And, robed in verdure, joyful spring
Comes to our land at last.
The dew is on the daisied ground,
Leaves deck the forest tree;
But thus in weary thraldom bound
Can I delighted be?

In dark green foliage, nestling warm,
I first beheld the day:
'Mong all that eye or ear could charm,
I flew from spray to spray.
A happy dream my life was then—
An endless feast of joy:
Now drooping lone must I remain
A captive till I die!

No landscape fair attracts my sight;
No stream runs wimpling by;
I scarcely see the radiant light
That beams on earth and sky.
The breeze brings not to me its balm;
No pleasure comes with morn;
Nor will my fluttering heart be calm
When all its ties are torn.

Here, in a grated prison pent,
I cannot stretch my wing;
And did I give my bosom vent,
How sadly I would sing!
'Tis cruel if my lady deem
That I can warble clear;
Or raise, to suit a pleasing theme,
The music she would hear.

What pity! from the forest tree
That man should thus beguile
A little harmless bird to be
Shut up in durance vile!
May I consoling aid impart
To those who comfort seek?
Remove a sorrow from the heart,
A furrow from the cheek?

Oh! but it were a welcome time
Of harmony and mirth,
Could bondage base and wanton crime
Be banished from the earth!
Then love in dance with friendship dear,
And summer, strewing flowers,
Again would make the world appear
Like Eden's blissful bowers.

JOHN RAMSAY.

JOHN RAMSAY, the author of a small volume of poems entitled *Woodnotes of a Wanderer*, was born at Kilmarnock in 1802. He received but little education, and was early sent to learn the trade of a carpet-weaver in his native town. Whilst employed in the carpet-factory he contributed some very respectable verses to the columns of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He afterwards tried business on his own account as a grocer, but without success; and he then formed the resolution of earning a livelihood by the publication of his poetical writings, and personally pushing the sale of the volume. For a period of fifteen years he travelled over Scotland selling his *Woodnotes*, when he became agent of a benevolent society in Edinburgh. Dr. Robert Chambers says of Ramsay's productions: "I have been struck with wonder at finding expressions so forcible and eloquent—for so they deserve to be termed—proceeding from an

individual who describes himself as occupying so obscure and remote a situation in society, and who might have been so little expected, when his education and circumstances were taken into account, to display accomplishments in such matters." Ramsay's two best productions, "Eglinton Park Meeting" and the "Address to Dundonald Castle," are of considerable length; the latter contains much picturesque and pathetic beauty.

ON SEEING A REDBREAST SHOT.

All ruddy glowed the darkening west,
In azure were the mountains drest,
Her veil of mist had evening cast
O'er all the plain,
And slowly home the reapers passed,
A weary train.

On old Dundonald's hills I lay,
And watched the landscape fade away;
The owl come from the turret gray,
And skim the dell,
While leaves from autumn's sapless spray
Down rustling fell.

While on a thorn that widely spread
Its moss-grown lowly bending head,
Where long the winter's storm had shed
Its baneful power,
And oft returning summer clad
In leaf and flower;

A redbreast sang of sunshine gone,
And dreary winter coming on:
What though his strains had never known
The rules of art,
They woke to notes of sweetest tone
The trembling heart,

Bade days return that far had fled,
And hopes long laid among the dead,
And forms in fairy colours clad,
Confused appear;
While melting Feeling kindly shed
Her warmest tear.

When, lo! a flash, a thundering knell,
That startled Echo in her cell,
At once dissolved the pleasing spell,
And hushed the song;
The little warbler lifeless fell
The leaves among.

Thus the young bard, in some retreat
Remote from learning's lofty seat,
The critic, prowling, haps to meet,
And strikes the blow,
That lays him, with his prospects sweet,
For ever low.

FAREWELL TO CRAUFURDLAND.

Thou dark stream, slow wending thy deep rocky way,
By foliage oft hid from the bright eye of day,
I've viewed thee with pleasure, but now must with pain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods whence fond fancy a spirit would bring,
That trimmed the bright pinions of thought's hallowed wing,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

I've roamed you unknown to care's life-sapping sigh,
When prospects seemed fair, and my young hopes were high;
These prospects were false, and those hopes have proved vain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Soon distance shall bid my reft heart undergo
Those pangs that alone the poor exile can know—
Away! like a craven why should I complain?
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON.

BORN 1803 — DIED 1865.

WILLIAM MAXWELL HETHERINGTON, D.D., LL.D., was born June 4, 1803, in the parish of Troqueer, which, though adjoining the town of Dumfries, is situated in the stewartry of

Kirkcudbright. His early education was of the most limited character, and he was nineteen years of age before he began the study of Latin or Greek. After nine months of instruction in the classics he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh, where he afterwards attained a high rank for scholarship. During his college days he devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of his poetic proclivities, celebrating the scenes and manners of his native county. In 1829 he published his first work, entitled "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland," full of gentle feelings, lively pastoral descriptions, and agreeable pictures of Scottish character; but the failure of Mr. Hetherington's publisher prevented the volume meeting with the success which it would otherwise have had. In these "Sketches" the young author introduced a number of songs in the style of the "Gentle Shepherd," many of them very beautiful and popular.

Mr. Hetherington was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church, and in 1836 was ordained to the ministerial charge of the parish of Torphichen, in the presbytery of Linlithgow. He proved an eloquent preacher, and although diligent in the discharge of his pastoral duties, he found time in his sequestered rural charge for the prosecution of literary composition. In 1838 he produced perhaps the most popular of his works, *The Minister's Family*, which had a large circulation in Great Britain and the United States. Three years later he published the *History of the Church of Scotland*, his most important contribution to literature, and the one by which he will be best known to posterity. This was followed in 1843 by his *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines*.

Mr. Hetherington took a leading part in the "Non-intrusion" controversy, and at the secession in 1843 he joined the Free Church of Scotland. He was afterwards transferred to St. Andrews, that his talents might be turned to account not only in gathering an influential congregation, but in instructing the Free Church students attending the university in that town. During the first year of his residence here he established the *Free Church Magazine*, which he continued to edit till the year 1848, when he accepted the position of minister of Free St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh. During his residence in Edinburgh he was a frequent contributor to the reviews and religious periodicals, especially the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*. In 1857 he was unanimously appointed by the General Assembly to the chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the Free Church College of Glasgow. He died May 23, 1865, and in accordance with his own request was buried in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, the last resting-place of Hugh Miller, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Guthrie.

THE HEART'S DIRGE.

I wake not thus at midnight's hour,
  Resting my head, in mournful mood,
Upon my hand, to muse on power,
  Begirt by all her battle brood;
Nor do I frame the lay to tell
How heroes, crown'd with victory, fell,
When war-fiends peal'd their frantic yell
    Upon the fields of blood.

No! Midnight's smouldering passions urge
  The wailings that I wake to pour;
An unheard, melancholy dirge,
  A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
Poor sport of many a bitterest ill,
Of Misery's pang, and Rapture's thrill,
Soon may'st thou, must thou, slumber still,
    Nor wish to waken more!

What wert thou when young life was thine?
  Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
Her glorious forms of joy divine
  To tempt, then sweep in mockery past?
Did Passion, like the siroc wind,
That leaves no living thing behind,
Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
    To leave thee thus at last?

Say, wert thou one whose pulses rose
  As the clear war-note swell'd the gale?
Joy'dst thou, amid encountering foes,
  Grimly to bid Destruction hail?
When Victory her pæan rung,
Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
Hast thou from bloody housings sprung,
    As rout roared down the vale?

Or did thy love-aspirings pant
  For that immortal, holiest fame,
The bard's high lays alone can grant—
  A stainless and a star-like name?
Had Nature in her bounty smil'd
On thee, her desert-wandering child,
While each oasis in the wild
      Show'd groves of verdant flame?

Or, had Love's wondrous magic wrought
  Around thy core a fatal spell,
Till at a look, a word, a thought,
  Was brightest heaven, or darkest hell?
And still, whatever doom was thine,
Wert thou for aye a hallow'd shrine,
Where One, an image all divine,
      In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the warrior's war-brand rusts
  In peace, when age has tamed his fire;
The bard to future times intrusts
  His fame—his soul's one strong desire?
The lover,—Ah! he ne'er may rest!
No balm, no solace to his breast,
Till, even in despairing blest,
      His breaking heart expire!

Yes! thine has been the lover's doom—
  The love that kills well hast thou known!
Behind the darkness of the tomb
  Thy star of life is set and gone!
Did she for whom thy pulse beat high,
Turn from thy disregarded sigh
Her proud ear, and imperious eye,
      And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or bard, or lover true,
  Whate'er thou wert, or mightst have been,
Rest thee, while o'er thy wreck I strew
  Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
Primroses, snowdrops, lilies fair,
Spring's firstlings—Autumn blossoms rare,
That, trembling in the wintry air,
      Shrink from its breathings keen:

The cypress let me gather too,
  The willow boughs that ever weep,
And blend them with the sable yew,
  To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep.
Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
The wreath funereal o'er thee hung,
The pall of silence round thee flung,
      Long be thy rest, and deep!

THE TORWOOD OAK.

The Torwood Oak! How like a spell
  By potent wizard breathed, that name
Bids every Scottish bosom swell,
  And burn with all a patriot's flame!
The past before the rapt eye brings—
Forth stalk the phantom shades of kings,
And loud the warrior's bugle rings
      O'er gory fields of blood!

I see the Roman eagle whet
  Its hungry beak, I see it soar;
It stoops, I see its pinions wet,
  Ruffled and wet with its own gore:
I see the Danish raven sweep
O'er the dark bosom of the deep,—
Its scatter'd plumage strews the steep
      Of rugged Albin's shore.

Lo! England's Edward comes!—the plain
  Groans where his marshall'd thousands wheel,
Grim Havoc stalks o'er heaps of slain,
  Gaunt Famine, prowling, dogs his heel!
Ah! woe for Scotland! blood and woe!
Fierce and relentless is the foe,
And treason points the murderous blow,
      Edges the ruthless steel!

But who is he with dauntless brow,
  And dragon crest, and eagle eye,
Whose proud form never knew to bow
  Its lofty port and bearing high?
Around him close a glorious band,—
Few—but the chosen of the land;
Beneath the Torwood Tree they stand,
      Freedom to gain, or die!

'Tis he, the bravest of the brave!
  Champion of Scotland's liberty,
Whose mighty arm and dreadful glaive
  His mother-land could thrice set free!
That hero-patriot, whose great name
Justly the foremost rank may claim
Of all that grace the rolls of fame—
      WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE!

Yes, oft the Torwood Oak has bent
  Its broad boughs o'er his noble head;
Oft, in his hour of peril, lent
  The shelter of its friendly shade;
And though rude Time and stern Decay
Its moulder'd stem have swept away,
The hero's name there dwells for aye—
      A name that cannot fade!

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
When the saft wastlin' wind, as it wanders o'er
  the lea,
Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny
  noon;

But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet
to me,
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften ha'e I been,
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours
I've seen;
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd,
my love, wi' thee,
In the gloamin' 'neath the bonnie, bonnie haw-
thorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody
glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, licht
ower the dewy plain—
But thy saft voice and sighing breath were
sweeter far to me.
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn
tree.

Auld time may wave his dusky wing, and chance
may cast his die,
And the rainbow hues o' flattering hope may
darken in the sky,
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower
the frozen lea,
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deck the hawthorn
tree;

But still maun be the pulse that wakes this
glowing heart of mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor sum-
mer blossoms shine,
And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be
false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the haw-
thorn tree.

ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

'Tis hallow'd ground! hush'd be my breath!
Uncover'd be my head!
Let me the shadowy Court of Death
With softest footstep tread!
The spirit of the place I feel,
And on its sacred dust I kneel—
For here all lowly laid,
As ancient legends soothly say,
Rest Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Scotia's brown pines in silent gloom
Commingle, broad and tall,
As Nature's self had o'er their tomb
Hung her own solemn pall;
A few faint straggling beams of day,
Amid the blent boughs shifting, stray,
And on their low homes fall;
The Almond, gurgling down the vale,
Pours, ever pours, their deep dirge-wail.

Where are the mounds, that, like twin waves,
Young children of the deep,
With gentle swell should mark the graves
Where side by side they sleep?
They, too, have melted quite away,
Like snow-wreaths, lessening day by day—
Time's wasting touch can sweep
Even Death's sad records from Earth's face,
Leaving of man no lingering trace.

And be it so! Their once fair clay,—
Like dew-drops in the stream,
Like leaves in the wan year's decay,
Like the sky-meteor's gleam,—
Though with its mother element,
Now undistinguishably blent,
That human dust may seem,
Refined and purified shall rise,
To bloom immortal in the skies.

How vain the pompous tomb appears
Piled o'er the mighty dead,
While viewing through the mist of tears
Where the beautiful are laid!
Yes! in the gales that round me moan,
The stream, the grove, the letter'd stone,
Even in the dust I tread,
I feel the presence of a power
Guarding this consecrated bower.

Thrice hallow'd is this lonely dell,
Three spirits, all divine—
Love, Innocence, and Friendship—dwell
Here, in one common shrine;
Here youth and virgin fair may meet,
May plight their vows by moonlight sweet,
May heart and hand entwine:—
No faithless foot this turf may tread,
For here *they* reign—the Sacred Dead!

THE VOICE OF STREAMS.

Awake, awake! ye voices that dwell
In streams, as they race on their own bright
way!
Ye *are* awake! for I feel the spell
Around my heart of your mystic lay!
The shrill and the gleeful laugh of youth,
The timid sigh of the maiden fair,
The lover's lute, and his vows of truth,
And the moans of breaking hearts, are there.

There is innocent bliss in that playful song,
  Rolling its rippling voice on mine ear;
Light leaps my heart as it glides along
  In spring-tide joyousness fresh and clear;
For ne'er can the bosom-chords sleep to the sound
  Of the brooklet that lull'd pure childhood's rest;
Recalling oft, as it flutters around,
  Sweet Eden dreams to the time-chill'd breast.

O, voice of the stream! thou art sweet and dear
  In the dewy eve of the flowery May,
When thy Fairyland music, hovering near,
  Fills each soft pause in the lover's lay:
But the young and the beautiful Death spares not,
  The trysting-place—what is it now?
Alas, alas! 'tis a haunted spot,
  And a gushing, endless wail art thou.

There is mirth and sport in thy altering voice,
  I hear it dancing adown the vale,
While the shout and the song bid echo rejoice,
  And laughter rides on the joy-wing'd gale:—
The bleating of lambs on the sunny braes,
  The lightsome maiden's petulant tongue,
Blent with the shepherd-boy's rustic lays,
  Free on the wandering breeze are flung.

Hark! wild and dread is the swelling strain
  That booms on the mustering night wind by!
Like the shout of strife, and the groan of pain,
  And the pæan of victory loud and high:
Of manhood it tells in the noon of his might,
  When glory beams on his lofty brow—
When bursts on his bosom the torrent of fight,
  And the powers of nature before him bow.

Now it saddens away from its war-note proud,
  And heaves its querulous murmurings forth,
Beneath the gloom of night's one huge cloud,
  Like a dirge-wail sung o'er the shrouded earth!
'Tis the plaint of age in his winter-eve dim,
  Laden with longings, regrets, and woes,
When hope is a dream of the dead to him,
  And pall-like the grave shadows o'er him close.

Breathe on, breathe on! thou voice of the stream!
  To thousand fancies thy notes give birth
In my musing spirit, and still they seem
  The storied records of man and earth:
For thou hast partaken his mirth or moan,
  Since first from Eden his steps were driven;
And his fate shall speak in thy changeful tone,
  Till the exile returns to his home in heaven.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

BORN 1804 — DIED 1843.

The elder of two remarkable brothers, ALEXANDER BETHUNE was born in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, in July, 1804. The extreme poverty of his parents enabled them to give him but a scanty education at the village school, which was supplemented by some instruction in writing and arithmetic at home. His boyhood was passed in the most abject poverty, and at fourteen he followed the occupation of a common labourer, working on farms, in a quarry, and in breaking stones on the public highways. In spite of these obstacles, however, he early contracted a taste for literature, and devoted his evening hours to reading and the composition of verses and tales. While employed in breaking stones in 1835 he wrote a very clear and characteristic letter to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in which he expressed a desire to submit some of his articles for inspection with a view to their publication in the *Edinburgh Journal.* Several articles from his pen soon after appeared in the columns of that periodical, and thus began Bethune's literary career. *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry,* part of which was written by his brother John, appeared in 1838, and was most favourably received. The year following *Lectures on Practical Economy,* the joint production of the two brothers, was published. In 1843 another volume from Alexander's pen appeared, entitled *The Scottish Peasant's Fireside,* which met with the same kind reception extended to the *Tales and Sketches.* But this was the last of his intellectual efforts, and his life of struggle was drawing to a close. He had been offered the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard,* with a salary of £100 per annum, but impaired health compelled him to decline a position which would have been so congenial

to him, and for which his talents well fitted him. He became rapidly worse, and died at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh, June 13, 1843, in his thirty-ninth year. His remains were interred in the grave of his brother John in Abdie churchyard. An interesting volume of his *Life, Correspondence, and Literary Remains* was published in 1845 by William M'Combie. On the death of his brother in 1839, Alexander collected his poems, and prepared a memoir of his life, which was published the year following.

MUSINGS OF CONVALESCENCE.

After seclusion sad, and sad restraint,
Again the welcome breeze comes wafted far
Across the cooling bosom of the lake,
To fan my weary limbs and feverish brow,
Where yet the pulse beats audible and quick—
And I could number every passing throb,
Without the pressure which physicians use,
As easily as I could count the chimes
By which the clock sums up the flight of time.
Yet it is pleasing, from the bed of sickness,
And from the dingy cottage, to escape
For a short time to breathe the breath of heaven,
And ruminate abroad with less of pain.
Let those who never pressed the thorny pillow,
To which disease oft ties its victim down
For days and weeks of wakeful suffering—
Who never knew to turn or be turned
From side to side, and seek, and seek in vain,
For ease and a short season of repose—
Who never tried to circumvent a moan,
And tame the spirit with a tyrant's sway,
To bear what must be borne and not complain—
Who never strove to wring from the writhed lip
And rigid brow, the semblance of a smile,
To cheer a friend in sorrow sitting by,
Nor felt that time, in happy days so fleet,
Drags heavily along when dogged by pain,
Let those *talk* well of Nature's beauteous face,
And her sublimer scenes; her rocks and mountains;
Her clustered hills and winding valleys deep;
Her lakes, her rivers, and her oceans vast,
In all the pomp of modern sentiment;
But still they cannot *feel* with half the force,
Which the pale invalid, imprisoned long,
Experiences upon his first escape
To the green fields and the wide world abroad:
Beauty *is* beauty—freshness, freshness, then;
And feeling *is* a something to be *felt*—
Not fancied—as is frequently the case.
These feelings lend an impulse now, and hope
Again would soar upon the wings of health;
Yet is it early to indulge his flight,
When death, short while ago, seem'd hovering near;
And the next hour perhaps may bring him back,
And bring me to that "bourne" where I shall sleep—
Not like the traveller, though he sleep well,
Not like the artisan or humble hind,
Or the day-labourer worn out with his toil,
Who pass the night scarce conscious of its passing,
Till morning with its balmy breath return,
And the shrill cock-crow warns them from their bed—
That sleep shall be more lasting and more dreamless
Than aught which living men on earth may know.
Well, be it so: methinks my life, though short,
Hath taught me that this sublunary world
Is something else than fancy wont to paint it—
A world of many cares and anxious thoughts,
Pains, sufferings, abstinence, and endless toil,
From which it were small penance to be gone.
Yet there are feelings in the heart of youth,
Howe'er depress'd by poverty or pain,
Which loathe the oblivious grave; and I would live,
If it were only but to be convinced
That "all is vanity beneath the sun."—
Yes! while these hands can earn what nature asks,
Or lessen, by one bitter drop, the cup
Of woe, which some must drink even to its dregs,
Or have it in their power to hold a crust
To the pale lip of famished indigence,
I would not murmur or repine though care,
The toil-worn, frame-tired arm, and heavy foot,
Should be my portion in this pilgrimage.
But when this ceases, let me also cease,
If such may be thy will, O God of Heaven!
Thou knowest all the weakness of my heart,
And it is such, I would not be a beggar
Nor ask an alms from charity's cold hand:
I would not buy existence at the price
Which the poor mendicant must stoop to pay.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Unlike all other things earth knows,
(All else may fail or change)
The love in a mother's heart that glows
Nought earthly can estrange.
Concentrated, and strong, and bright,
A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
Which no cold shadow knows.

All that by mortal can be done
A mother ventures for her son;
If marked by worth or merit high,
Her bosom beats with ecstacy;
And though he own nor worth nor charm,
To him her faithful heart is warm.
Though wayward passions round him close,
And fame and fortune prove his foes;
Through every change of good and ill,
Unchanged, a mother loves him still.
Even love itself, than life more dear,—
Its interchange of hope and fear;
Its feeling oft akin to madness;
Its fevered joys, and anguish-sadness;
Its melting moods of tenderness,
And fancied wrongs, and fond redress,
Hath nought to form so strong a tie
As her deep sympathies supply.
And when those kindred chords are broken
Which twine around the heart;
When friends their farewell word have spoken,
And to the grave depart;
When parents, brothers, husband die,
And desolation only
At every step meets her dim eye,
Inspiring visions lonely,—
Love's last and strongest root below,
Which widow'd mothers only know,
Watered by each successive grief,
Puts forth a fresher, greener leaf:
Divided streams unite in one,
And deepen round her only son;
And when her early friends are gone,
She lives and breathes in him alone.

ON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

When evening's lengthened shadows fall
On cottage roof and princely hall,
Then brothers with their brothers meet,
And kindred hearts each other greet,
And children wildly, gladly press,
To share a father's fond caress:
But home to me no more can bring
Those scenes which are life's sweetening.

No friendly heart remains for me,
Like star to gild life's stormy sea,
No brother, whose affection warm
The gloomy passing hours might charm.
Bereft of all who once were dear,
Whose words or looks were wont to cheer;
Parent, and friend, and brother gone,
I stand upon the earth alone.

DUGALD MOORE.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1841.

DUGALD MOORE, a poet of very superior power, well known in the west of Scotland, was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, August 12, 1805. His parents were in humble circumstances, and at an early age he was apprenticed to Mr. James Lumsden, stationer, Queen Street, in whom he found his earliest and most efficient patron. By Mr. Lumsden's exertions his first work, *The African, and other Poems*, was brought out in 1829. This was succeeded by no fewer than *five* other volumes of poems, all published between the years 1829 and 1839, and all liberally subscribed for. The pecuniary success of his early publications enabled Moore to set up as a bookseller and stationer in his native city, where he was gradually rising in wealth and reputation, when suddenly cut off by inflammation, January 2, 1841. He died unmarried, having resided all his life with his mother, to whom he was much attached. In the Necropolis, where he lies buried, a massive monument surmounted by a bust was erected to his memory by his personal friends and admirers.

Moore was pre-eminently self-taught, his education at school having been of the most scanty description. All his works, though subject in some cases to objection on the score of accuracy or sound taste, display unequivocal marks of genius. He possessed a vigorous and fertile imagination, great force of diction, and freedom of versification. His muse loved to dwell on the vast, the grand, the terrible in nature. He dealt little in matters of everyday life or

everyday feeling. Professor Wilson said of his *African and other Poems*, and *Bard of the North*, "My ingenious friend Dugald Moore of Glasgow, whose poems—both volumes—are full of uncommon power and frequently exhibit touches of true genius."

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

Sister! is this an hour for sleep?—
  Should slumber mar a daughter's prayer,
When drinks her father, on the deep,
  Death's chalice in despair?
Though I have rested in the grave,
  Long with oblivion's ghastly crowd,
Yet the wild tempest on the wave
  Hath roused me from my shroud!

'Tis but a few short days since he,
  Our father, left his native land,
And I was there, when by the sea
  Ye wept,—and grasp'd each parting hand;
I hover'd o'er you, when alone
  The farewell thrill'd each wounded heart—
The breeze then raised its warning tone,
  And bade the ship depart.

I saw the bark in sunshine quit
  Our own romantic shore;
Thou heard'st the tempest—it hath smit
  The proudest—now no more;
Amid the ocean's solitude,
  Unseen, I trod its armèd deck,
And watch'd our father when he stood
  In battle and in wreck.

But stronger than a spirit's arm
  Is His who measures out the sky—
Who rides upon the volley'd storm
  When it comes sweeping by.
The tempest rose;—I saw it burst,
  Like death upon the ocean's sleep;
The warriors nobly strove at first,
  But perish'd in the deep.

High floating on the riven storm,
  I hover'd o'er the staggering bark—
Oh God! I saw our father's form
  Sink reeling in the dark!
I hung above the crew, and drank
  Their wild—their last convulsive prayer;
One thunder roll, then down they sank,
  And all was blackness there!

Our father strove in vain to brave
  The hurricane in all its wrath,
My airy foot was on the wave
  That quench'd his latest breath:
I smoothed the sea's tremendous brim,
  The fearful moment that he died,
And spread a calmer couch for him
  Than those who perish'd by his side.

The wild waves, flung by giant death
  Above that lone, that struggling crew—
Shrunk backward, when my viewless breath
  Came o'er their bosoms blue;
I saw beneath the lightning's frown,
  Our father on the billows roll,
I smote the hissing tempest down,
  And clasp'd his shrinking soul.

Then, hand in hand we journey'd on,
  Far—far above the whirlwind's roar,
And laugh'd at death, the skeleton,
  Who could not scathe us more!
Around, the stars in beauty flung
  Their pure, their never-dying light,
Lamps by the Eternal's fiat hung
  To guide the spirit's flight.

TO THE CLYDE.

When cities of old days
But meet the savage gaze,
Stream of my early ways,
  Thou wilt roll,
Though fleets forsake thy breast,
And millions sink to rest,—
Of the bright and glorious west
  Still the soul.

When the porch and stately arch,
Which now so proudly perch
O'er thy billows, on their march
  To the sea,
Are but ashes in the shower;
Still the jocund summer hour,
From his cloud will weave a bower
  Over thee.

When the voice of human power
Has ceased in mart and bower;
Still the broom and mountain flower
  Will thee bless:
And the mists that love to stray
O'er the Highlands, far away,
Will come down their deserts gray
  To thy kiss.

And the stranger, brown with toil,
From the far Atlantic's soil,
Like the pilgrim of the Nile,
  Yet may come

To search the solemn heaps
That moulder by thy deeps,
Where desolation sleeps,
Ever dumb.

Though fetters yet should clank
O'er the gay and princely rank
Of cities on thy bank,
All sublime;
Still thou wilt wander on,
Till eternity has gone,
And broke the dial-stone
Of old Time.

HANNIBAL, ON DRINKING THE POISON.

And have I thus outlived the brave
Who wreath'd this wrinkled brow?—
And has earth nothing but a grave
To shield her conqueror now?
Ah, glory! thou'rt a fading leaf,—
Thy fragrance false—thy blossoms brief—
And those who to thee bow
Worship a falling star—whose path
Is lost in darkness and in death.

Yet I have twined the meed of fame
This ancient head around,
And made the echo of my name
A not undreaded sound;
Ay—there are hearts, Italia, yet
Within thee, who may not forget
Our battle's bloody mound,
When thy proud eagle on the wing
Fell to the earth, a nerveless thing!

Yes, 'mid thy vast and fair domains,
Thou sitt'st in terror still,
While this old heart, and these shrunk veins,
Have one scant drop to spill;
Even in the glory of thy fame
Thou shrinkest still at Afric's name,—
'Tis not a joyous thrill;
Thou hast not yet forgotten quite
The hurricane of Cannæ's fight!

Though chased from shore to shore, I yet
Can smile, proud land, at thee;
And though my country's glory set,
Her warrior still is free!
On prostrate millions thou may'st tread,
But never on this aged head—
Ne'er forge base bands for me!
This arm, which made thy thousands vain,
May wither—but ne'er wear thy chain.

True, they are gone—those days of fame—
Those deeds of might—and I
Am nothing—but a dreaded name,
Heard like storms rushing by:
Then welcome, bitter draught—thou'rt sweet
To warrior spirits that would meet
Their end—as men should die,—
Hearts that would hail the darksome grave,
Ere yet degraded to a slave.

Carthage—farewell! My dust I lay
Not on thy summer strand;
Yet shall my spirit stretch away
To thee, my father's land.
I fought for thee—I bled for thee—
I perish now to keep thee free;
And when the invader's band
Thy children meet on battled plain,
My soul shall charge for thee again!

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

BORN 1805—DIED 1866.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, an industrious and prolific writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 10, 1805. After being educated in his native city he became clerk to a Leith merchant, but he afterwards gave up this situation and entered the office of a writer in Edinburgh, with the intention of making the law his profession. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*. In the year following he proceeded to London, where he formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and other men of letters. For some years after this he resided in Aberdeen, employed on the *Journal* and *Advertiser* newspapers of that city; and in 1836 he returned to London, where he contributed extensively to the magazines. In 1839 his *Landscape Lyrics* appeared in a handsome quarto volume, and in 1842 he published a valuable work, *The Popular Scottish Biography*. Mr. Anderson was also the editor of a

series of five volumes, *Treasury of History and Biography, Treasury of Nature, Science, and Art*, &c.; an edition of Lord Byron's works with a memoir and notes; and various other publications. He was connected for some time with the *Witness* newspaper, and in 1845 removed to Glasgow to assist in establishing the *Daily Mail*, the first daily newspaper issued in Scotland. In 1853 he began an important and extensive work, entitled *The Scottish Nation; or the Surnames, Families, Literature, Honours, and Biographical History of the People of Scotland.* This work, published by Fullarton & Co. in three large volumes, engaged its author for nearly twelve years, and is likely to prove his most enduring literary monument. In 1855 he published the "Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Sir John Franklin, and intended for juvenile readers. Mr. Anderson ended a life of much literary activity August 2, 1866, aged sixty-one years. The following pieces are selected from a collected edition of his poems published in 1845, and from which the author omitted many of his earlier compositions, not deeming them "worthy of further reprint."

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned!

Full oft my gladdened eye,
In pleasant glade, on river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of Taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye;

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart.—I know not how 'tis so,—
Quick-coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice:

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernac'lar words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits:

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought!
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

AT E'ENING WHAN THE KYE.

At e'ening whan the kye war in,
An' lasses milking thrang,
A neebour laird cam' ben the byre,
The busy maids amang;
He stood ahint the routin' kye
An' round him glowered a wee,
Then stole to whar young Peggy sat,
The milk pail at her knee.

"Sweet Peggy, lass," thus spoke the laird,
"Wilt listen to my tale?"
"Stan' out the gate, laird," Peggy cried,
"Or you will coup the pail;
Mind, Hawkie here's a timorous beast,
An' no acquent wi' you."
"Ne'er fash," quo' he, "the milking time's
The sweetest time to woo.

"Ye ken, I've aften tauld ye that
I've thretty kye and mair,
An' ye'd be better owning them
Than sittin' milkin' there.
My house is bein, and stocket weel
In hadden and in ha',
An' ye've but just to say the word
Tae leddy be o' a'."

"Wheesht, laird," quo' Peggy, "dinna mak'
Yersel' a fule an' me,
I thank ye, for your offer kind,
But sae it canna be.
Maybe yer weel stocked house and farm,
An' thretty lowing kine,
May win some ither lassie's heart,
They hae nae charms for mine;

"For in the kirk I hae been cried,
My troth is pledged and sworn,
An' tae the man I like mysel'
I'll married be the morn."
The laird, dumfoundered at her words,
Had nae mair will to try'r;
But turned, and gaed far faster out,
Than he'd come in the byre.

I'M NAEBODY NOO.

I'm naebody noo, though in days that are gane,
Whan I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
There war' mony to flatter, and mony to praise,
And wha but mysel' was sae prood in those days!

Ah! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
Wha laughed at my joke, and applauded my sang,
Though the tane had nae point, and the tither nae glee;
But of coorse they war' grand when comin' frae me!

Whan I'd plenty to gie, o' my cheer and my crack,
There war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak';
But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel'.

Whan I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to proffer,
And noo whan I want it, I ne'er get the offer;
I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decreast,
In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gie
I thought a' the time was intended for me,
But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
Their friendship, like it, also flickered awa'.

My advice ance was sought for by folk far and near,
Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear,
I'm as weel able yet to gie counsel, that's true,
But I may jist haud my wheesht, for I'm naebody noo.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

By Tweed's fair stream, in a secluded spot,
Rises an ivy-crowned monastic pile;
Beneath its shadow sleeps the Wizard SCOTT;
A ruin is his resting-place—no vile
Unconsecrated graveyard is the soil;—
Few moulder there, but these the loved, the good,
The honoured, and the famed; and sweet flowers smile
Around the precincts of the Abbeyhood,
While cedar, oak, and yew adorn that solitude.

Hail, Dryburgh! to thy sylvan shades all hail!—
As to a shrine, from places far away,
With awe-struck spirit, to thy classic vale
Shall pilgrims come, to muse, perchance to pray;
More hallowed now than in thy elder day,
For sacred is the earth wherein is laid
The Poet's dust; and still his mind, his lay,
And his renown, shall flourish undecayed,
Like his loved country's fame, that is not doomed to fade.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Warbles the merle!
Through the wood, through the wood,
Gallops the earl!
Yet he heeds not its song
As it sinks on his ear,
For he lists to a voice
Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
Once and away,
The castle is gained,
And the lady is gay;

When her smile waxes sad,
  And her eyes become dim,
Her bosom is glad,
  If she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
  Over the wold,
Rides onward a band
  Of true warriors bold;
They stop not for forest,
  They halt not for water;
Their chieftain in sorrow
  Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
  Warbles the merle;
Through the wood, through the wood,
  Prances the earl;
And on a gay palfrey
  Comes pacing his bride;
While an old man sits smiling,
  In joy, by her side.

HENRY G. BELL.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1874.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, the son of James Bell, advocate, was born in Glasgow in 1805. His early life was spent chiefly in Edinburgh, to which city his father removed in 1811. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he early exhibited a predilection for literature, and at the close of his college curriculum he wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots," in two volumes, which was so popular as to pass through several editions and to be translated into several modern languages. In 1829 he established the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which he conducted with marked ability for three years. As the editor of this periodical he formed an intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men who lived in Edinburgh at the beginning of the second quarter of the present century. He was the friend and frequent companion of Professor Wilson, who speaks of Bell with respect and affection in his *Noctes*, where he appears under the name of Tallboys. In 1832 Mr. Bell was admitted to practise as an advocate, when his literary and artistic tastes became in some measure subordinated to the weightier business of his profession. In 1839 he was appointed a sheriff-substitute of Lanarkshire, a position in which his thorough knowledge of law and his sound judgment gave such satisfaction, that in 1867, on the death of Sir Archibald Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, he received the vacant sheriffdom, and he continued to fulfil the duties of this important and honourable office with distinction until his death, January 7, 1874.

In 1831 Mr. Bell published a volume of poems entitled *Summer and Winter Hours*, followed the year after by *My Old Portfolio*, a collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. From time to time, at intervals snatched from the discharge of his professional duties, he gave to the world several volumes and poetical brochures, the latest of which appeared in 1865 with the title of *Romances and other Minor Poems*. This volume fairly entitles its author to a place in our Collection, containing as it does the fruits of mature thought, with which much of the poetic fervour of youthful feeling is beautifully blended. Mr. Bell was also an acknowledged connoisseur in art, and did inestimable service to the people of Scotland as well as to professional artists by his labours in establishing in 1833 the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. He frequently appeared on the public platform as an eloquent speaker on subjects relating to art, literature, and social science; and was for many years one of the best-known men in the western capital.

One of the journals of his native city said of Sheriff Bell: "There are two kinds of eminence, and among the men who have concentrated their lives on a single pursuit or a single problem Mr. Bell will not take a foremost rank. But rarely in the long list of our great lawyers has there been found one who has

combined a technical reputation so indisputably high with accomplishments and sympathies so varied and so acute. From the time when, amid the regrets of his friends the Ettrick Shepherd and others of the admiring circle which gathered round the brilliant young Edinburgh advocate, he left the gardens of the Muses for the courts of Themis, he devoted himself with an unsurpassed and unsurpassable assiduity to the duties of his profession. But, as has been the case with our greatest lawyers, his literary powers and tastes ever went hand in hand with his keen logical perceptions; and those who knew him best can recall no pleasanter hours of intellectual interest than those spent in his discussions of the speculative and practical points at issue in the cases on which he was engaged. Mr. Bell was a great lawyer and a great deal more. He was one of the first of our few good dramatic censors; among patrons of art a Mæcenas; of Scotch critics of poetry among the best that our century has produced, and himself no mean poet. Many of his writings in prose and verse will bear a favourable comparison with the most deservedly popular volumes of recent times. But—and in this respect also he is associated with several of the most conspicuous of his countrymen—though his works were good and his work was excellent, the man was more excellent. As with Irving and Chalmers, and his old friend John Wilson, what he has left behind can give no adequate impression of the space he filled in the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to enjoy his companionship. Henry Glassford Bell was in some respects the last of a race—*ultimus Romanorum*—of the men who could think, and live, and talk, and revolve great problems in their minds, and yet keep a cheerful face before all the world. With that world he was always on good terms, but without surrendering an inch of his independence. He had almost the innocence of a child with the fortitude of a sage. If he had a fault, it was extreme good nature. His own inner convictions might have taken a more vivid and trenchant form had he been less chary of letting others into the secrets known only to those nearest to him."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Elle était de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin.—MALHERBE.

I looked far back into the past, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow crept,
And, all around, the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry;—
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands, the first among his peers;

Next him the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assail'd,
And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd,—
And higher yet their path shall be, and stronger wax their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light;
There too the Prince of Condé wears his all unconquer'd sword,
With great Coligni by his side,—each name a household word!
And there walks she of Medici, that proud Italian line,
The mother of a race of kings, the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make,
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake:
But fairer far than all the crowd, who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun.
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed.—It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth:
It was her mother's land; the land of childhood and of friends;
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;
The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France,
The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!—
One gaze again—one long last gaze; "Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now;
The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, her words, her prayers are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell;
"Now for my father's arm," she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:
"My lords, my lords!" the captive cried, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,
And once more reign, a Stuart queen o'er my
remorseless foes!"
A red spot burn'd upon her cheek, stream'd her
rich tresses down;
She wrote the words—she stood erect, a queen
without a crown!

The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal
banner bore;
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling
queen once more:
She staid her steed upon a hill, she saw them
marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every
flashing eye:
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies
away,
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers
—where are they?
Scatter'd, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless
and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what
guilt has won;
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no lag-
gard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow
in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block a
sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon
must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady
through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and
touch'd the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white
veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—that
cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom,
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering
for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once
so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd
with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of
living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that sym-
metry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm con-
vent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her
holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal
morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory
born!
Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a
triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the
block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all
the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bow'd!
Her neck is bar'd—the blow is struck—the soul
has pass'd away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay!
A solemn text! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone,
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of
a throne!

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

It was a lord and a gentle maid
Sat in a greenwood bower,
And thus the brave Sir Alfred said
To the greenwood's fairest flower:—

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,—
With thee I could live and die;
But thou art a maid of low degree,
And of princely race am I.

"I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,
I have loved a year and a day;
But a different fate is in store for me,
And I must no longer stay.

"Thou art a cottage maiden, love,
And know not thy own pedigree;
And I must marry the king's daughter,
For she is betrothed to me."

There was a smile on Rosalie's lip,
But a tear in her blue eye shone;
The smile was all for her lover's fate,
The tear perchance for her own.

And down fell her ringlets of chestnut hair,
Down in a shower of gold;
And she hid her face in her lover's arms,
With feelings best left untold.

Then slowly rose she in her bower,
With something of pride and scorn,
And she look'd like a tall and dewy flow'r
That lifts up its head to the morn.

She flung her golden ringlets aside,
And a deep blush crimson'd her cheek,—

"Heaven bless thee, Alfred, and thy young bride,
Heaven give you the joy you seek!

"Thou wert not born for a cottage, love,
Nor yet for a maiden of low degree;
Thou wilt find thy mate in the king's daughter—
Forget and forgive thy Rosalie."

Sir Alfred has flung him upon his steed,
But he rides at a laggard pace;
Of the road he is travelling he takes no heed,
And a deadly paleness is on his face.

Sir Alfred has come to the king's palace,
And slowly Sir Alfred has lighted down;
He sigh'd when he thought of the king's daughter—
He sigh'd when he thought of her father's crown.

"O! that my home were the greenwood bower,
Under the shelter of the greenwood tree!
O! that my strength had been all my dower,
All my possessions Rosalie!"

Sir Alfred has entered the royal hall
'Midst a thousand nobles in rich array;
But he who was once more gay than all,
Has never, I ween, one word to say.

The king sat high on his royal throne,
Though his hairs were gray, his arm was strong;
"Good cousin," he said, in a jocund tone,
"Is it thou or thy steed that has stay'd so long?

"But it boots not now—Bring forth the bride!
Thou hast never yet my daughter seen;
A woeful fate it is thine to bide,
For her hair is red and her eyes are green!"

The bride came forth in a costly veil,
And nought of her face could Alfred see;
But his cheek grew yet more deadly pale,
And he fell down faltering upon his knee:

"Pardon! pardon! my liege, my king!
And let me speak while I yet am free;
But were she fair as the flowers of spring,
To your daughter I never can husband be."

Lightning flash'd from the king's fierce eye,
And thunder spoke in his angry tone,—
"Then the death of a traitor thou shalt die,
And thy marriage peal shall be torture's moan!"

"I never feared to die, Sir King,
But my plighted faith I fear to break;
I never fear'd the grave's deep rest,
But the pangs of conscience I fear to wake."

Out then spoke the king's daughter,
And haughtily spoke she,—
"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
He shall never be claim'd by me;—

"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
Why, let the knight go free:
Let him give his hand to his other love,
There are hundreds as good as he!"

With a careless touch she threw back her veil,
As if it by chance might be;
And who do you think was the king's daughter?
His own—his long-loved Rosalie!

First he stood like a marble stone,
And she like a lily sweet,
Then a sunny smile o'er his features shone,
And then he was at her feet.

BLOSSOMS.

It is a lesson sad and true,
Of human life to me,
To mark the swelling fruit push off
The blossoms from the tree,—

The silver blossoms, ruby streak'd,
That scent the summer air,
That gleam among the dark green leaves,
And make a sunshine there;

The dew-drop's fragrant dwelling-place
Through all the gentle night;
The latticed window's fairy screen
From morning's flush of light.

No wonder that the young bird sits
Among the boughs and sings;
He finds companionship in them,—
Soft-breathing lovely things!

No wonder that the fair child wreathes
Their riches round her brow;
They are themselves an emblem meet
Of what that child is now.

Alas! like childhood's thoughts they die—
They drop—they fade away;
A week—a little week—and then,
The blossoms—where are they?

You tell me they make room for fruit,
A more substantial store;
But often stolen ere 'tis ripe,
Oft rotten at the core.

I do not love the worthless gifts,
That bend our childhood down,
And give us for our chaplet wreath
Ambition's leaden crown;

I do not love the fruits that push
Our flowery hopes away,—
The silver blossoms, ruby-streak'd,
Ah! dearer far are they!

I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee till I knew
That thou had'st loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beamed as beautiful?

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,—
'Tis worthless in my eyes:
I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask,
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering;—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last;—
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bid'st—
Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and wrong.

MY VIS-À-VIS.

That olden lady!—can it be?
Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea
That I may gently to her say—
"Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-à-vis.

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,
That Eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—
I see them all,—I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee,
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-à-vis!

"I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get
Like moths within the fatal flame:
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-à-vis.

"And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark:
'By Jove! that *is* a vis-à-vis!'

"O time and change, what is't you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly person been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his moustache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop *our* sun
When I was first your vis à-vis?

"Forgive me, if I've been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up."

So spoke I: then, like cold December,
Only these brief words said she:
"I do not in the least remember
I ever was your vis-à-vis."

THE END.

I know at length the truth, my friend,—
Some ten or fifteen seasons more,
And then for me there comes the end—
My joys and sorrows will be o'er.

Nor deem I the remaining years,
Which soon most come and soon must go,
Which wake no hopes, excite no fears,
Will teach me more than now I know.

They'll bring the same unfruitful round,
The nightly rest, the daily toil,
The smiles that soothe, the slights that wound,
The little gain, the feverish moil.

As manhood's fire burns less and less,
The languid heart grows cold and dull,
Alike indifferent to success,
And careless of the beautiful.

Nought but the past awakes a throb,
And even the past begins to die,—
The burning tear, the anguished sob,
Give place to listless apathy.

And when at last death turns the key,
And throws the earth and green turf on,
Whate'er it was that made up *me*,
Is it, my friend, for ever gone?

Dear friend, is all we see a dream?
Does this brief glimpse of time and space
Exhaust the aims, fulfil the scheme
Intended for the human race?

Shall even the star-exploring mind,
Which thrills with spiritual desire,
Be, like a breath of summer wind,
Absorbed in sunshine and expire!

Or will what men call death restore
The living myriads of the past?
Is dying but to go before
The myriads who will come at last?

If not, whence sprung the thought? and whence
Perception of a power divine,
Who symbols forth omnipotence
In flowers that bloom, in suns that shine?

'Tis not these fleshly limbs that think,
'Tis not these filmy eyes that see;
Tho' mind and matter break the link,
Mind does not therefore cease to be.

Such end is but an end in part,
Such death is but the body's goal;
Blood makes the pulses of the heart,
But not the emotions of the soul.

WHY IS MY SPIRIT SAD?

Why is my spirit sad?
Because 'tis parting, each succeeding year,
With something that it used to hold more dear
Than aught that now remains;
Because the past, like a receding sail,
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
O'er vacant waters reigns.

Why is my spirit sad?
Because no more within my soul there dwell
Thoughts fresh as flowers that fill the mountain dell
With innocent delight;
Because I am aweary of the strife
That with hot fever taints the springs of life,
Making the day seem night.

Why is my spirit sad?
Alas! ye did not know the lost—the dead,
Who loved with me of yore green paths to tread—
The paths of young romance;
Ye never stood with us 'neath summer skies,
Nor saw the rich light of their tender eyes—
The Eden of their glance.

Why is my spirit sad?
Have not the beautiful been ta'en away,—
Are not the noble-hearted turned to clay—
Wither'd in root and stem?
I see that others, in whose looks are lit
The radiant joys of youth, are round me yet,—
But not—but not like them!

I would not be less sad!
My days of mirth are past. Droops o'er my brow
The sheaf of care in sickly paleness now,—
The present is around me;
Would that the future were both come and gone,
And that I lay where, 'neath a nameless stone,
Crush'd feelings could not wound me!

GEORGE ALLAN.

BORN 1806 — DIED 1835.

GEORGE ALLAN was the youngest son of a farmer at Paradykes, near Edinburgh, where he was born February 2, 1806. In his thirteenth year he lost both his parents. He became an apprentice to a writer to the signet, and in course of time a member of the profession, but soon abandoned legal pursuits and proceeded to London to begin the career of an author. Here he formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who recognized his talents and encouraged his literary aspirations. But his health did not correspond with his literary enthusiasm, and in 1829 he accepted an appointment in Jamaica. The climate of the West Indies not suiting him, he resigned his appointment and returned home in 1830. Soon after he obtained the editorship of the *Dumfries Journal*, a Conservative newspaper, and this situation he held for three years with great popularity and success. His next connection was as literary assistant to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. Whilst here he contributed many excellent articles to the *Edinburgh Journal* and wrote extensively for the *Scotsman* newspaper. He was also the author of a *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, which enjoyed for years a wide popularity; and he assisted Mr. Peter Macleod in preparing the *Original National Melodies of Scotland*, to which he furnished several contributions.

In 1831 Mr. Allan married Mrs. Mary Hill, a widow, the eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Pagan of Curriestanes and niece of Allan Cunningham. In 1834 he obtained a situation in the stamp office, which insured him a moderate competence without depriving him of opportunity to prosecute his literary occupations. But soon after this promising point was reached his career was suddenly terminated. His intellectual and poetical ardour had been too much for the frame it tenanted; the delicate nervous organization, which had both animated and enfeebled him, sank under the too close application of his mind, and he died suddenly at Janefield, near Leith, August 15, 1835, in the thirtieth year of his age, leaving behind him a name both as a prose writer and a poet which few so young are fortunate to establish. A large amount of unpublished manuscript, left behind by Mr. Allan, is now in the possession of his family.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP?

CLANSMAN.

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
Shall the pibroch that welcom'd the foe to Benaer,
Be hushed when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,
To give back our wrongs to the giver?
To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have gone,
Like the course of the fire-flaught their clansmen passed on,
With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe they have bound them,
And have ta'en to the field with their vassals around them.
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen,
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

M'CRIMMAN.

Youth of the daring heart! bright be thy doom,
As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;
But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,
And the breath of the gray wraith hath pass'd o'er his brow.
Victorious, in joy, thou'lt return to Benaer,
And be clasped to the hearts of thy best beloved there;
But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman, never—
Never! Never! Never!

CLANSMAN.

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun
not, M'Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun
not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon
know
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when
a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze
behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to
the wind,
There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds
are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons
glancing,
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

OLD SCOTLAND.

The breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates,
Our vessel cleaves her way,
Down ocean's depths, o'er heaven's heights,
Through darkness and through spray.
No loving moon shines out for us,
No star our course to tell—
And must we leave old Scotland thus?
My native land, farewell!

Then fast spread out the flowing sheet,
Give welcome to the wind!
Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet
When treachery's behind?
The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,
The low'ring heaven our canopy,
My native land, farewell!

Away, away across the main,
We'll seek some happier clime,
Where daring is not deemed a stain,
Nor loyalty a crime.
Our hearts are wrung, our minds are toss'd,
Wild as the ocean's swell;
A kingdom and a birthright lost!
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

YOUNG DONALD.

An eiry night, a cheerless day,
A lanely hame at gloamin' hour,
When o'er the heart come thoughts o' wae,
Like shadows on Glenfillan's tower.
Is this the weird that I maun dree,
And a' around sae glad and gay,
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

The winter snaw nae mair does fa',
The rose blooms in our mountain bower,
The wild flowers on the castle wa'
Are glintin' in the summer shower.
But what are summer's smiles to me,
When he nae langer here could stay;
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

For Scotland's crown, and Charlie's right,
The fire-cross o'er our hills did flee,
And loyal swords were glancin' bright,
And Scotia's bluid was warm and free.
And though nae gleam of hope I see,
My prayer is for a brighter day:
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

I WILL THINK OF THEE YET.

I will think of thee yet, though afar I may be,
In the land of the stranger, deserted and lone,
Though the flowers of this earth are all wither'd
to me,
And the hopes which once bloom'd in my bosom
are gone;
I will think of thee yet, and the vision of night
Will oft bring thine image again to my sight,
And the tokens will be, as the dream passes by,
A sigh from the heart and a tear from the eye.

I will think of thee yet though misfortune fall chill
O'er my path, as yon storm-cloud that low'rs on
the lea,
And I'll deem that this life is worth cherishing still,
While I know that one heart still beats warmly
for me.
Yes! grief and despair may encompass me round,
'Till not e'en the shadow of peace can be found;
But mine anguish will cease when my thoughts
turn to you,
And the wild mountain land which my infancy
knew.

I will think of thee; oh! if I e'er can forget
The love that grew warm as all others grew cold,
'Twill but be when the sun of my reason hath set,
Or memory fled from her care-haunted hold;
But while life and its woes to bear on is my doom,
Shall my love like a flower in the wilderness bloom;
And thine still shall be, as so long it hath been,
A light to my soul when no other is seen.

JOHN STERLING.

BORN 1806—DIED 1844.

JOHN STERLING, the second son of Edward and Hester Sterling, was born at Kames Castle, in the island of Bute, July 20, 1806. His parents were born in Ireland, but were both of good Scotch families. When John was three years old the family removed to Llanblethian in Glamorganshire, and here his childhood was nurtured amid scenes of wild and romantic beauty. At first he attended a school in the little town of Cowbridge, and when the family removed to London in 1814 he was sent to schools at Greenwich and Blackheath, and finally to Christ's Hospital. When at school he was known as a novel-reader, devouring everything that came in his way. At sixteen he was sent to Glasgow University, and at twenty he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Julius Hare, the future archdeacon, one of his two biographers, Thomas Carlyle being the other. Though not an exact scholar, Sterling became extensively and well read. His studies were irregular and discursive, but extended over a wide range. Among his companions at college were Richard Trench, Frederick Maurice, Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and others, who were afterwards his fast friends through life.

The law had been originally intended as Sterling's profession, but after hesitating for some time he at last decided upon literature, and, joining his friend Maurice, purchased the *Athenæum*, in which appeared his first literary effusions. In 1830 he married Miss Susannah Barton, daughter of Lieut.-General Barton. Soon after his marriage he became seriously ill—so ill that his life was long despaired of. His lungs were affected, and the doctors recommended a warmer climate. He accordingly went to the West Indies, and spent upwards of a year in the beautiful island of St. Vincent, where some valuable property had been left to the Sterling family by a maternal uncle. In 1832 he returned to England greatly improved in health. From thence he proceeded to Germany, where he met his friend and former tutor, with whom he had much serious conversation on religious topics, which resulted in his entering the Church. He returned to England, was ordained deacon in 1834, and became Mr. Hare's curate at Hertsmonceux immediately after. He entered earnestly on the duties of his new calling, but after a few months he resigned on the plea of delicate health, and returned to London. For the sake of a more genial climate he went to France, and afterwards to Madeira, occupying his leisure hours in writing prose and poetry for *Blackwood*. In addition to his numerous contributions to this magazine and the quarterlies, he was the author of *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel published in 1830. Professor Wilson early recognized his merit as a poet and essayist, and bestowed very lavish praise upon him. He was a swift genius, Carlyle likening him to "sheet-lightning."

For several years Sterling led a kind of nomadic life, fleeing from place to place in search of health. He visited London for the last time in 1843, when Carlyle dined with him. "I remember it," he says, "as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends—Theodore Parker one of them—were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations: sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum." Carlyle saw Sterling afterwards, and the following is the conclusion of his last interview with him:—"We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come, he escorted me down certain carpeted back-stairs, and would not be forbidden. We took leave under the dim skies; and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a common evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore." Sterling died at his residence at

Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844,—cut down, like Shelley and Keats and Michael Bruce, when on the road to fame. His remains were interred in the beautiful little burial-ground of Bonchurch.

In 1839 a volume of Sterling's poems was issued in London, and reprinted in the United States. They are full of tenderness, fancy, and truth. "The Sexton's Daughter," a striking lyrical ballad written in early youth, is among the most popular of his poetical productions. In 1841 his poem in seven books, entitled "The Election," was published, followed in 1843 by the spirited tragedy of "Strafford." "Essays and Tales by John Sterling, collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare, M. A., Rector of Hertsmonceux," in two volumes, was published in London in 1848. On reading that life, interesting and beautiful though it is, one could not help feeling that there was a great deal remaining untold, and that the tone in speaking of his religious opinion was unnecessarily apologetic. To this circumstance we owe the "Life by Carlyle," in which a correspondent says: "Archdeacon Hare takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling I find was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe for eight-and-thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary church formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this book." And so his countryman and friend gave to the world another and a better portraiture of John Sterling—one of those lovely and noble spirits that charm and captivate all beholders.

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade:
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet, and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl,—
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he pluck'd the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaim'd,—"Thou seest, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the Knight, and said, "Farewell!"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the wither'd leaves, and the maiden dead.

THE SPICE-TREE.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rock below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old.

"O! Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth below—
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I too cease to mourn my love.

"O! many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrow'd and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red,
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread,
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colours of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the Spice-tree the garden's Queen
Sits by her lover, who waits no more.

SHAKSPERE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast!
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air;
Though Shakspere's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;

And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth,
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,—
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers;
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendant Form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives—
These are nature's ancient pleasures;
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness;
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams:
The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleet around coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

LOUIS XV.

The king with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused,
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that knew no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came;

The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king;
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a labourer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The labourer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"Oh! nothing more than usual, sir;
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
"It is, you know, a common thing;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."
The king looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour,
How came it that the peasants died.

MIRABEAU.[1]

Not oft has peopled earth sent up
So deep and wide a groan before,
As when the word astounded France
—"The life of Mirabeau is o'er!"
From its one heart a nation wailed,
For well the startled sense divined
A greater power had fled away
Than aught that now remained behind.

The scathed and haggard face of will,
And look so strong with weaponed thought,
Had been to many million hearts
The all between themselves and naught;
And so they stood aghast and pale,
As if to see the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond
The black and bare infinity.

For he, while all men trembling peered
Upon the future's empty space,
Had strength to bid above the void
The oracle unveil its face;
And when his voice could rule no more,
A thicker weight of darkness fell,
And tombed in its sepulchral vault
The wearied master of the spell.

A myriad hands like shadows weak,
Or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass
That bore his country's life and laws;
The rudder felt his giant hand,
And quailed beneath the living grasp
That now must drop the helm of fate,
Nor pleasure's cup can madly clasp.

France did not reck how fierce a storm
Of rending passion, blind and grim,
Had ceased its audible uproar
When death sank heavily on him;
Nor heeded they the countless days
Of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
That now by this one final hour
Were summed for him as guilt and shame.

The wondrous life that flowed so long
A stream of all commixtures vile,
Had seemed for them in morning light
With gold and crystal waves to smile.
It rolled with mighty breadth and sound
A new creation through the land,
Then sudden vanished into earth,
And left a barren waste of sand.

To them at first the world appeared
Aground, and lying shipwrecked there,
And freedom's folded flag no more
With dazzling sun-burst filled the air;
But 'tis in after years for men
A sadder and a greater thing,
To muse upon the inward heart
Of him who lived the people's king.

O! wasted strength! O! light and calm
And better hopes so vainly given!
Like rain upon the herbless sea
Poured down by too benignant heaven—
We see not stars unfixed by winds,
Or lost in aimless thunder-peals,
But man's large soul, the star supreme,
In guideless whirl how oft it reels!

[1] A few of Sterling's minor lyrics, such as "Mirabeau," are eloquent, and, while defaced by conceits and prosaic expressions, show flashes of imagination which brighten the even twilight of a meditative poet.—*E. C. Stedman.*

The mountain hears the torrent dash,
But rocks will not in billows run;
No eagle's talons rend away
Those eyes, that joyous drink the sun;
Yet man, by choice and purpose weak,
Upon his own devoted head
Calls down the flash, as if its fires
A crown of peaceful glory shed.

Alas!—yet wherefore mourn? The law
Is holier than a sage's prayer;
The godlike power bestowed on men
Demands of them a godlike care;
And noblest gifts, if basely used,
Will sternliest avenge the wrong,
And grind with slavish pangs the slave
Whom once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, 'mid the sacred cell,
On heavenly forms its glory sheds,
Untended dies, and in the gloom
A poisonous vapour glimmering spreads.
It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts
Enormous through the twilight swell,
Till o'er the withered world and heart
Rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation's shout
Around the hero's tread prevailing,
No more I hear above his tomb
A nation's fierce bewildered wailing;
I stand amid the silent night,
And think of man and all his woe,
With fear and pity, grief and awe,
When I remember Mirabeau.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

BORN 1806 — DIED 1855.

REV. THOMAS BRYDSON, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and the author of several fine songs and sonnets, was born at Glasgow in 1806. On completing his studies at the universities of his native city and Edinburgh, he became a licentiate of the Church. He acted successively as an assistant in the parishes of Greenock, Oban, and Kilmalcolm in Renfrewshire; and in 1839 was ordained minister of Levern Church, near Paisley. In 1842 he became parish minister of Kilmalcolm, where he remained until his death, Jan. 28, 1855. In 1829 a volume was published in Glasgow, entitled "Poems by Thomas Brydson," followed in 1831 by "Pictures of the Past," a collection of his poetical compositions, characterized by much sweetness and elegance of expression. He was a frequent contributor to the London annuals, to the *Republic of Letters*, and to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Henry G. Bell said of Brydson's second volume: "With our friend Brydson the readers of the *Journal* are too well acquainted to require a lengthened criticism or recommendation of his little volume at our hands. Here he is as we have ever found him—without any straining for effect—luxuriating in the beautiful and the grand of external nature—unceasingly finding

—'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

We know none whom we have more reason to esteem for independent and manly sentiment and reflection."

THE FALLEN ROCK.

No mortal hand, save mine, hath yet
Upon thy cold form prest,
Thou mighty rock, just freshly torn
From off the cliff's dark breast,—

So steep that never hunter climbed
Unto its helm of snow,
To gaze across the wide expanse
Of desert spread below.

But yesterday the fleecy cloud
Went curling o'er thy face;
But yesternight the eagle slept
Within thy calm embrace:

While moon and stars, thine ancient friends,
In glory journey'd by,
And bathed thee with their purest light,
Up in the silent sky.

Ah, me! and thou art downward hurl'd
Unto this lowly glen;
From thy majestic place of pride,
Down to the haunts of men;

Thou who throughout all time hast been
So lofty and so lone,
That voice of human joy or grief
Scarce reach'd thy marble throne.

Thou'st stood unmoved, while age on age
Earth's myriads pass'd away;
Strange destiny, methinks, that I
Should mark thyself decay.

ALL LOVELY AND BRIGHT.

All lovely and bright, 'mid the desert of time,
Seem the days when I wander'd with you,
Like the green isles that swell in this far-distant clime,
On the deeps that are trackless and blue.

And now while the torrent is loud on the hill,
And the howl of the forest is drear,
I think of the lapse of our own native rill—
I think of thy voice with a tear.

The light of my taper is fading away,
It hovers, and trembles, and dies;
The far-coming morn on her sea-paths is gray,
But sleep will not come to mine eyes.

Yet why should I ponder, or why should I grieve
O'er the joys that my childhood has known?
We may meet, when the dew-flowers are fragrant at eve,
As we met in the days that are gone.

DUNOLLY CASTLE.[1]

The breezes of this vernal day
Come whispering through thine empty hall,
And stir, instead of tapestry,
The weed upon its wall,—

And bring from out the murmuring sea,
And bring from out the vocal wood,
The sound of nature's joy to thee,
Mocking thy solitude.

Yet, proudly 'mid the tide of years
Thou lift'st on high thine airy form,—
Scene of primeval hopes and fears!
Slow yielding to the storm.

From thy gray portal, oft at morn,
The ladies and the squires would go;
While swell'd the hunter's bugle-horn
In the green glen below.

And minstrel harp, at starry night,
Woke the high strain of battle here;
When with a wild and stern delight,
The warrior stoop'd to hear.

All fled for ever! leaving nought
Save lonely walls in ruin green,
Which dimly lead my wandering thought
To moments that have been.

PO'K-HEAD WOOD.[2]

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime:
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

Up spake the brave Sir Archibald—
A comely man to see—
'Twas there I twined a bower o' the birk
For my true love and me.

The hours they lichtsomely did glide,
When we twa linger't there;
Nae human voices but our ain
To break the summer air.

O, sweet in memory are the flowers
That blossom'd round the spot,—
I never hear sic music noo,
As swell'd the wild bird's note.

The trembling licht amang the leaves—
The licht and the shadows seen—
I think of them and Eleanor,
Her voice and love-fill'd een.

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime;
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

---

[1] The remains of this picturesque ruin occupy a fine site on the shore of the bay of Oban.—Ed.

[2] Po'k-head is a local contraction for Pollock-head; a wood on the Pollock estate in Renfrewshire.—Ed.

I KENNA WHAT'S COME OWER HIM.

I kenna what's come ower him,
  He's no the lad he used to be;
I kenna what's come ower him,
  The blythe blink has left his e'e.
He wanders dowie by himsel',
  Alang the burn and through the glen:
His secret grief he winna tell—
  I wish that he would smile again.

There was a time—alake the day!—
  Ae word o' mine could mak' him glad;
But noo, at every word I say,
  I think he only looks mair sad.
The last time I gaed to the fair
  Wi' Willie o' the birken-cleugh,
Like walkin' ghost he met us there—
  And sic a storm was on his broo!

I'm wae to see the chiel sae glum,
  Sae dismal-like frae morn to e'en;
Than sic a cast as this had come,
  I'd rather Willie ne'er ha'e seen.
I kenna what's come ower him,
  He's no the lad he used to be:
I kenna what's come ower him—
  The blythe blink has left his e'e.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Her parents and her lover waved adieu
  From out the vine-clad cottage, and away
  The maiden pass'd, like sunbeam from the day,
Into the ancient forest, to renew
Her wonted task of gath'ring lowly flowers
  For the far city:—Innocent and young
  She wander'd, singing to the birds, that sung
Amid the balmy foliage of the bowers.
Eve fell at length—and to the well-known steep,
  That gave again her native vale to view,
  The maiden came.—Earth shook—and, bursting thro',
She sees an ocean o'er that valley sweep.—
  Ah, me!—she has, 'neath heaven's all-circling dome,
  No parent—and no lover—and no home!

THE GIPSIES.

It is the night—and ne'er from yonder skies,
  High-piled amid the solitudes of time,
  And based on all we vainly call sublime,
Did she look lovelier with her starry eyes;—
  The music of the mountain-rill comes down,
As if it came from heaven with peace to earth,
  And from yon ruin'd tower, where ages gone
Have left their footsteps—hark! the voice of mirth:
  The gipsy wanderers, with their little band
Of raven-tressèd boys and girls, are there;
  And when the song of that far-distant land,
From whence they sprung, is wafted through the air,
  I dream of scenes where towers the mystic pile—
  The Arab and his wastes—the rushings of the Nile!

FALLING LEAVES.

Down fall the leaves; and, o'er them as we tread,
  'Tis strange to think they were the buds of spring,
  Whose balm-breath met us on the zephyr's wing,
When mirth and melody were round us spread,
And skies in placid brightness overhead,
  And streams below with many a dimpled ring!
  'Tis strange to think, that when the bee did sing
Her sunny song, on summer's flowery mead,
  They were the locks that waved on summer's brow!
But stranger far, to think, that the white bones
We tread upon, among the churchyard stones,
  Once moved about, as we are moving now
In youth, in manhood, and in hoary age—
Oh! then, let time and change our thoughts engage!

RETROSPECTION.

We look upon ourselves of other days,
  As if we looked on beings that are gone;
  For fancy's magic ray hath o'er them thrown
A glory, that grows brighter as we gaze!
Then, then, indeed, was pleasure's mirthful maze
  Our own, and happiness no shade as now:
  We met her on the mead, and on the brow
Of the unpeopled mountain, and her ways
  Were where our footsteps wandered. Still we see
Her phantom form, that flits as we pursue
  O'er the same scenes, where jocund once and free,
And all unsought, she with our young thoughts grew!
  So, to the parting sailor, evermore
  She seems to linger on his native shore.

A REMEMBERED SPOT.

There is a spot in flowery beauty lying,
  Clasp'd in the silver arms of a small stream,
Flowing from hill-tops, where, when day was dying,
  I've seen the distant cities like a dream;
That spot was unfrequented, I did deem,
  Save by myself, the wild bird, and the bee,
  Far off; the ring-dove, from her forest tree,
Told the wide reign of solitude. Here came,
  Sweet Shakspere, first, thy visions to my mind—
Around me were thy woods—Miranda's isle,
And circling waters were my own the while;
And Juliet's woes would voice the moonlight wind,
Bidding me to my home. That lonely spot,
By me can never—never be forgot!

A THOUGHT.

Though far away,
Though ruthless Time have scatter'd memory's dream;
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change, like islands on a stream.

ANDREW PARK.

BORN 1807 — DIED 1863.

ANDREW PARK was a native of the town of Renfrew, where he was born, March 7, 1807. He was taught first at the parish school, and then finished his education at the University of Glasgow. In his fifteenth year he was employed in a commission warehouse in Paisley, and while a resident of that town he published a poem in sonnets entitled "The Vision of Mankind." When about twenty he removed to Glasgow, and became a salesman in a hat manufactory. After a time he began business on his own account, which not proving very successful he disposed of his stock and went to London. Previous to leaving Scotland he issued in 1834 another volume of poems entitled the "Bridegroom and the Bride," which was welcomed as a higher effort than his former production. His prospects in the metropolis not turning out so bright as he expected, he returned to Glasgow in 1841, and purchased the stock of Dugald Moore the poet, then recently dead, and became a bookseller. That new business being also unsuccessful, he soon abandoned it, and devoted his time to literary pursuits. In 1843 he published "Silent Love," his most successful literary work, as the production of a James Wilson, a druggist in Paisley. A beautiful edition of this poem in small quarto was published in 1345, with illustrations by Mr. (now Sir) J. Noel Paton. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other eastern countries, and the following year published a narrative of his travels entitled *Egypt and the East*.

Park's poems were originally published in twelve volumes, and the whole of his poetical works were again issued in 1854 by Bogue of London in one large volume. In one of his poems, entitled "Veritas," he gives a narrative of the principal events of his life up to the period of its publication in 1849. His songs were either humorous, sentimental, or patriotic: they possess both lyrical beauty and power, and have taken their position amongst the poetry of Scotland. Several of them have been set to music, and have enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity. Mr. Park died at Glasgow, Dec. 27, 1863. Before his death he expressed a wish to be interred in the Paisley Cemetery, where his friend James Fillans the sculptor had been buried. The poet's funeral took place on 2d January, 1864, and his bier was followed to the grave by two hundred mourners. His friends and admirers erected to his memory a handsome granite pedestal eight feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze bust of the poet, which was inaugurated on 7th March, 1867, and handed over to the corporation of Paisley for preservation.

SILENT LOVE.

(EXTRACT.)

No man e'er loved like me! When but a boy,
Love was my solace and my only joy;
Its mystic influence fired my tender soul,
And held me captive in its soft control!
By night, it ruled in bright ethereal dreams,
By day, in latent, ever-varying themes;
In solitude, or 'mid the city's throng,
Or in the festal halls of mirth and song;
Through loss or gain, through quietude or strife,
This was the charm, the heart-pulse of my life.
While age has not subdued the flame divine,
A votary still I worship at the shrine!
When cares enthrall, or when the soul is free,
'Tis all the same. No man e'er loved like me!
Oh! she was young who won my yielding heart;
Nor power of poesy, nor painter's art,
Could half the beauties of her mind portray,
E'en when inspired, and how can this my lay?
Two eyes that spoke what language ne'er can do,
Soft as twin-violets moist with early dew!
And on her cheek the lily and the rose
Blent beauteously in halcyon repose;
While vermil lips, apart, reveal'd within
Two rows of pearls, and on her dimpled chin
The Graces smiled; a bosom heaved below,
Warm as the sun, but pure as forest snow;
Her copious ringlets hung in silken trains
O'er alabaster, streak'd with purpling veins;
Her pencill'd eyebrows, arching fair and high
O'er lids so pure they scarcely screen'd the eye!
A form symmetral, moving forth in grace
Like heaven-made Eve, the mother of our race;
And on her brow benevolence and truth
Were chastely throned in meek, perennial youth;
While every thought that had creation there
But made her face still more divinely fair;
And every fancy of her soul express'd
On that fair margin what inspired her breast,
Pure as the sunbeams gild the placid deep,
When zephyrs close their wings in listless sleep.
This maiden won my heart; oh! is it vain
To say, perhaps hers was return'd again?
To say, she read the language of my eyes,
And knew my thoughts, unmingled with disguise?
Is it too much to say, that eyes reveal
What words in vain but struggle to conceal?
That silent love is not far more sincere
Than vaunting vows—those harbingers of fear!
Deep-rooted veneration breathes no sound;—
Back, mortal, back, ye stand on holy ground!
Hid in the heart's recess, like precious ore,
It lies in brilliant beauty at the core!
Or, as the moon, sweet empress of the night!
Reflecting, gives, in modest, mellowy light,
The sun's refracting rays—her destined part—
So genuine feeling steals from heart to heart!
Laugh not, ye sordid sons, ye beings cold,
Who measure all your greatness by your gold,—
Whose marble bosoms never once could feel
What friendship, love, and sympathy reveal;
Learn but one truth, 'twill not reduce your stores,
Love higher than your gilded riches soars,
Your demi-god a meaner thing must be
Than Cupid proves. No man e'er loved like me!
Think not a glance too transient to destroy
The calmness of the mind with mingled joy;
Judge for yourselves, but make no strictures here,
Set no mean limits to its hope and fear.
Many could tell, if they but had the art,
The stirring power with which it throbs the heart,
Thrills every nerve, pursues through every vein
Its path electric till it fires the brain;
And trembling there like needle to the pole,
Strange blushes rise in crimson from the soul;
The heaving breast, in respiration free,
Convulsive feels with innate ecstasy.

SANDYFORD HA'.

Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';
When summer returns wi' her blossoms sae braw,
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling, though humble, is airy and clean,
Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,
An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.
A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,
Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,
Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa':—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we hae closed.
An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed,
We'll puff our Havana, on hope we will ca',
An' our chief guest be pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.
Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang;
The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an a',
Ilk day hae a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may stare,
Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge is sma',
There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.
There's something romantic about an auld house,
Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawing fu' crouse,
An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,
As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,
Till night her gray mantle around us shall draw,
Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.
At morning when music is loud in the sky,
An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
We'll saunter in joy when the lang shadows fa',
'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS!

Hurra for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky,

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

THE AULD FOLKS.

The auld folks sit by the fire,
When the winter nichts are chill;
The auld wife she plies her wire,
The auld man he quaffs his yill.
An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
And the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their bairnies' bairns,
They talk o' the brave an' free,
They talk o' their mountain-cairns,
And they talk of the rolling sea.—
And meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
And the tear-draps blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk-stane
Whare sune they baith maun be.
Yet each has had their half
O' the joys o' this fitful sphere,
So whiles the auld folk laugh,
And whiles they drap a tear!

FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

Flowers of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are fondly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth:
Streams are pouring from their fountains,
Echoing through each rugged dell;
Heather bells adorn the mountains,
Bid the city, love! farewell.

See the boughs are rich in blossom,
Through each sunlit, silent grove;
Cast all sorrow from thy bosom—
Freedom is the soul of love!
Let us o'er the valleys wander,
Not a frown within us dwell,
And in joy see Nature's grandeur—
Bid the city, love! farewell.

Morning's sun shall then invite us
By the ever-sparkling streams;
Evening's fall again delight us
With its crimson-coloured beams.
Flowers of summer sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are loudly singing,
In their gay and jocund mirth.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam.
When island-clouds that wander'd far
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
  That lov'd the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
  And sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
  Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
  Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
  As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
  And charm the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay
  Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May—
  All lovely and serene.

THERE IS A BONNIE FLOWER.

There is a bonnie blushing flower,
  But ah! I darena breathe the name!
I fain would steal it frae its bower,
  Though a' should think me sair to blame.
It smiles sae sweet amang the rest,
  Like brightest star where ithers shine;
Fain would I place it in my breast,
  And make this bonnie blossom mine.

At morn, at sunny noon, whene'er
  I see this fair, this favourite flower,
My heart beats high, with wish sincere,
  To wile it frae its bonnie bower!—
But oh! I fear to own its charms,
  Or tear it frae its parent stem,
For should it wither in my arms,
  What would revive my bonnie gem!

Awa'—ye coward thoughts, awa'—
  That flower can never fade with me,
That frae the wint'ry winds that blaw
  Round each neglected bud is free!
No; it shall only bloom more fair,
  When cherish'd and ador'd by me,
And a' my joy, and a' my care,
  This bonnie blushing flower shall be!

JAMES MACDONALD.

BORN 1807 — DIED 1848.

JAMES MACDONALD, A.M., the author of many Sabbath-school hymns and several still popular Scottish songs, was born at Culcreuch, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, September 18, 1807. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he graduated, and also passed through the theological classes with the view of becoming a minister in the Established Church. He began life as a teacher in the parish of Drymen at the age of seventeen, and subsequently (1833) during his theological course he taught in a boarding-school in the manse of Kincardine Blair-Drummond. On the termination of this engagement he went to Glasgow, where he was for a time occupied as a private tutor. Having relinquished the intention of entering the ministry, he joined the printing establishment of the Messrs. Blackie of that city as a corrector of the press. In this calling he had no superior in Scotland, and as a proof-reader of Greek no equal. While thus occupied he became an earnest and devoted Sunday-school teacher, and composed many sweet hymns for the use of his pupils. Macdonald's mind being still bent upon teaching, he accepted an invitation about the year 1845 to take charge of a school in Blairgowrie, where he laboured for a time with much acceptance. He removed to another school in Dundee, and finally to the village of Catrine in Ayrshire, where he died May 27, 1848, after a lingering illness.

Macdonald's poems and lyrics appeared in various collections, such as the *Book of Scottish Song*, and in various papers and periodicals, but they have not been published in a collected form. His only separate publications are two booklets of "Hymns for the Use of Sunday-schools," in which he was always deeply interested. His poems display considerable poetic merit and a spirit of genuine piety. In a letter to the Editor, dated September 24,

1875, Dr. Macdonald, of the Free Church, North Leith, writes, "Macdonald was an excellent, warm-hearted, and most useful man, and I loved him warmly. I am unable to give any precise particulars of his life while at Blairgowrie. He was an admirable and enthusiastic teacher, and was greatly esteemed by young and old. I will only add that in all Christian work I ever found him a very hearty and loving helper."

THE WILDERNESS WELL.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

(EXTRACT.)

"Ho ye that thirst approach the spring
Where living waters flow,
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go."—*Par. Is.* lv. 1.

So sang the son of Amoz, as he saw,
In vision bright, the coming Saviour's day,
When David's throne and sceptre would give law
To men in nations, loving to obey.
With glowing breast and eye of fervid ray
The prophet gazed along the course of time,
And poured in golden drops the melting lay
Of heaven's grace revealed to every clime,
When David's Son should leave his realms on high,
And come to earth for wretched man to die.
Within the veil of heaven's sacred fane,
The holy man in vision sweet was led,
And taught the numbers of the seraph strain—
The joyful words that sinless beings said
Of God the Son, whose feet were yet to tread
The dust of earth, and fallen man restore,
When Judah's crown and sceptre's might had fled,
And law begirt the tribes of God no more,
A lowly thrill rushed through the prophet's breast,
He cried "Unclean," and quailed at Heaven's behest.
While basking in the rays of wondrous light,
A scene of gladness filled his ravished eye,
Messiah's reign and kingdom blessed his sight,
In all the grandeur of the eternal sky.
He saw the angels of the Lord on high
Descend in gorgeous light on Bethlehem's plain,
And raise the hallelujah symphony
Of man restored to Heaven's love again,
Redemption's glories in a boundless cloud
Of peerless, priceless gems around him crowd.
He saw the night of darkness flee away,
He saw the Sun of Righteousness arise
To cheer the earth with beams of healing ray,
And make the desert wear the garden's dyes.
His lit eye saw the Fountain of the skies
Run far and wide o'er many a dreary plain,
Creating where it flowed a paradise
Of flowery grandeur, feeding on the rain,
And dew, and light, and smile of Heaven above,
And slumb'ring in the arms of holy love.
He saw, and in his joy of heart he sung
And cried aloud on all the tribes of earth,
Of every nation, kindred, hue, and tongue,
To hail with joy their great Redeemer's birth,
And sing in hymns of loud-resounding mirth
The jubilee of Heaven's Lord and King,
Whose loving sceptre scatters every dearth
That hunger, thirst, and wretchedness can bring.
He saw the Shiloh come—the prophet ran,
And bade men kiss the lowly Son of man.
Messiah came to earth,—the Vine Branch came,—
The Fountain flowed,—the Balm of Gilead grew,
The King, the mighty Counsellor by name,
Glid down on Judah's mountains like the dew.
Proud Salem saw her King; but, ah! how few
Revered the name of Mary's righteous Son!
She saw his wonders, heard his doctrines true,
And paid him with the cross for what he'd done.
But on his cross Christ won his golden crown;
'Twas from his side the fount of life ran down,
That shall through ages pour its balmy stream,
And shed the blessing of its gentle cure
On all who will to see its joyous gleam,
And wash their bodies in its waters pure.
The broken-hearted, sick, and lowly poor,
The wand'ring sinner, weeping 'neath his load,
And they who dread the pangs the damned endure,
Alone are found to seek the hill of God.
Go, ask at them, for they alone can tell
What Zion is, whence flows their Desert Well.

THE THREE AGES.

CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to look on a new-blown flower;
To watch the tints of the summer sky;
To lurk in the depths of a sylvan bower,
Lulled by the lone stream's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to view, at the opening day,
The pearls that gem the green-clad earth;
And hear the burst of the song-birds' lay—
The morning hymn of their love and mirth.

'Tis sweet to stand, at the dusky hour,
By the pebbly rim of a glassy lake,
While myriad stars, in a silent shower,
Drop calmly down as a silv'ry flake.

But where's the sight, on the earth or sky,
By the garden bower, or woodland wild,
Where aught so sweet as the heavenward eye,
And fervent look, of a praying child?

The cherub form seems not of this land,
No tenant of earthly mould or clay,
But a stranger—come from the seraph band
On Zion's hill, in the realms of day,

A dream of light,—a vision of might,—
A starbeam cased in a mortal urn,—
A soul of bliss from spheres of delight,—
An incense breath from the lamps that burn.

Around the throne of the Unseen Power
That ruleth beyond the depths of night,—
A sainted seer of the heavenly dower,
That waits the good in the land of light;

Come here to tell to the earthly mind
Of the hopes that spring where fears begin,
And rend in twain the fetters that bind
Poor man a slave to the ways of sin.

Then smile not thou at its lowly prayer,
Though short its cry for mercy appear;
An angel band is hovering there,
And He that bled still deigneth to hear.

Round childhood's day shines many a ray,
Of beauteous gleam and of nameless dye;
But the hour the young heart strives to pray
Brings brightest joy to a parent's eye.

YOUTH.

O fairest season in the life of man!
Sweet noontide of his short and chequered day!
Who would not wish to live again that span
Of radiant hopes and feelings, ever gay,
Which round the heart, like sunbeams in the stream,
In many a glad and glittering halo ran!—
Such as of old young poets used to dream
Begirt the brow of her that led the van
Of merry maids, who danced on vine-clad hills
To the soft tinkling music of old Grecian rills.

That morn! the young mind breaks its golden cell,
And finds its wings expand o'er trackless air;
Oh what a gush of towering fancies swell
In billowy madness, and a power that ne'er
Would seem to bend beneath misfortune's gale!
No new-fledged bird that roams the summer dell
Is half so fond of earth's rich flowery vale—
So vainly dreams in ceaseless joy to dwell
Amid its sunny haunts and smiling flowers,
Bathed in the blessed dew of heaven's balmy showers.

The song of birds—the lulling hum of bees—
The bleat of lambs—the evening waterfall—
The shepherd's pipe—the dulcet summer breeze—
The milkmaid's merry lay—commingled, all
In soft harmonious cadence charm the ear,
And make earth seem but one vast music-hall—
One choir of joy—this life a long career
Of sweets whereon the heart should never pall:
O happy time, O days of careless glee—
Of golden morning dreams—from pain and sorrow free!

But ah! what snares athwart its pathway lie,
What fraud is used to lure it from the way
Its fond heart seeks beyond yon spangled sky,
And chain it under sin's corrosive sway!
O youth, beware, for myriad unseen foes
By night, by day, their ruthless trick'ries try
Thy soul to rifle of its dower on high,
And rob thy young heart of its soft repose—
Its bed of peace—its hopes of high renown—
Then leave thee to the world's sneer and desolating frown.

But happy he! who, like that maiden fair,
Whom painter's art has reared before our eyes,
With willing heart receives a mother's care
To lead him wisdom's way, and gain that prize
So dearly won—so fraught with love and grace
For all to seek, which all may win and share:
O who would not this cold world's wiles efface,
And, with a will deep-fixed, for ever dare
To baffle all the snares that sin has wove,
And lose earth's fleeting joy for deathless bliss above?

OLD AGE.

A lonely hamlet, with its house of prayer,
To which a matron's guided on her way,
By one that shows a daughter's tender care,
And, by their side, a child that seems to pray,

Is all the scene—but, while we fondly gaze,
What thoughts of Life and Death these objects raise.

We leave weak childhood's morn of smiles and tears,
And youth's full tide of gaiety and glee,
To commune with the hoary man of years,
Who longs from out this vale of tears to be,
And find that rest he here has sought in vain,
Beyond the reach of vanity and pain.

Pilgrim of life! what though thy locks be gray,
Thine eye be dim, thy cheek be wan and pale;
Tho' gone the strength of youth's exulting day,
And e'en the mind itself begin to fail;
Ne'er let the tear of grief bedim thine eye,
Thy desert's crossed—thy Jordan's rolling nigh!

Though friends have dropped like brown leaves from the tree,
And hopes be dead that once bloomed fresh and fair;
Though all alone on earth thou seem'st to be,
No one so poor as with thy grief to share;
Lift up thine eyes in faith to Him that bled—
The cloud is past—thy solitude has fled.

A few more steps—thy weary feet at last,
With joy, shall tread that gorgeous sunny shore,
Where, nestled safe, the withering simoom blast
Of pangs and cares shall beat on thee no more—
No more along our earth a wanderer driven,
Thy panting breast has found a home in heaven.

HYMN.

(FROM THE WILDERNESS WELL.)

Oh God above,
Thou art our love.
And hope of life always;
Thy name is all our praise;
Thine arm is our salvation sure;
Thy loving-kindness shall endure
Through never-ending days.
When fades the light and glory of the sun,
Thy truth a pure and blessed stream shall run
In climes where first its blessed flow begun.
Like dew by heaven's light
Again it shall ascend,
And with eternal might
It shall in radiance bright
And glory never end.

Jehovah, Lord,
Be thou adored,
Almighty Three-in-One,
Thy love hath wonders done.
Jordan's stream and Tabor hill,
Sychar's well and Kedron's rill,
Revealed thy great and gorgeous plan
Of love and wondrous grace to man;
There rose thy Sun of righteousness and love;
There, robed with all the might of Heaven above,
Thine image stood, the fulness of thy grace,
Thy Godhead radiant in his living face;
Thy messenger—our sacrifice;
Thine only Son—our only prize,
Who came to seek and save
The sons of misery,
And by his dying gave
Them hope beyond the grave
Of glory in the sky.
Immanuel,
Around thee dwell
The majesty and might
Of Heaven's glories bright:
Seraphs tune their golden lyres,
Angel hosts before thee bend,
Endless love each breast inspires;
Unto thee they kneel and send
All the glowing soul's desires,
Their first, and last, and only Friend.
With lowly heart we here would lend
Our feeble voice, and join the lay—
The hymn of everlasting day.
But ah! what can we say or sing
To Heaven's Lord—to Heaven's King?
Oh what can dust and ashes bring
To Him whose sceptre rules the earth and sky,
To Him who sits on glory's throne on high,
'Mid grandeurs which no mortal hand or eye
Can think or see in frailty's dress,
Till o'er this weary wilderness,
With sorrow's heavy load,
Our wand'ring feet have trode?
But, glory to thy name,
Thou art, O Lord, the same
As when on earth thou gav'st thy willing aid
To him who in distress a prayer made
Upon destruction's brink,
And looked at thee and said,
Help me, Jesus, or I sink.
Thou great I Am,
Thou mercy's Lamb,
Thou Lamp of light,
Thou Branch of might,
Thou Fount of cleansing wave,
Thou Balm to cure,
Thou Rock to hide,
Thou Friend of poor,
To guard and guide,
Thou'rt ever nigh to save.
Thou hear'st the moan and lowly cry
Of sorrow's bed, where poor men lie

On pillows wet with bitter tears,
Crushed by an avalanche of fears,
And swathed in clouds of awful gloom,
Portending nought but horror's doom;
Thou lift'st the lattice of the sky,
And pour'st upon the weary eye
A flood of hope on angel wing
That makes the vexed man to sing.
The child of grief and woe by thee is seen,
As every prop on which he loved to lean
By angry tides is loosed and swept away,
O'erwhelmed by waves, or made the tempest's play,
He looks without, on life's tumultuous sea,
He looks within, where comfort used to be,
Nor there, nor here, one vestige can he find
Of all that once was sacred to his mind,
He feeds on sorrow's bread, and fills with tears
The cup that cheered the noon-day of his years.
O God! man's days are but a dream at best,
Till thou in mercy com'st to cheer his breast,
And turn his heart from trusting on a reed
So sure to break, and breaking sure to bleed.
Then all is changed, his harp is tuned to sing,
Of thee the Lord, his Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oppression's groan
The heavy load,
The blist'ring goad,
The blood-hound's greedy yell,
The vulture's hoarded cell,
By thee is known,
The captive's clanking chain,
Pale famine's cry and pain,
Dost thou not hear?
And sorrow's blist'ring tear,
And hunger's trembling fear,
The tyrant's choking fangs,
His victim's silent pangs,
The weary bloodshot eye,
The heavy throbbing sigh,
Man's bale and misery,
Dost thou not see?
O gracious God of love, who feed'st the leaves
That dangle on each shrub, and bush, and tree,
Thine eye, thine ear, no vail of fraud deceives,
No lying tissue throws its net o'er thee.
The dwelling place of justice is thy throne—
Great God in man! thy love will yet appear,
Thy day will come—thy wisdom shall be shown,
Dread retribution's judgment hour is near.
O Father great,
Upon thee wait
All living things on earth:
The forest bends to thee,
The ocean owns its birth,
Thine, mighty God, to be.
The dew smiles by thy power,
The grass feeds from thy hand,
Thy Godhead owns the flower,
The wind knows thy command,
The stream by thee is taught to know its way,
The bird inquires at thee what song to sing,
Thy voice the sun, and moon, and stars obey,
All heaven, earth, and hell proclaim thee King.
Thy way is light,
Thine arm is might,
To sink or save
A worm or world
From desolation's grave.
Thy truth unfurled
On Sinai's hill,
Thy holy will
On Bethlehem's plain,
Send joy and peace to every strand,
And fall on bosoms pierced with pain,
As dew-drops on a parched land,
Or silver rain;
And they who taste delight to dwell,
As we do, round thy Desert Well.

THE THISTLE.

Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms on the mountain,
And decks the fair bosom o' Scotland's green howes?
Loo'st thou the floweret o' Liberty's fountain,
The emblem o' friendship that guards as it grows?
The wee lamb may sleep 'neath its shade wi' its mither,
The maukin may find 'neath its branches a lair,
And birds o' ilk feather may there flock thegither,
But wae to the wretch wha our thistle wad tear!

Loo'st thou the thistle? the broad leaves it weareth
Are gemm'd o'er wi' pearls o' morning's sweet dew—
Lo! on ilk dew-drop a dear name it beareth—
The name of a' freeman o' leal heart and true.
Kenn'st thou the story o' proud fame and glory
That's tauld by ilk spike o' its bristled array?
Nae wonder our thistle wi' grandeur is hoary,
It's auld as creation—it's new as the day.

Loo'st thou the thistle?—the rose canna peer it,
Nae shamrock can smile wi' sae gaudy an air,
The lily maun hide a' its beauty when near it,
The star-flag is bonnie—the thistle is mair.
True to the thistle, I'll ne'er lo'e anither,
Whatever my station, wherever I be;
Its love in my bosom no blighting can wither,
Auld Scotland's ain darling I'll lo'e till I dee.

Here's to ilk pillar that bides by the thistle!
Lang may his roof-tree be kept frae decay—
Lang may the voice o' happiness whistle
In glee round his dwallin' by nicht and by day.
Here's to the banners that wave o'er the ocean,
The rose of old England, the brave and the free;
The shamrock that raises green Erin's devotion;
The thistle of Scotland—hurrah for the three!—

O LEEZE ME ON THE GLEN.[1]

O leeze me on the glen that summer maks
her Eden ha',
And bigs her fairy bower in the depths o' the
greenwood shaw;
The glen where the winds play their saftest,
sweetest summer tune,
Amang the heather bells and the green waving
woods o' June.
'Tis the glen of my boyhood, the cradle o' my
happy days,
Still fondly my heart longs to roam o'er its
broomy braes,
And listen to the sang o' the lintie on its
whinny bed,
And wipe awa' the tear, for love and warm
friendship fled.

Though torn frae thy lap where I first drank
the balmy air,
Thy picture hangs untouched 'mid the canker
o' writhing care;
Thy gray rugged cliffs and thy lowne lily-
dappled dells,
Thy pale primrose banks, thy pure gurgling
mountain wells,
Thy haughs spread wi' daisies, thy honey-
scented meadow-land,
Thy green velvet holmes and thy auld hoary
woods so grand,
Aft drift through my dreams, all wrapt in
their azure hue,
Like scenes o' the happy isles sparkling wi'
hinny dew.

O can I e'er forget the glory o' thy dawning
morn,
When the pearly tears o' night fa' in beads frae
the aged thorn;
And the milky mists creep back to their bed
in the mossy muirs,
And heaven's bliss comes down wi' the draps
o' the crystal showers;
When joy's trumpet sounds through the val-
leys o' the ringing woods,
And echo singeth back wi' the voice o' the
water-floods—
While frae bank and frae brae a clear gush o'
music flies,
With the incense of earth, away to the ruby skies.

Can the warld brag o' aught like the pride o'
thy gouden noon,
When the revelry of morn is lulled to a solemn
croon,
And the flocks cease to bleat on the brow o' the
benty knowe,
While the linns o' the Endrick shine bright in
a silver lowe;
As the bride on her bridal day walks forth in
her gay attire,
Her heart fu' o' joy and her een glancing
maiden fire;
So the valley calmly basks in the beauty o' its
flowery dress,
While the winds hover o'er, gently fanning its
loveliness.

But dearer far to me the mirk o' thy gloamin'
hour,
When the curlew's eerie cry echoes far frae its
fenny bower;
And the throstle's e'ening hymn, wi' the sough
o' the water fa',
Now rises and now sinks, now like death calmly
glides awa'—
When the flowers shut their een and the winds
in the woods are still,
And the wee lammies sleep in the howe o' the
dewy hill;
Then the weary soul o' man, like the bird to
its cozy nest,
Floats on fancy's wings 'mang the clouds o'
the purple west.

Thus morning, noon, and eve, sweet vale o'
my youthfu' days,
I roam still in thought through my haunts on
thy bracken braes;
And as Endrick waxes deep when she bounds
near her resting goal,
So deepens aye the flow o' thy love in my weary
soul.
Farewell, then, my glen, the land o' my
brightest dreams,
My heart, like the stricken dear, pants for thy
silver streams;
At this late hour o' life I would fainly come
back again,
And sleep on the braes o' my ain native happy
glen.

THE PRIDE O' THE GLEN.

Oh, bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley,
And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree;

[1] The beautiful mountain stream of the Endrick rises among the hills south-west of Stirling, and passing in a rapid course by the villages of Fintry, Balfron, Killearn, and Drymen, falls into Lochlomond a few miles west from Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose.—Ed.

The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the simmer,
And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e;
Mair dear to my heart is that lowne cozy dingle,
Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha' den,"
I met wi' the fairest e'er bounded in beauty,
By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the welkin,
An' blithe as the lambkin that sports on the lea;
Her heart is a fount rinnin' ower wi' affection,
And a warld o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded treasures,
The heir o' his grandeur and hie pedigree;
They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom,
When alane wi' the angel o' luve and o' thee.

I've seen the day dawn in a shower-drappin' goud,
The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea;
The clouds shinin' bricht in a deep amber licht,
And the earth blushin' back to the glad lift on hie.
I've dream'd o' a palace wi' gem-spangled ha's,
And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond sheen,
Wi' towers shinin' fair, through the rose-tinted air,
And domes o' rare pearls and rubies atween.

I've sat in a garden, 'mid earth's gayest flowers,
A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
And breathin' in calm the air's fragrant balm,
Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies;
Yet the garden, and palace, and day's rosy dawning,
Though in bless'd morning dreams they should aft come again,
Can ne'er be sae sweet as the bonnie young lassie,
That bloom'd by the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

The exile, in sleep, haunts the lands o' his fathers,
The captive's ae dream is his hour to be free;
The weary heart langs for the morning rays comin',
The oppress'd for his Sabbath o' sweet liberty.
But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
Is the day that I'll ca' the young lassie my ain;
Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy,
On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

JAMES BALLANTINE, one of the sweetest of living Scottish singers, was born in the West Port of Edinburgh, June 11, 1808. He has chronicled in verse his recollections of the famous locality of his birth in a highly characteristic effusion entitled "The Auld West Port," in which he says—

"O the days are sair changed wi' the auld West Port,
Whar ance a wee loon I gat schulin' an' sport;
Now far wearing through, though few footers care for't,
Yet dear to my soul is the auld West Port.

"Ilka auld water-wife wi' her stoups at the well,
Ilka laigh half shop-door wi' its wee tinkling bell,
Ilka howff where wee callants were wont to resort,
Are a' stannin' yet in the auld West Port."

The father of the poet was a brewer by trade, and while he lived his family were comfortably maintained, but on his death he left a widow, three daughters, and James, then only seven years of age, but indifferently provided for. The young lad did not, as may be supposed, receive a very liberal school education, and at the age of ten he was obliged to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of his mother and sisters. He was apprenticed to a house-painter, and soon acquired a thorough knowledge of his trade. At a subsequent period he for a short time attended the University of Edinburgh to study anatomy with a view to professional advancement. He afterwards turned his attention to the art of glass-painting, in which profession he met with the most gratifying success. He became the head of the eminent firm to which was intrusted the execution of the stained-glass windows for the Houses of Parliament, his designs being considered the best by the royal commissioners.

From an early age Ballantine has been a writer of verses. His first appearance in print to any extent was in the pages of *Whistlebinkie*, a publication which did much to encourage struggling talent. In 1843 the *Gaberlunzie's*

Wallet appeared, containing some admirable lyrics, and it soon attracted a very large share of public attention. This was followed soon after by the *Miller of Deanhaugh*, a prose story with many pieces of good poetry interspersed. In 1856 an edition of his poems was published in Edinburgh; and in 1865 a volume appeared from his pen entitled *One Hundred Songs*, which met with a warm welcome. His latest publication—containing a love-tale in the Spenserian stanza called "Lilias Lee," and "Malcolm Canmore," a historical drama—was issued in 1872. This volume also contains a number of short poems. A few years ago he issued a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany.

Of Mr. Ballantine a critic remarks:—"He, like many men of similar stamp, has the high merit of being self-educated—that is, he owes his education and position not to any accident of birth or fortune, but to his own talents and exertions. . . . He has not devoted himself to literature or poetry as a profession; nor has he ever, through imprudent love of the Muses, neglected his proper avocations. And perhaps his productions may be indebted for much of their freshness and truthfulness of portraiture to this seemingly unfavourable circumstance. He has not been restricted to the narrow field of his own bosom, nor to the little circle of a few congenial friends, for his observation of human nature and character. He has not, as many poets, and preachers, and moralists have done, looked upon the world of human beings afar off, as if from an eminence and through a telescope; but he has descended into the fields, and traversed the streets and lanes of society; he has gone forth freely among his fellowmen; he has associated with them, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, good and bad; and consequently his poetry is not the dreamy effusion of brooding and disordered fancy, but a faithful transcript of the impressions produced upon an honest heart and a discerning mind by mutual contact with the realities of life. . . . His exquisite taste for the beautiful in natural scenery and in language, his keen eye to observe, and his warm heart to commiserate the sorrows of mankind, render him a 'sweet singer' after Nature's own heart; while his thorough mastery of the fine language of old Scotland, in all its wealth and pith of expressive terms and familiar idioms, gives him the power to wield at will the sympathies and feelings of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen."

HARVEST-HOME.

Hark! 'tis the voice of harvest-home
That rings athwart the welkin dome,
And fields and forests, hills and skies,
Are clothed in bright autumnal dyes:
The generous earth her treasures yields,
And golden sheaves bestrew the fields,
And sweeping fleet the rigs along,
The bands of sturdy reapers throng,
Gath'ring in heaps earth's bounteous load,
Hymning in heart, "All praise to God!"

Hail, happy field! hail, joyous sight!
Where manhood strong, and beauty bright,
Invest with life the laughing plain,
Each striving foremost place to gain;
From group to group the farmer flies
With cheerful tones and eager eyes,
He knows that friendly joke or hint
Works wonders when it's kindly meant,
And sometimes ere the day be past
They lead the first who lagged the last.

Come now, your sickles nimbly ply,
Trust not that richly mottled sky,
For lazy vapours, gray and cold,
Are creeping o'er the distant wold;
Then haste, press on, no time for talk,
Come bind and fork, come lead and stack,
That mellow moon yields ample light,
Come, have your harvest-home to-night,
Nor leave ungathered on the plain
One single sheaf of golden grain.

The harvest-moon, the harvest-moon,
Praise God for that most grateful boon;
From dewy eve till gray-eyed morn
She scatters gold o'er ripening corn,
And flickering through the chequered leaves,
She studs with gems the bristly sheaves,
And cheers the weary reapers on
Until their timely labour's done;
Then praise Him, morning, eve, and noon,
Who gives to Earth her harvest-moon.

But see the harvest maiden Queen,
Borne lightly laughing o'er the green,
With blushing cheek and sparkling eye
She waves her treasured prize on high;
Admiring rustics strive in vain
Approving smile or glance to gain,
For her dear Sandy's coming soon
Far o'er the moor, 'neath that bright moon,
With her through yellow fields to stray,
And fix their happy bridal-day.

The fields are swept, the barns are filled,
In long straight rows, huge stacks are piled,
In graceful forms they rise on high
Beneath the farmer's keen gray eye,
Who with artistic skill and care
Must have them built to taper fair.
Old grandame's fowls are clucking heard
Rejoicing in the rich barn-yard,
And happy groups of peasants come
To welcome jocund harvest-home.

The board is heaped with ample cheer,
And all are linked in friendship dear,
And on one level all are raised,
And all are pleased, and all are praised;
Till roused by pipes and fiddles sweet
The happy groups start to their feet,
And dance, and skip, and cleek, and reel,
And bob, and bound, and whirl, and wheel,
Till floors and windows shake and clatter,
And distance whispers, "What's the matter?"

Hail, rural mirth and rustic glee!
Hail, honest pure simplicity!
With lively dance, and joyous song,
Your jocund merriment prolong;
And while your bosoms grateful glow
To Him whose bounties round you flow,
And while your thoughts are raised to Heaven,
Be't yours to give as He has given,
Whose sun and moon illume yon dome,
Who gives yon gen'rous harvest-home.

THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' Nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin' blast
That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it passed,
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift
That cam' in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift,
And winter's wild war, wearied baith heart and e'e,
As we warsled richt sair ower the drear muirland lea,
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

O! snelly the hail smote the skeleton trees
That shivering shrunk in the grasp o' the breeze,
Nor birdie, nor beast, could the watery e'e scan,
A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man;
Tho' the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared
To mak up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whar the pure Word o' God
Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road,
The slee hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds,
Kirk-bell and house riggin', the white drift has squared,
But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae Elder was known
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John,
And drear was I that day when we bore him awa',
Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his haffits o' snaw;
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

And aye when I think on thae times lang gane by,
Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye,
And I see the auld man, as he clapp'd my wee head,
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead.
He nursed me, he schooled me,—how can I regard
But wi' warm-gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard.

In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm on the earth,
And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven.
O! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
That sprang frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now,
And tho' I hae neither high station nor power,
I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower,
And my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,

To dry up the tear-draps frae sorrow's dull e'e,
And mony puir bodies my awmrie hae shared,
'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirk-yard.

FALLING LEAVES.

Pale symbols of our mortal end,
Ye meet me on my way,
Where thrushes coo, and streamlets wend,
As if it still were May.

Your merry dance with wind and light,
Your bridal green is gone;
Ye come like farewells to the sight—
Ye fall as from a throne.

Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
Ye can but fade away;
Ye ne'er will rise to meet your fellow
Upon the fresh green spray.

But friends in Christ though fallen now,
And in the churchyard sleeping,
Will blossom yet on Life's spring bough,
And glory end their weeping.

Adown the stream I see you going,
Here spattered with the foam,
And there, on waters scarcely flowing,
Ye rest as if at home.

A dream comes over me in calm
Of trees that never fade,
Of leaves that shed a healing balm,
Of skies that never shade.

Our days are dropping like the leaves—
Our tree will soon be bare!
For shorter are our summer eves,
And colder is the air.

But yet the orchard fruit grows mellow;
As down the leaves are winging—
Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
I hear the reapers singing!

What, then, of all our leaves bereft,
When reaping angels come,
If autumn's golden fruit be left—
Their joyous harvest-home!

THE FEEDING SHOWER.

The feeding shower comes brattlin' doun,
The south wind sughs wi' kindly soun',
The auld trees shake their leafy pows,
Young glossy locks dance round their brows,
And leaf and blade, and weed and flower,
A' joyous drink the feeding shower.

The misty clud creeps ower the hill,
And mak's each rut a gurglin' rill,
And tips wi' gowd each auld whin cowe,
And gaurs the heath wi' purple glow,
And sterile rocks, gray, bleak, and dour,
Grow verdant wi' the feeding shower.

The ewes and lambs a' bleat and brouse,
The kye and couts a' dream and drouse,
'Mang grass wha's deep rich velvet green
Is glist a' owre wi' silver sheen,
And birdies churm in ilka bower,
A welcome to the feeding shower.

The soil, a' gizen'd sair before,
Is filled wi' moisture to the core;
Ducks daidlin' in the dubs are seen,
The cawin' corbies crowd the green,
Their beaks are sharp when rain-cluds lower—
They batten in the feeding shower.

Furth frae their stalks the ears o' grain
Peep sleely, lapping up the rain,
Ilk gowan opes its crimson mou',
And nods, and winks, till droukit fou,
And butter-cups are whomled ower,
Brim-laden wi' the feeding shower.

The drowsy sun, as dozed wi' sleep,
Doun through the lift begins to peep,
And, slantin' wide in glist'nin' streams,
The light on bright new verdure gleams,
And Nature, grateful, owns His power
Wha sends the genial feeding shower.

LAY UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Why treasures hoard that rust and rot,
Or gold that thieves may steal?
Why are those priceless gems forgot
That bear God's holy seal?
Strive ye to gain the Christian's share,
And store in heaven your prize;
For if your dearest treasure's there,
There will your wishes rise.

On food and raiment wherefore spend
Your life in careworn thought,
While food for an immortal mind
Remains by you unsought?
Your Father feeds the fowls of air,
Who neither reap nor sow;

The lilies spin not, yet how fair
The gentle lilies grow!

And if God feed the sparrow small,
And clothe the fading flower,
Will He not clothe and feed you all,
Poor children of an hour?
For present wants then take no thought,
But fix your hearts above;
And He, whose blood your souls hath bought,
Shall give you light and love.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose-cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's Bairn, she was Naebody's Bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' toited by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never compleened, tho' her young heart was sair;
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's Bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood, an' nane hailed her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doomed her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again "Naebody's Bairn."

She cam' smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like loun simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'enin' starn
Shines on the green sward that haps Naebody's Bairn!

A STIEVE HEART AND A STURDY STEP.

Ne'er trow the day will lour throughout, although the dawn be dark;
Ne'er dream ye're doomed to drag through life, though hard your early wark:
The morning gray and misty aften brings a golden day—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

A wee bit jutting boulder whiles will help ye ower the wa',
So ne'er despise the willing gift, although it may be sma';
The birdie, e'er he flees, is proud to hap alang the spray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

The road to happiness is aft wi' sorrows thickly strewn;
The waur to win the mair we prize ilk comfort that we own;
And peace and freedom aft are gained by bluidy battle fray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

Then if the prize ye seek be high, and if your aim be pure,
Press onward ever hopeful, still be patient to endure;

For he wha seeks to enter heaven must watch, and work, and pray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tranquil mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles, nae doubt, ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gaurs verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

EVAN MACCOLL.

Evan MacColl, better known to his Gaelic countrymen as "Clarsair nam Beann," or "The Mountain Harper," was born at Kenmore, Lochfyneside, Argyleshire, September 21, 1803. Here, a farmer on a small scale and a fisherman at the same time, his father Dugald MacColl reared a family of six sons and two daughters; and though in comparatively humble circumstances he contrived to afford his second son Evan a good education. Like many others of the minstrel race, Evan seems to have inherited the poetic faculty, and that peculiar temperament incident to it, from his mother, who was a Cameron. He composed his first song in praise of a neighbouring Chloe, and by his literary effort gained great *éclat* among his friends. His father's circumstances rendered it necessary for the young poet to engage in the business of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years—years during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed. In the spring of 1837 he became a contributor to the *Gaelic Magazine*, then published in Glasgow, and before the close of the year he issued a volume under the title of "*Clarsach nam Beann;* or Poems and Songs in Gaelic." MacColl's next publication was "*The Mountain Minstrel;* or Poems and Songs in English," a work which has passed through four editions. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, speaking of this volume, said—"There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the 'Mountain Minstrel' which seem to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

In 1831 MacColl's father and the rest of the family emigrated to Canada, but the young bard could not be persuaded to leave the land of his birth, where he remained, and in 1839 was appointed to a clerkship in the customs at Liverpool, when he removed to that city. In 1850, in consequence of impaired health, he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of

visiting his kinsmen in Canada. Soon after crossing the Atlantic he obtained a situation in the custom-house at Kingston, Canada, where he still continues to reside. In 1864 his townsmen presented the "Bard of Lochfyne" with his portrait as a mark of their esteem and admiration.

The late Dr. Norman Macleod, himself a poet, said—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild indeed, and sometimes rough, are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and so striking—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man."

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.[1]

Mark ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
  Marshalling his millions for the fray!
Britons! up and on at the despot base,
  Dashing in between him and his prey.
    Up! 'tis honour's cause;
    Up! and ere you pause
  Let the empire sought be his grave.
    Now's the fated time!
    Crush his course of crime!
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

On the Euxine wave—on the Baltic tide
  Soon shall our proud banners be unfurled;
Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
  Well may dare to battle half a world.
    On then stern as fate!
    Strike, ere all too late!
  Europe you from Cossack rule would save:
    Onward in your might—
    God defend the right!
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Waken, Poland! wake from thy dream of death;
  Think of all thy suff'rings unavenged:
Hungary, arise! proving, in thy wrath,
  Thy old hate of tyranny unchanged:
    By thy sword of flame,
    Schamyl! son of fame,
  Swear that now or never thou shalt have
    Thy Circassia free,—
    Her best hope is thee:
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Glory to the brave! Soon may they return
  Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame!
Soon their haughty foe shall his rashness mourn,
  Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
    Potent though he be,
    Europe shall him see
  Mercy on his knee lowly crave.
    Such be quick the fall
    Of earth's despots all:
  Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

[1] Written on declaration of war against Russia in 1854.

A VISIT TO STAFFA.

Over Mull's mountains gray dawned the warm-blushing day,
  As to Ulva a good-bye throw we;
Before a fair wind from the shore right behind
  Our swift bark spreads her canvas snowy.
On, on speed we now where, far off, on our bow
  Loomed that isle of which fame spoke so loudly;
On, where wash the wild waves Staffa's columns and caves,
  Fast and faster, our way we go proudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's cliff took slight note;
  Nor, although its blessed shore was so nigh us,
Could Columba's own isle for a moment beguile
  Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed world,
  'Mid the waves round it joyously dancing,
Stood that isle which all there well indeed might declare,
  All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy weird beach, wondrous Staffa, we reach—
  Now we kneel with devotion beseeming;
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and dark,
  Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming;
And now wend we our way where above us in play
  Wakes the seamew a clamorous chorus,
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo!
  Fingal's Cave in its glory before us!

What vain fool would compare with that fabric so rare
  Palace, church, or cathedral splendour?
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze
  It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with thee,
  Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn!
He who sees not God's hand in thy record so grand
  Never will in the holiest volume.

O the joy of that hour! O the heart-stirring pow'r
Of the music so wildly romantic,
Which the light summer gale in yon pile blended well
With the sough of the moaning Atlantic!
Still, in fancy's charmed ear, that wild anthem I hear—
Still, the echoes that answered our voices,
As we hymned our delight at His goodness and might
Who could fashion such things to rejoice us.

Witching isle of the west, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough nor the harrow;
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow.
What to thee is the spring of which bards love to sing?
What reck'st thou how the harvester speedeth,
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth?

Thine is not the red rose that like beauty's cheek glows,
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning;
Thine is not the glad thrush in the green hazel bush
Hailing sweetly the Maytide morning;
But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,
And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave
Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Staffa, well love I thee, yet right loath would I be
In the winter to voyage by thee,
When the west winds rave, and a ready grave
Finds the bark that would dare to nigh thee.
And from Skerrievore comes the ceaseless roar
Of the mountain waves over it bounding,
While thy echoes reply to the sea-bird's shrill cry
Heard afar 'mid that music confounding.

Then the time is to hear with a credulous ear,
What old islesmen believe in devoutly—
That though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,
On thy pillar-propped throne seated stoutly;
Yet withal, when the storm in its fearfullest form
O'er the maddened Atlantic sweeps past thee,
Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,
As if fearing each hour would thy last be!

When but yet a boy, the most cherished joy
Of my heart was the hope to view thee;
Ne'er did Moslem pine for far Mecca's shrine
More than I for a journey to thee.

The long fret is o'er—yet for evermore
Shall the glamour by thee cast o'er me
Flourish fresh and fair in my memory, where
Thou shalt seem as if still before me.

MY ROWAN-TREE.[1]

Fair shelter of my native cot—
That cot so very dear to me,
O how I envy thee thy lot,
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice-happy rowan-tree!

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee:—
A kingdom now were less my care
Than then my rowan-tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round!
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my rowan-tree.

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grand-papa to see;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my rowan-tree.

'Twas thus I dream'd, that happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way,
Far from my rowan-tree.

---

[1] Written on receiving in Canada a bunch of rowan-berries taken from a tree planted by MacColl when a boy. To the proper understanding of certain allusions in the concluding verses of the poem, it may be necessary to inform the uninitiated in Celtic superstitions that the rowan-tree was once held in great veneration in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland—and this on account of its supposed possession of virtues that are now, I suspect, very rarely called into action. Amulets made from its wood were worn about the person as a protection against the malice of goblins, witches, and warlocks. And woe be to that woman who at Beltane time would forget to place a sprig of rowan over the entrance to her byre! The butter which ought to fill her crocks during the following summer would be sure to find its way into the churn of some more canny and unscrupulous neighbour! The worst of all bad luck, however, was certain to befall that household at whose hearth there was not a careful avoidance of using any portion of the rowan tree as fire-wood! A death in that family within the next twelvemonths would be the inevitable consequence! No wonder the rowan-tree grew and flourished under such a protective system.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry;
A stranger to me sits beside
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Yet still in fancy I can mark
Thy lily bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perch'd on my rowan-tree.

Like rubies red on beauty's breast,
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some spring warbler's nest,
Left in my rowan-tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my rowan-tree.

. . . . . .

The forest many trees can boast,
More fit perhaps for keel or knee;
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the rowan-tree.

How beautiful above them all
Its snow-white summer drapery!
A cloud of crimson in the fall,
Seems Scotland's rowan-tree.

Well knows the boy at Beltane time,
When near it in a vocal key,
What whistles perfectly sublime
Supplies the rowan-tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
Might look for, who would carelessly
Home in his load of firewood fetch
Aught of the rowan-tree.

In vain would midnight hags colleague
To witch poor crummie's milk, if she
Had only o'er her crib a twig
Cut from the rowan-tree.

Alas! that in my dreams alone
I ever now can hope to see
My boyhood's home and thou my own,
My matchless rowan-tree!

A MAY MORNING IN GLENSHIRA.[1]

Lo, dawning o'er yon mountain gray
The rosy birth-day of the May!
Glenshira knoweth well 'tis Beltane's blissful day.

The Maam has donned its brightest green,
The hawthorn whitens round Kilblane,
And blends the broom its gold with Shira's azure sheen.

Hark from the woods that thrilling gush
Of song from linnet, merle, and thrush!
To hear herself so praised the morning well may blush.

The lark, yon crimson clouds among,
Rains down a very flood of song;
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

Yon cushat by Cuilvocan's stream
The spirit of some bard you'd deem—
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.

Thrice welcome minstrel! now at hand,
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band:
A choir like this might grace the bowers of fairy-land!

Now is the hour by Duloch's tide
To scent the birch that decks its side,
And watch the snow-white swans o'er its calm bosom glide.

Now is the hour a poet might
Be blameless if, in this delight,
He Druid-like adored the sun that crowns yon height!

O May! thou'rt an enchantress rare—
Thy presence maketh all things fair;
Thou wavest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

Thou comest, and the clouds are not—
Rude Boreas has his wrath forgot,
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

The foaming torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl, that faintly murmurs still.

Thine is the blossom-laden tree,
The meads that white with lambkins be,
Thou paintest those bright skies that in each lake we see.

Cheer'd by the smile, the herd-boy gay
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.

[1] Glenshira is in Argyleshire.

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,
A gleaming glory to the seas;
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

Around me in this dewy den
Wild flowers imparadise the scene;
Some look up to the sun—his worshippers, I ween:

Some here and there, with bashful grace,
Invite the roving bee's embrace;
Some, as with filial love, do earthward turn their face.

Above—around me—all things seem
So witching that I almost deem
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious! frail
Thy skill in fitting strains to hail
The morn that makes a heaven of Shira's lovely vale.

TO THE FALLING SNOW.

Bright-robed pilgrim from the North!
Visitant of heavenly birth,
Welcome on thy journey forth—
Come, come, snow!

Light as fairy footsteps free,
Fall, oh fall! I love to see
Earth thus beautified by thee.
Come, come, snow!

Silent as the flow of thought,
Gentle as a sigh love-fraught,
Welcome as a boon long sought,
Come, come, snow!

Let him boast of landscapes green,
Who no Highland vale hath seen,
Decked in thy resplendent sheen!
Come, come, snow!

Streamlets that to yonder tide
Gleam like silver as they glide,
Look like darkness thee beside:
Come, come, snow!

At thy touch, behold, to-day
The dark holly looks as gay
As the hawthorn does in May:
Come, come, snow!

Lo! beneath thy gentle tread,
Fair as bride to altar led,
Bends the lady-birch her head:
Come, come, snow!

See how like a crystal column,
By yon lake so calmly solemn,
Towers magnificent the elm!
Come, come, snow!

Fields that late look'd bare and brown,
Fairer now than solan-down,
Well maintain thy bright renown:
Come, come, snow!

Evening stealeth on apace—
Soon in all her virgin grace
Earth shall sleep in thy embrace!
Come, come, snow!

But enough—I fain would see
How the stars shall smilingly
Gaze upon the earth and thee:
Cease—cease now.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

She died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow
Fast by the shadows chased;
She died—like heaven's rainbow
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like flakes appearing
On the shore beside the sea;
They grew as bright; but, nearing,
The ground-swell broke on thee.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell;
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell.

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave:
She died—like sweetest dreaming
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early:
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!

---

[1] Written in Glen Urquhart, Scotland.

EVENING ADDRESS TO LOCH-LOMOND.

Lake of beauty! lake of splendour,
All-surpassing! Lomond rare;
Fondly to thee would I render
Praise befitting scene so fair.

Matchless mirror of the Highlands,
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy islands—
Heaven above and heaven below!

All from margin unto margin
Sleep'st thou in thy glowing grace,
Calmly fair, as might a virgin
Dreaming of some chaste embrace.

Lo, where, watching thee serenely,
Takes yon Ben his kingly stand!
Hills that else were great look meanly
In Benlomond's presence grand.

How yon group, in grand confusion,
Now seem piercing heaven's concave,
Now seem in as grand confusion,
Overturned in Lomond's wave!

See yon eagle skyward soaring—
Air's proud empress lightning-eyed:
Lo, she sweeps! The prey alluring
Was her image in the tide.

Here, the wary heron seemeth
Watching me with careful look;
There a salmon sudden gleameth,
In his spring to catch—the hook.

Hapless trout! exultant angler,
Vaunt not *too* much of thy skill:
Thou hast met a sturdy wrangler,
One that yet may thwart thy will.

Coasting Innis-chaillcach holy,
Mark yon otter wide awake!
Doubtless there the knave sups duly
On the best of all the lake.

Where the insect-chasing swallow
Hither-thither skims thy breast,
And yon wild duck—timid fellow—
Flaps his wings in awkward haste.

See with what an air of scorning
Sails yon swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than Eastern bride!

Little recks the yeoman yonder
What to me such rapture yields;—
More to him than all thy splendour
Are his own gold-tinted fields.

'Tis for him yon maids the *corran*
Ply among the yellow corn,
Cheered on by the chorused *òran*
Of such happy labours born.

Hark, now:—'tis some youthful shepherd
Whistling all his cares away
Near yon fold where, lately, upward
To the milking went his may.

Nature now is hush'd to silence,—
Ceased the sportsman's pastime fell:
Ill becomes his licensed violence
Heath-clad Fruin's fairy dell.

Now thy face, loved lake, is beamless,—
Dies the daylight in the west:
Never mind, my beauty blameless,
Stars will soon bedeck thy breast!

Vanished is the ray that crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransom'd,
See how Vesper now doth smile.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming,—
Just the very time to hear
Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,
Fairy minstrels piping near.

From his lair the fox is stealing,
Quits the owl her hermit cell:
Vision fair past all revealing,
Dear Lochlomond, now farewell!

HORATIUS BONAR.

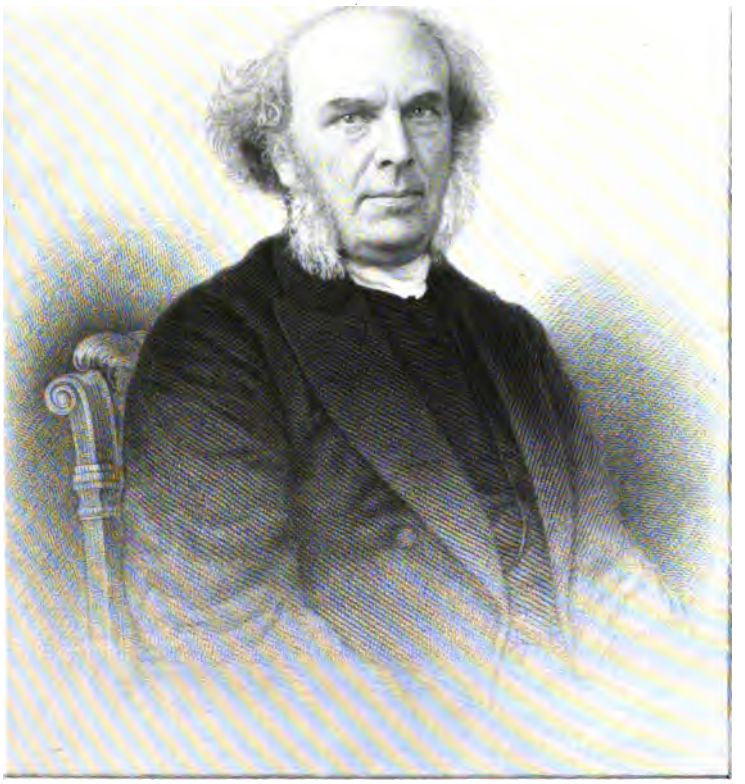
Horatius Bonar, D.D., favourably known as a sacred poet and prose-writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 19, 1808. His ancestors for several generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the high-school and at the university of his

[illegible] BONAP

[illegible]

[illegible] BONAP

[illegible]



[illegible]

[illegible]

native city. For several years he acted as a missionary at Leith, after which he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso in November, 1837. He remained here for upwards of thirty years, when he returned to his native city, and became minister of the Chalmers Memorial Free Church. Dr. Bonar was for some time editor of the *Presbyterian Review*, afterwards of the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, and is the author of above twenty volumes of a religious character, including "The Land of Promise," "The Desert of Sinai," "Prophetical Landmarks," "Earth's Morning, or Thoughts on Genesis," "God's Way of Peace," and "God's Way of Holiness;" the last two having attained an extraordinary circulation. To these must be added his deservedly popular poetical works, consisting of "Lyra Consolationis," and several series of his beautiful "Hymns of Faith and Hope," which have been republished and very extensively circulated in the United States. Some of the pieces in his latest volume belong to the highest order of religious poetry.

A recent visitor to Dr. Bonar's church in Edinburgh furnishes us with the following portraiture of the gifted poet-preacher:—"The striking feature of his face is the large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no bold, rugged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace, and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet, and tranquil.' And everything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,' 'the last invitation in the Bible.' It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality, which is to an American so striking a feature of most foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation—warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face; once he paused in his discourse and addressed himself especially to the Sunday-school children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I was sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I ever saw he closed: 'Whosoever'—that includes *you;* 'Whosoever *will*'—*does that* include you?'"

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.

Past all pain for ever,
Done with sickness now;
Let me close thine eyes, mother,
Let me smooth thy brow.
Rest and health and gladness,—
These thy portions now;
Let me press thy hand, mother,
Let me kiss thy brow.

Eyes that shall never weep,
Life's tears all shed,
Its farewells said,—
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
O, would that they were mine!

A brow without a shade,
Each wrinkle smoothed,
Each throbbing soothed,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A tongue that stammers not
In tuneful praise,
Through endless days,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A voice that trembles not;
All quivering past,
Death's sigh the last,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Limbs that shall never tire,
Nor ask to rest,
In service blest,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

A frame that cannot ache,
Earth's labours done,
Life's battle's won,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A heart that flutters not,
No timid throb,
No quick-breathed sob,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A will that swerveth not
At frown or smile,
At threat or wile,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A soul still upward bent
On higher flight,
With wing of light,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Hours without fret or care,
The race well run,
The prize well won,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Days without toil or grief,
Time's burdens borne,
With strength well worn,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Rest without broken dreams,
Or wakeful fears,
Or hidden tears,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Life that shall fear no death,
God's life above,
Of light and love,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Morn that shall light the tomb,
And call from dust
The slumbering just,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

HEAVEN.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours,
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers—
No broken sunshine there!
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

These dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth—
Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came;
Bond slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

These robes of theirs are not like those below:
No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
Whence came that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

There was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—
The man and the maiden, the green and the gray;
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
And the blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay:
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away!

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover,
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

LUCY.

AUGUST 20, 1858.

All night we watched the ebbing life,
As if its flight to stay;
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden-bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,
In the half-lighted room;
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye;
To the dear lips our ear we laid,
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,
The forehead pale and fair;
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scatter'd curls
Of her rich golden hair;
We held the gentle palm in ours,
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still;
  The death-frost, through her clay
Stole slowly, and, as morn came up,
  Our sweet flower pass'd away.

The form remained; but there was now
  No soul our love to share;
No warm responding lip to kiss;
  For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts, we said,
  Child of our love and care!
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,
  For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,
  And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallow'd up of life
  On the immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
  And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
  When Lucy shall be there.

NO MORE SEA.

Summer ocean, idly washing
  This gray rock on which I lean;
Summer ocean, broadly flashing
  With thy hues of gold and green;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
  O'er yon island-studded scene;
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
  Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
  Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
  When "the sea shall be no more."
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
  As along thy strand I range;
Or, as here I sit and watch thee
  In thy moods of endless change.
    Mirthful moods of morning gladness,
    Musing moods of sunset sadness;
    When the dying winds caress thee,
    And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
    And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
    And all nature seems to bless thee!
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
  Miss the wonders of thy shore,
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
  When "the sea shall be no more!"

And yet sometimes in my musings,
  When I think of what shall be,
In the day of earth's new glory,
  Still I seem to roam by thee.
As if all had not departed,
  But the glory lingered still;
As if that which made thee lovely
  Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marred thy beauty,
  Only *that* had passed away;
Sullen wilds of ocean-moorland,
  Bloated features of decay.
Only that dark waste of waters
  Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned;
Only that shall shrink and vanish,
  Yielding back the imprisoned land.
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
  Long submerged and hidden plains;
Giving up a thousand valleys
  Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
  Winding round this rocky tower;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
  Sparkling like an ocean flower.
Leaving still some placid sketches,
  Where the sunbeams bathe at noon;
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
  Mirrors for the silver moon.
Only all of gloom and horror,
  Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger;
  These shall be no longer thine.
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
  Wondrous scenes shall then disclose;
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean
  Then shall blossom as the rose.

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
  No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
  Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
  Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest, darkly lowering,
  Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
  Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
  Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
  No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
  Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where no bond is ever sundered;
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted life re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhinder'd,
Loving once, and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been:
Where a king in kingly glory,
Such as earth hath never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1809—DIED 1851.

ALEXANDER HUME, the son of Walter Hume, a respectable merchant of Kelso, was born there in February, 1809. He received his education in his native town, his first teacher being Mr. Ballantyne, well known for his ability. The family afterwards removed from Kelso to London. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age Alexander suddenly disappeared, and joined a company of strolling players. He sang the melodies of his native land with wonderful skill,—was equally successful with the popular English comic songs of that day,—could take a part in tragedy, comedy, or farce,—and, if need be, could dance a reel or hornpipe. He soon therefore became a great favourite with the manager, but disgusted with his associates he left them, and returned to London. By the kindness of a relative he was put in a way of earning his own livelihood, and in 1827 he obtained a good situation with a firm in Mark Lane. In the same year he became a lover, which first influenced him to attempt the art of rhyming, but although tolerably successful in his efforts at verse-making, he failed to win

the object of his admiration. Hume dedicated his first volume of songs to his friend Allan Cunningham. In the preface to this volume he says: "I composed them by no rules excepting those which my own observation and feelings formed; I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so I have written. Of all poetical compositions, songs, especially those of the affections, should be natural, warm gushings of feeling—brief, simple, and condensed. As soon as they have left the singer's lips they should be fast around the hearer's heart." In 1837 the poet was married, and in 1840 he visited the United States for the benefit of his health. Five years later he published a complete edition of his *Poems and Songs*, many of which enjoy an unusual degree of popularity. In 1847 he made a second voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired by over-application to business. He returned with health somewhat improved; but it again gradually declined, and he died at Northampton in May, 1851, leaving a widow and six children. During the latter years of his life Mr. Hume entirely abandoned literary pursuits, devoting all his time to his business, in which he met with very great success.

MENIE HAY.

A wee bird sits upon a spray,
And aye it sings o' Menie Hay,
The burden o' its cheery lay
Is "Come away, dear Menie Hay!
Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
There's not a bonnie flower in May
Shows a bloom wi' Menie Hay."

A light in yonder window's seen,
And wi' it seen is Menie Hay;
Wha gazes on the dewy green,
Where sits the bird upon the spray?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
At sic a time, in sic a way,
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"

"What seek ye there, my daughter dear?
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"
"Dear mother, but the stars sae clear
Around the bonnie Milky Way."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
Ye something see ye daurna say,
Pawkie, winsome Menie Hay!"

The window's shut, the light is gane,
And wi' it gane is Menie Hay;
But wha is seen upon the green,
Kissing sweetly Menie Hay?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
For ane sae young ye ken the way,
And far from blate, O Menie Hay!"

"Gae scour the country, hill and dale;
Oh! wae's me, where is Menie Hay?
Search ilka nook, in town or vale,
For my daughter, Menie Hay."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
I wish you joy, young Johnny Fay,
O' your bride, sweet Menie Hay."

MY BESSIE.

My Bessie, oh! but look upon these bonnie budding flowers,
Oh! do they no remember ye o' mony happy hours,
When on this green and gentle hill we aften met to play,
An' ye were like the morning sun, an' life a nightless day?

The gowans blossom'd bonnilie, I'd pu' them from the stem,
An' rin in noisy blithesomeness to thee, my Bess, wi' them,
To place them in thy lily breast, for ae sweet smile on me;
I saw nae mair the gowans then, then saw I only thee.

Like two fair roses on a tree, we flourish'd an' we grew,
An' as we grew, sweet love grew too, an' strong 'tween me and you;
How aft ye'd twine your gentle arms in love about my neck,
An' breathe young vows that after-years o' sorrow has na brak!

We'd raise our lisping voices in auld Coila's melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie banks and braes;
But thought na we o' banks and braes, except those at our feet,
Like yon wee birds we sang our sang, yet ken'd na that 'twas sweet.

Oh! is na this a joyous day, a' nature's breathing forth
In gladness an' in loveliness ower a' the wide, wide earth?
The linties they are lilting love on ilka bush an' tree,
Oh! may such joy be ever felt, my Bess, by thee and me!

SANDY ALLAN.

Wha is he I hear sae crouse,
There ahint the hallan?
Whase skirling rings through a' the house,
Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,
As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind gudewife,
This blithesome Sandy Allan,
Who lo'es him mickle mair than life,
An' glories in her callan.
As sense an' sound are ane in song,
Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan;
Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
Ha'e Luckie an' her callan.

To gi'e to a', it's aye his rule,
Their proper name an' callin',
A knave's a knave, a fule's a fule,
Wi' honest Sandy Allan.
For ilka vice he has a dart,
An' heavy is its fallin';
But aye for worth a kindred heart
Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings his knee he winna bring,
Sae proud is Sandy Allan,
The man wha richtly feels is king,
Ower rank, wi' Sandy Allan.
Auld Nature, just to show the warl'
Ae truly honest callan,
E'en strippit till't, and made a carle,
An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.

I'VE WANDER'D ON THE SUNNY HILL.

I've wander'd on the sunny hill, I've wander'd in the vale,
When sweet wee birds in fondness meet to breathe their am'rous tale;
But hills or vales, or sweet wee birds, nae pleasures gae to me—
The light that beam'd its ray on me was love's sweet glance from thee.

The rising sun, in golden beams, dispels the night's dark gloom—
The morning dew to rose's hue imparts a freshening bloom:
But sunbeams ne'er so brightly play'd in dance o'er yon glad sea,
Nor roses laved in dew sae sweet as love's sweet glance from thee.

I love thee as the pilgrims love the water in the sand,
When scorching rays or blue simoom sweep o'er their withering hand;
The captive's heart nae gladlier beats when set from prison free,
Than I when bound wi' beauty's chain in love's sweet glance from thee.

I loved thee, bonnie Bessie, as the earth adores the sun,
I ask'd nae lands, I crav'd nae gear, I prized but thee alone;
Ye smiled in look, but no in heart—your heart was no for me;
Ye planted hope that never bloom'd in love's sweet glance from thee.

OH! YEARS HAE COME.

Oh! years hae come, an' years hae gane,
Sin' first I sought the warld alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.
But oh! behold the present gloom,
My early friends are in the tomb,
And nourish now the heather bloom
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is now a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

O' our great ha' there's left nae stane—
A' swept away, like snaw lang gane;
Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' and mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry,
On the hills o' Caledonia.
The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
The wild-flowers bloom no on the lea,
As if the kind things pitied me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh;
When we forget them, then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.
An' howsoever changed the scene,
While memory an' my feeling's green,
Still green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE was born at Glasgow, July 28, 1809. His father, who was a banker, removed to Aberdeen when John was very young, and here he began his education at a private school, then under the rectorship of Mr. Merson. In his twelfth year he became a student of Marischal College, where he remained for four years, and then attended the University of Edinburgh. In 1829 he went to the Continent, and continued his studies at Göttingen and Berlin. From Germany he proceeded to Italy, where he devoted himself to the study of the Italian language and literature, and to the science of archæology. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1834; but not finding the profession congenial, he occupied his time chiefly in writing for the reviews. It was at this time that he published a very successful translation of Goethe's "Faust," which at once established his reputation as an accomplished German scholar. In 1841 he was appointed professor of Humanity in Marischal College, a position which he held for eleven years. In 1850 he published a translation of the dramas of Æschylus, which he dedicated to the Chevalier Bunsen and Edward Gerhard, "the friends of his youth and the directors of his early studies."

In 1852 Blackie was elected to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University, and in 1853 he travelled in Greece, residing in Athens for several months until he had acquired a fluent use of the living Greek language.[1] In the matter of accent he became a convert to the modern Greek pronunciation, with certain modifications, and has since then persistently denounced the English method of pronouncing Greek with Latin accentuation as a barbarous figment, utterly destitute of any foundation either in science or in philological tradition. In 1857 he published *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems.* In 1860 he issued *Lyrical Poems*—many of them in Latin; and six years later his *Homer and the Iliad*, in four octavo vols., including a translation of the Iliad in ballad measure. For his highest honours as a poet and a scholar Professor Blackie is indebted to his admirable rendering of the illustrious Greek poet. Several of his lectures and discourses have been issued separately, of which the most famous is the discourse on *Democracy*, in which he defended the principles of the British constitution in opposition to those who held up America as the model of political excellence. The year following *Musa Burschicosa*, a volume of songs for students and university men, appeared; and in 1870 he put forth

[1] The learned professor, in his enthusiasm for that ancient tongue, declares broad Scotch "Doric" the only correct pronunciation. "The English," he remarks, "don't know how to pronounce Greek. When Gladstone went to Greece a few years ago, not a word could the Greeks understand when he spoke to them; therefore he was obliged to address them at Corfu in Italian. I went to Greece and they understood every word I said."—ED.

a volume of *War Songs of the Germans*, with historical sketches, in which he advocated the cause of Germany against France with great energy and decision. This work was followed in 1872 by *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*, and by a prose volume entitled *Self-culture*, which appeared in 1874 and was republished in the United States. Professor Blackie has also appeared as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, London, where he successfully combated the views of John Stuart Mill in moral philosophy, of Mr. Grote in his estimate of the Greek Sophists, and of Max Müller in his allegorical interpretation of ancient myths. His views on moral philosophy were afterwards embodied in a separate work, *The Four Phases of Morals* (second edition, 1874, reprinted in America); while his philological papers generally appeared under the title of *Horæ Hellenicæ* (London, 1874). His philosophy of Taste appeared in the work *On Beauty* (1858), in which he combated the famous Association theory of Alison and Jeffrey. More recently he has advocated with characteristic energy and ardour the establishment of a Celtic professorship in the University of Edinburgh. Another volume of poems, entitled *Songs of Religion and Life* appeared in 1876, and contains many fine effusions, amongst others the poem "Beautiful World." He is now (May, 1876) engaged on a work to be entitled *The Language and Literature of the Highlands.*

A writer in *St. James's Magazine* says:—"Professor Blackie has been known so long for his excellent translations and his scholarly abilities, that it will be unnecessary to say much here. If additional proof were needed that there is more in the teaching of the classics than mere 'gerund-grinding,' we have it in this most amiable of Scotch professors. It would be a treat of no ordinary kind to hear him dilate upon Aristophanes. There are points, too, in Homer, which no one has seized upon so sharply and effectively as he. We should like to hear him talk offhand about Thersites. Yet the wonder is that Professor Blackie should have spent so much of his time in translations—not in the class, but in his study as literary work—considering his undeniable claims as a writer of original poetry. There is no member of a Scotch senatus so well and favourably known as Professor Blackie, chiefly because he has so little of the orthodox school-man about him."

THE DEATH OF COLUMBA.

Saxon stranger, thou didst wisely,
  Sunder'd for a little space
From that motley stream of people
  Drifting by this holy place;
With the furnace and the funnel
  Through the long sea's glancing arm,
Let them hurry back to Oban,
  Where the tourist loves to swarm.
Here, upon this hump of granite,
  Sit with me a quiet while,
And I'll tell thee how Columba
  Died upon this old gray isle.

I.

'Twas in May, a breezy morning,
  When the sky was fresh and bright,
And the broad blue ocean shimmer'd
  With a thousand gems of light.
On the green and grassy Machar,
  Where the fields are spredden wide,
And the crags in quaint confusion
  Jut into the Western tide;
Here his troop of godly people,
  In stout labour's garb array'd,
Blithe their fruitful task were plying
  With the hoe and with the spade.
"I will go and bless my people,"
  Quoth the father, "ere I die,
But the strength is slow to follow
  Where the wish is swift to fly;
I am old and feeble, Diarmid,
  Yoke the oxen, be not slow,
I will go and bless my people,
  Ere from earth my spirit go."
On his ox-drawn wain he mounted,
  Faithful Diarmid by his side;
Soon they reached the grassy Machar,
  Soft and smooth, Iona's pride:
"I am come to bless my people,
  Faithful fraters, ere I die;
I had wish'd to die at Easter,
  But I would not mar your joy,
Now the Master plainly calls me,
  Gladly I obey his call;

I am ripe, I feel the sickle,
Take my blessing ere I fall."
But they heard his words with weeping,
And their tears fell on the dew,
And their eyes were dimmed with sorrow,
For they knew his words were true.
Then he stood up on the waggon,
And his prayerful hands he hove,
And he spake and bless'd the people
With the blessing of his love:
"God be with you, faithful fraters,
With you now, and evermore;
Keep you from the touch of evil,
On your souls his Spirit pour;
God be with you, fellow-workmen,
And from loved Iona's shore
Keep the blighting breath of demons,
Keep the viper's venom'd store!"
Thus he spake, and turn'd the oxen
Townwards; sad they went, and slow,
And the people, fixed in sorrow,
Stood, and saw the father go.

II.

List me further, Saxon stranger,
Note it nicely, by the causeway
On the left hand, where thou came
With the motley tourist people,
Stands a cross of figured fame.
Even now thine eye may see it,
Near the nunnery, slim and gray;--
From the waggon there Columba
Lighted on that tearful day,
And he sat beneath the shadow
Of that cross, upon a stone,
Brooding on his speedy passage
To the land where grief is none;
When, behold, the mare, the white one
That was wont the milk to bear
From the dairy to the cloister,
Stood before him meekly there,
Stood, and softly came up to him,
And with move of gentlest grace
O'er the shoulder of Columba
Thrust her piteous-pleading face,
Look'd upon him as a friend looks
On a friend that goes away,
Sunder'd from the land that loves him
By wide seas of briny spray.
"Fie upon thee for thy manners!"
Diarmid cried with lifted rod,
"Wilt thou with untimely fondness
Vex the prayerful man of God?"
"Not so, Diarmid," cried Columba;
"Dost thou see the speechful eyne
Of the fond and faithful creature
Sorrow'd with the swelling brine?
God hath taught the mute unreasoning
What thou fail'st to understand,
That this day I pass for ever
From Iona's shelly strand.
Have my blessing, gentle creature,
God doth bless both man and beast;
From hard yoke, when I shall leave thee,
Be thy faithful neck released."
Thus he spoke, and quickly rising
With what feeble strength remained,
Leaning on stout Diarmid's shoulder,
A green hillock's top he gained.
There, or here where we are sitting,
Whence his eye might measure well
Both the cloister and the chapel,
And his pure and prayerful cell.
There he stood, and high uplifting
Hands whence flowed a healing grace,
Breathed his latest voice of blessing
To protect the sacred place,—
Spake such words as prophets utter
When the veil of flesh is rent,
And the present fades from vision,
On the germing future bent:
"God thee bless, thou loved Iona,
Though thou art a little spot,
Though thy rocks are gray and treeless,
Thine shall be a boastful lot;
Thou shalt be a sign for nations;
Nurtured on thy sacred breast,
Thou shalt send on holy mission
Men to teach both East and West;
Peers and potentates shall own thee,
Monarchs of wide-sceptred sway
Dying shall beseech the honour
To be tomb'd beneath thy clay;
God's dear saints shall love to name thee,
And from many a storied land
Men of clerkly fame shall pilgrim
To Iona's little strand."

III.

Thus the old man spake his blessing;
Then, where most he loved to dwell,
Through the well-known porch he enter'd
To his pure and prayerful cell;
And then took the holy psalter—
'Twas his wont when he would pray—
Bound with three stout clasps of silver,
From the casquet where it lay;
There he read with fixed devoutness,
And, with craft full fair and fine,
On the smooth and polished vellum
Copied forth, the sacred line,
Till he came to where the kingly
Singer sings in faithful mood,
How the younglings of the lion
Oft may roam in vain for food,

But who fear the Lord shall never
  Live and lack their proper good.
Here he stopped, and said, "My latest
  Now is written; what remains
I bequeath to faithful Beathan
  To complete with pious pains."
Then he rose, and in the chapel
  Conned the pious vesper song
Only to himself, for feeble
  Now the voice that once was strong;
Hence with silent step returning
  To his pure and prayerful cell,
On the round smooth stone he laid him
  Which for pallet served him well.
Here some while he lay; then rising,
  To a trusty brother said:
"Brother, take my parting message,
  Be my last words wisely weighed.
'Tis an age of brawl and battle;
  Men who seek not God to please,
With wild sweep of lawless passion
  Waste the land and scourge the seas.
Not like them be ye; be loving,
  Peaceful, patient, truthful, bold,
But in service of your Master
  Use no steel and seek no gold."
Thus he spake; but now there sounded
  Through the night the holy bell
That to Lord's-day matins gather'd
  Every monk from every cell.
Eager at the sound, Columba
  In the way foresped the rest,
And before the altar kneeling,
  Pray'd with hands on holy breast.
Diarmid followed; but a marvel
  Flow'd upon his wondering eyne,—
All the windows shone with glorious
  Light of angels in the shrine.
Diarmid enter'd; all was darkness.
  "Father!" But no answer came.
"Father! art thou here, Columba?"
  Nothing answer'd to the name.
Soon the troop of monks came hurrying,
  Each man with a wandering light,
For great fear had come upon them,
  And a sense of strange affright.
"Diarmid! Diarmid! is the father
  With thee? Art thou here alone?"
And they turn'd their lights and found him
  On the pavement lying prone.
And with gentle hands they raised him,
  And he mildly looked around,
And he raised his arm to bless them,
  But it dropped upon the ground;
And his breathless body rested
  On the arms that held him dear,
And his dead face look'd upon them
  With a light serene and clear;
And they said that holy angels
  Surely hover'd round his head,
For alive no loveliest ever
  Look'd so lovely as this dead.

Stranger, thou hast heard my story,
  Thank thee for thy patient ear;
We are pleased to stir the sleeping
  Memory of old greatness here.
I have used no gloss, no varnish,
  To make fair things fairer look;
As the record stands I give it,
  In the old monks' Latin book.
Keep it in thy heart, and love it,
  Where a good thing loves to dwell;
It may help thee in thy dying,
  If thou care to use it well.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
  When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
  Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shove its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
  Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,

His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quail'd,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

BENEDICITE.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floor'd,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roar'd!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soar'd,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein pour'd,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

THE TWO MEEK MARGARETS.

It fell on a day in the blooming month of May,
When the trees were greenly growing,
That a captain grim went down to the brim
O' the sea, when the tide was flowing.

Twa maidens he led, that captain grim,
Wi' his red-coat loons behind him,
Twa meek-faced maids, and he sware that he
In the salt sea-swell should bind them.

And a' the burghers o' Wigton town
Came down, full sad and cheerless,
To see that ruthless captain drown
These maidens meek but fearless.

O what had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned, where the tide was swelling?

O waes me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing
Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

O spare them! spare them! thou captain grim!
No! no!—to a stake he hath bound them,
Where the floods as they flow, and the waves as they grow,
Shall soon be deepening round them.

The one had threescore years and three;
  Far out on the sand they bound her,
Where the first dark flow of the waves as they grow,
  Is quickly swirling round her.

The other was a maiden fresh and fair;
  More near to the land they bound her,
That she might see by slow degree
  The grim waves creeping round her.

O captain, spare that maiden gray,
  She's deep in the deepening water!
No! no!—she's lifted her hands to pray,
  And the choking billow caught her!

See, see, young maid, cried the captain grim,
  The wave shall soon ride o'er thee!
She's swamped in the brine whose sin was like thine;
  See that same fate before thee!

I see the Christ who hung on a tree
  When his life for sins he offered;
In one of his members, even he
  With that meek maid hath suffered.

O captain, save that meek young maid;
  She's a loyal farmer's daughter!
Well, well! let her swear to good King James,
  And I'll hale her out from the water!

I will not swear to Popish James,
  But I pray for the head of the nation,
That he and all, both great and small,
  May know God's great salvation!

She spoke; and lifted her hands to pray,
  And felt the greedy water,
Deep and more deep around her creep,
  Till the choking billow caught her!

O Wigton, Wigton! I'm wae to sing
  The truth o' this waesome story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
  And his saints shall reign in glory.

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.[1]

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
  Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
  A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
  Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
  To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she
  Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
  Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee
  On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
  Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
  And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
  The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said; "that may not be;
  What's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
  I take my portioned share."

"But you have two and I have none;
  One burden give to me;
I'll take that bundle from thy back.
  That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,
  That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean,
  'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
  Within that precious load
Which thou dost bear with such fine care
  Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
  From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,
  Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
  She gave a mournful wave:
"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
  Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept
  By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
  Was dropt upon the heather.

OCTOBER.

Once the year was gay and bright,
  Now the sky is gray and sober;
But not the less thy milder light
  I love, thou sere and brown October.

[1] The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.

Then across each ferny down
  Marched proud flush of purple heather;
Now in robe · f modest brown,
  Heath and fern lie down together.

Weep who will the faded year,
  I have weaned mine eyes from weeping;
Drop not for the dead a tear,
  Love her, she is only sleeping.
And when storms of wild unrest
  O'er the frosted fields come sweeping,
Weep not; 'neath her snowy vest
  Nature gathers strength from sleeping.

Rest and labour, pleasure, pain,
  Hunger, feeding, thirsting, drinking,
Ebb and flow, and loss and gain,
  Love and hatred, dreaming, thinking.
Each for each exists, and all
  Binds one secret mystic tether;
And each is best as each may fall
  For you and me, and all together.

Then clothe thee or in florid vest,
  Thou changeful year, or livery sober,
Thy present wear shall please me best,
  Or rosy June, or brown October.
And when loud tempests spur their race,
  I'll know, and have no cause for weeping,
They brush the dust from off thy face,
  To make thee wake more fair from sleeping.

A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
  The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
  Till the strong treads the weak man down!
Away to the bonnie green hills
  Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
  To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
  The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother,
  The wear and the waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
  And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine-wood nod near
  To the light-plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
  And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling
  And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
  And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
  Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly
  Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
  With thoughts ever kindly and good;
More dear than the wealth of the world,
  Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
  Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,
  The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
  Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away where the green twigs nod
  In the fragrant breath of the May,
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,
  And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

THE HIGHLAND MANSE.

If men were free to take, and wise to use
  The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,
Then kings and mighty potentates might choose
  To live and die lords of a Highland manse.
For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind
  Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,
The bliss that chiefly suits the human kind
  Within this bounded compass largely lies—
The healthful change of labour and of ease,
  The sober inspiration to do good,
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,
  The working hand leagued with the thoughtful mood;
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,
  The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

Beautiful world!
  Though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words
  For the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light,
  Bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight,
  Full as a river!
    Bright world! brave world!
      Let cavillers blame thee!
    I bless thee, and bend
      To the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  Bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued
  Wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky,
  Meadow and mountain,
Eagerly gushes
  Life's magical fountain.
    Bright world! brave world!
      Though witlings may blame thee,
    Wonderful excellence
      Only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood
  His sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean
  Is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing
  Wild dances weaving,
Clods with new life in spring
  Swelling and heaving!
    Thou quick-teeming world,
      Though scoffers may blame thee,
    I wonder, and worship
      The God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  What poesy measures
Thy strong-flooding passions,
  Thy light-trooping pleasures?
Mustering, marshalling,
  Striving and straining,
Conquering, triumphing,
  Ruling and reigning!
    Thou bright-armied world!
      So strong, who can tame thee?
    Wonderful power of God
      Only could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  While godlike I deem thee,
No cold wit shall move me
  With bile to blaspheme thee!
I have lived in thy light,
  And, when Fate ends my story,
May I leave on death's cloud
  The bright trail of life's glory!
    Wondrous old world!
      No ages shall shame thee!
    Ever bright with new light
      From the God who did frame thee!

THOMAS SMIBERT.

BORN 1810 — DIED 1854.

THOMAS SMIBERT, a poet and most prolific prose-writer, was born Feb. 8, 1810, at Peebles, of which town his father held for some time the honourable office of provost. Intended for the medical profession, he was at first apprenticed to an apothecary, and afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh. He was licensed as a surgeon, and began practice at Innerleithen, near Peebles, but lack of business and a disappointment in love induced him to abandon the place and his profession, and betake himself to the field of literature. Removing to Edinburgh he obtained employment with the Messrs. Chambers, and became a successful writer for their *Journal*, to which he contributed no less than five hundred essays, one hundred tales, fifty biographical sketches, and numerous poems within a period of five years. He also wrote extensively for the *Information for the People*, a work published by the same firm.

In 1842 Smibert was appointed sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper, and the same year a historical play from his pen, entitled *Condé's Wife*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where it had a run of nine nights. Although by the bequest of a wealthy relative Smibert became independent of his pen as a means of livelihood, he still continued to write. Besides contributing to *Hogg's Instructor*, he published a work on *Greek History*, collated a *Rhyming Dictionary*, and prepared a magnificently illustrated volume on the *Clans of the Highlands of Scotland*. In 1851 he collected and published his poetical compositions in a volume entitled "*Io Anche!* Poems chiefly Lyrical." Many of the pieces are translations from French writers.

Mr. Smibert died at Edinburgh January 16, 1854, in his forty-fourth year. Dr. Rogers says of him:—"With pleasing manners, he

was possessed of kindly dispositions, and was much cherished for his intelligent and interesting conversation. In person he was strongly built, and his complexion was fair and ruddy. He was not undesirous of reputation both as a poet and prose-writer, and has recorded his regret that he had devoted so much time to evanescent periodical literature. His poetry is replete with patriotic sentiment, and his strain is forcible and occasionally brilliant. His songs indicate a fine fancy and deep pathos."

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammas tide
  Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
  Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
  Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa
  Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
  And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
  A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
  And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
  In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
  For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
  To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
  They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
  In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
  I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
  The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
  As gloamin aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
  Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie riggs theirsel'
  Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
  O' a' that I hae tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw,
  And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
  In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
  And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
  Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
  Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
  In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
  But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
  And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a',
  And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
  In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!
  To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune
  In pity o' her maen.
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
  May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
  Sin' the fa' o' the year!

THE HERO OF ST. JOHN D'ACRE.

Once more on the broad-bosom'd ocean appearing,
  The banner of England is spread to the breeze,
And loud is the cheering that hails the uprearing
  Of glory's loved emblem, the pride of the seas.
    No tempest shall daunt her,
    No victor-foe taunt her,
What manhood can do in her cause shall be done—
    Britannia's best seaman,
    The boast of her freemen,
Will conquer or die by his colours and gun.

On Acre's proud turrets an ensign is flying,
  Which stout hearts are banded till death to uphold;

And bold is their crying, and fierce their defying,
When trench'd in their ramparts, unconquer'd of old.
But lo! in the offing,
To punish their scoffing,
Brave Napier appears, and their triumph is done;
No danger can stay him,
No foeman dismay him,
He conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

Now low in the dust is the crescent flag humbled,
Its warriors are vanquish'd, their freedom is gone;
The strong walls have tumbled, the proud towers are crumbled,
And England's flag waves over ruin'd St. John.
But Napier now tenders
To Acre's defenders
The aid of a friend when the combat is won;
For mercy's sweet blossom
Blooms fresh in his bosom,
Who conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

"All hail to the hero!" his country is calling,
And "hail to his comrades!" the faithful and brave;
They fear'd not for falling, they knew no appalling,
But fought like their fathers, the lords of the wave.
And long may the ocean,
In calm and commotion,
Rejoicing convey them where fame may be won,
And when foes would wound us,
May Napiers be round us,
To conquer or die by their colours and gun!

MY AIN DEAR LAND.

O bonnie are the howes,
And sunny are the knowes,
That feed the kye and yowes,
Where my life's morn dawn'd;
And brightly glance the rills,
That spring amang the hills,
And ca' the merrie mills,
In my ain dear land.

But now I canna see
The lammies on the lea,
Nor hear the heather-bee
On this far, far strand;
I see nae father's ha',
Nae burnie's waterfa',
But wander far awa'
Frae my ain dear land.

My heart was free and light,
My ingle burning bright,
When ruin cam' by night,
Thro' a foe's fell brand:
I left my native air,
I gaed—to come nae mair!—
And now I sorrow sair
For my ain dear land.

But blythely will I bide,
Whate'er may yet betide,
When ane is by my side
On this far, far strand;
My Jean will soon be here,
This waefu' heart to cheer,
And dry the fa'ing tear
For my ain dear land.

THE VOICE OF WOE.

"The language of passion, and more peculiarly that of grief, is ever nearly the same."

An Indian chief went forth to fight,
And bravely met the foe.
His eye was keen—his step was light—
His arm was unsurpassed in might;
But on him fell the gloom of night—
An arrow laid him low.
His widow sang with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Ay, cheray me!

A Moorish maiden knelt beside
Her dying lover's bed;
She bade him stay to bless his bride,
She called him oft her lord, her pride;
But mortals must their doom abide—
The warrior's spirit fled.
With simple tongue the sad one sung,
When none could hear or see,
Ay, di me!

An English matron mourned her son,
The only son she bore;
Afar from her his course was run,
He perished as the fight was done,
He perished when the fight was won,
Upon a foreign shore.
With simple tongue the mother sung,
When none could hear or see,
Ah, dear me!

A gentle Highland maiden saw
  A brother's body borne
From where, for country, king, and law,
He went his gallant sword to draw;
But swept within destruction's maw
  From her had he been torn.
She sat and sung, with simple tongue,
  When none could hear or see,
    Oh, hon-a-ree!

An infant in untimely hour
  Died in a Lowland cot;
The parents own'd the hand of power
That bids the storm be still or lour;
They grieved because the cup was sour,
  And yet they murmured not.
They only sung with simple tongue,
  When none could hear or see,
    Ah, wae's me!

THOMAS T. STODDART.

THOMAS TOD STODDART was born in Argyle Square, Edinburgh, February 14, 1810. He is the son of a distinguished rear-admiral of the British navy, who was present at Lord Howe's victory, at the landing in Egypt, at the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen with Nelson, and in many other encounters. Young Stoddart was educated at a Moravian establishment near Manchester, and subsequently passed through a course of philosophy and law in the University of Edinburgh. At the age of sixteen he received a prize in Professor Wilson's class for a poem on "Idolatry." He studied for the bar, and was admitted to practise in 1833; but finding the profession uncongenial, he abandoned it. A few years later he married and settled at Kelso, where he has since resided. For many years he has devoted himself to the pursuits of literature and the pleasures of good old Walton's favourite recreation. He was an early and frequent contributor of poetry to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal.* In 1831 he published "The Lunacy or Death-wake; a Necromaunt in Five Chimeras;" in 1835, "The Art of Angling;" in 1837, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" in 1846, "Abel Massinger, or the Aeronaut, a Romance;" in 1847, "The Angler's Companion," a new edition of which was published in 1852; and in 1866, "An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs." His latest poetical work, entitled "Songs of the Seasons, and other Poems," was issued in 1873.

LOCH SKENE.

Like the eye of a sinless child,
That moss-brown tarn is gazing wild
From its heath-fringe, bright with stars of dew,
Up to the voiceless vault of blue.

It seemeth of a violet tinge,
Shaded under its flowery fringe,
For the dark and purple of moss and heather,
Like night and sunset blend together.

That tarn, it lieth on the hills,
Fed by the thousand infant rills,
Which are ever weeping in very sadness,
Or they smile through their tears with a gleam
  of gladness.

You may hear them in a summer's hour,
Trickling, like a rainbow shower,
From yon rock, whose rents of snow
Lie shadow'd in the tarn below.
It looketh from the margin bare,
Like a headstone in a churchyard fair;
But the heavy heron loveth well
Its height, where his own sentinel
He sits, when heaven is almost done
With the slow watch of the sun,
And the quiet day doth fold
His wings in arches of burning gold.

There is a lonesome, aged cairn,
Rising gray through the grass-green fern;

It tells of pale, mysterious bones,
Buried below the crumbling stones;
But the shadow of that pile of slaughter
Lies breasted on the stirless water,
As if no mortal hand had blent
Its old, unearthly lineament.

A wizard tarn is gray Loch Skene!
There are two islands sown within:
Both are like, as like the other
As brother to his own twin-brother;
Only a birch bends o'er the one,
Where the kindred isle hath none,
The tresses of that weeping tree
Hang down in their humility.

'Tis whisper'd of an eyrie there,
Where a lonely eagle pair
In the silver moonlight came,
To feed their young by the holy flame;
And at morn they mounted far and far,
Towards the last surviving star.
Only the forsaken nest
Sighs to the sea-winds from the west,
As if they told in their wandering by
How the rightful lord of its sanctuary
Mourneth his fallen mate alone
On a foamy Atlantic stone.

Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar.

Out at the nethermost brink there gushes
A playful stream from its ark of rushes,
It leaps like a wild fawn from the mountains,
Nursing its life with a thousand fountains,
It kisses the heath-flower's trembling bell,
And the mosses that love its margin well.

Fairy beings, one might dream,
Look from the breast of that silver stream,
Fearless, holy, and blissful things,
Flashing the dew-foam from their wings,
As they glide away, away for ever,
Borne seaward on some stately river.

That silver brook, it windeth on
Over slabs of fretted stone,
Till it cometh to the forehead vast
Of those gorgon rocks, that cast
Their features many a fathom under,
And, like a launch through surge of thunder,
From the trembling ledge it flings
The treasures of a thousand springs;
As if to end their blissful play,
And throw the spell of its life away.

Like a pillar of Parian stone
That in some old temple shone,
Or a slender shaft of living star,
Gleams that foam-fall from afar;
But the column is melted down below
Into a gulf of seething snow,
And the stream steals away from its whirl of hoar,
As bright and as lovely as before.

There are rainbows in the morning sun,
Many a blushing trembling one,
Arches of rarest jewelry,
Where the elfin fairies be,
Through the glad air dancing merrily.

Such is the brook, so pure, so glad,
That sparkled high and bounded mad,
From the quiet waters, where
It took the form of a thing so fair.

Only it mocks the heart within,
To wander by the wild Loch Skene,
At cry of moorcock, when the day
Gathers his legions of light away.

For the sadness of a fallen throne
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone,
And the tarn and the hills and the misted stream
Are shaded away to a mournful dream.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
  Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
  Through the angler's trysting-tree?
  Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
  Is there wind up our willow-tree?
  Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
  Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
  To the angler's trysting-tree.
  Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
  Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
  Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THE BRITISH OAK.

The oak is Britain's pride!
  The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest-side,
  The guardian of her seas!
Its hundred arms are brandish'd wide
  To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
  Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen trim the sail,
  And wake the battle smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale
  On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead
  The golden acorn lay,
And watch with care the bursting seed,
  And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed
  In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
  Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be
  The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
  And empress o'er the wave!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

Let ither anglers choose their ain,
  An' ither waters tak' the lead;
O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
  But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
  That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn
  Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
  An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
  Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;
An Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
  An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
  Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
  Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
  That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
  A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
An' mony a sawmon sooms aboot,
  Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
  A chancier bit ye canna hae,
So gin ye tak' an angler's word,
  Ye'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
  Yer birzy hackles black and reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
  Is meetest music for the Tweed!

MUSINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE TEVIOT.

With thy windings, gentle Teviot!
  Through life's summer I have travelled—
Shared in all thy merry gambols,
  All thy mazy course unravell'd.

Every pool I know and shallow,
  Every circumstance of channel,
Every incident historic
  Blent with old or modern annal,

Which, within thy famous valley,
  Dealt a mercy or a sorrow—
Every song and every legend
  Which has passed into its morrow.

Who has loved thee, artless river,
  Best of all thy single wooers?
Of thy wayward, witching waters,
  Who most ardent of pursuers?

On thy banks, a constant dreamer,
  Sitting king among his fancies,
Casting all his wealth of musing
  Into thy tried course of chances.

Name another in thy prattle
  Who has done his service better—
Tendering or accepting tribute,
  Creditor as well as debtor?

Out of thy redundant plenty,
  On the lap of living mercies,
I have woven a votive offering—
  Shaped a wreath of simple verses.

Every generous wish attend thee!
  And, among thy generous wishers,
Takes its place with bard and scholar
  The more lowly band of fishers.

To that lowly band belonging,
  In its pleasures the partaker,
More I feel of true contentment
  Than the lord of many an acre.

Still, with glowing virtues, Teviot!
  Graces, joys, and forms of beauty,
Fill the valley of thy holding—
  Roll in dignity of duty!

Forward roll, and link thy fortunes
  With fair Tweed—thine elder sister!
Lyne and Leithen, Ettrick, Leader,
  In their earlier turns have kissed her.

Welcome, more than all the others,
  Thou! whose fulness of perfection
Finds a grateful recognition
  In this symbol of affection!

So entwined, Tweed glides exultant,
  As a joyful burden bearing
All thy passionate confidings—
  The rich lore of love and daring

Which to ballad and romances,
  Oft uncouthly, bard committed,
Guided by thy chime or plaining,
  To the rhythm which best befitted.

In the arms of Tweed enfolded,
  Followed still by my devotion,
Thou art separate to the vision,
  Wending on thy way to ocean.

Even there, I see the spirit
  Of whose life partook the willow,
And whose love laved slope and meadow,
  Moving o'er the restless billow.

In the salmon which ascends thee—
  All arrayed in gorgeous scaling—
A proud legate I distinguish
  From the court of Neptune hailing;
From the kingdom of the Trident,
  Bearing to his native river
Noble gifts of self-devotion,
  Tribute to the Tribute Giver!

FLOWER-LIFE.

PART FIRST.

Angels are sowers everywhere!
  They scatter as they fly
The gifts of heaven. In flower-life
  Is traced their passing by.

Upon the beaten thoroughfare,
  Under the hedge-row sere,
On the heavings of the churchyard,
  In places dread and drear;

Upon the far-famed battle-field,
  Where freedom at a blow
Abased the giant Tyranny,
  Their mission is to sow.

Also 'mid pleasant homesteads,
  And meadows of delight,
And up among the harbourings
  Of God's tempestuous might;

Upon the mountain forehead,
  Which the ploughshare never scarr'd,
They cast, while soaring heavenward,
  Their farewells of regard—

The nigh-exhausted affluence
  Committed to their charge,
On the more favour'd valley land,
  Sown broadcast and at large!

In yon desert, parch'd and howling,
  On yon rock, so bare and stern,
If you have eyes and soul of grace
  You may their tracks discern.

No spot without its token—
  Its letter of commend
Left by celestial Visitor—
  Sent by the Unseen Friend!

In flower-life is scripture,
  Which to study is to gain
Glimpses of the eternal world,
  Where saints with their Saviour reign.

By power of its teachings
  We higher climb and nigher

To the heaven of the heavens seven,
  Where sit the tongues of fire;

And of God's heart and purposes—
  His glory and his power—
New revelations ope on us
  By virtue of the flower!

Better than pulpit rhapsodies,
  Safer than priestly strife,
In its guidings to the throne of love
  Is the study of Flower-life.

PART SECOND.

Angels are sowers everywhere,
  They scatter as they fly
The gifts of Heaven, and everywhere
  Reveals their passing by.

Behold it in that shining tuft
  No jeweller could devise
Out of the seed of orient pearl,
  Or diamond's flashing eyes!

From imprint of the messenger
  On mercy's errand sent,
Sprung up, obedient to the charm,
  The sparkling ornament.

An angel dropt the acorn
  Four centuries gone by,
From which yon gnarled oak cast root,
  And sprung its antlers high.

And oft among the curtains of
  The storm-defying tree
Are heard the rustling as of wings,
  And a sound like a nearing sea.

The lovers trysting under it
  Affirm that earnest eyes
Are ofttimes gazing down on them
  Like stars from autumnal skies;

And the pauses in their whisperings
  Are filled up to the ear
With conference among the boughs
  Of voices low and clear—

With renderings of legends
  That stir the spirit fond,
And snatches of quaint melody,
  Cull'd from the world beyond.

The gathering of angels
  'Mid the hidings of the oak
Is a page in the pleasant fiction
  Of the merrie fairy folk.

For angel-life and fairy-life,
  In the poet's soul and song,
Their part hold in the mystery
  That mateth Right with Wrong.

And everywhere and everywhere,
  The angels and the elves,
To win God's creatures, zealously
  Contend among themselves.

Yet of this grand contention
  'Twixt the Evil and the Good—
'Twixt elf and angel, wrong and right—
  The end is understood!

Ye messengers of God! go on
  Sowing the seed of grace,
And grant that in the reaping-time,
  When face is turned to face,

And man beholds the Maker
  In whose image he was fraught—
When the light of apprehending
  Things that were vainly sought

Comes flashing on an intellect
  Obscured by the under-powers,
Be ye among the presences,
  Ye sowers of the flowers!

That vindicate God's glory
  By the showing of His love,
And lend a leal helping hand
  To the paradise above!

JOHN BETHUNE.

BORN 1810 — DIED 1839.

JOHN BETHUNE, the younger of two remarkable brothers, was born at the Mount, once the residence of Sir David Lindsay, in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, August, 1810. We have already noticed the scanty education received by his elder brother Alexander; but the

schooling of John was limited to a single day, after which he was never at school again. He was taught, however, to read by his mother, and initiated into writing and arithmetic by Alexander—his teacher in boyhood and guardian and counsellor in more advanced years. For some time he was employed as a cowherd, and at the age of twelve he joined his brother in the work of breaking stones on the road. To better his condition he apprenticed himself in 1824 to a country weaver, and so soon acquired a good knowledge of the trade that at the end of the first year he could earn fifteen shillings a week. This was much better than stone-breaking, and with the hope of being able to assist his aged parents he resolved to follow weaving as his future craft, for which purpose he purchased a loom and commenced in earnest, with his brother Alexander for his apprentice. But the national mercantile depression which followed so utterly disappointed his calculations that his earnings were soon reduced to six shillings weekly, and he was obliged to return to his old occupation as an out-door labourer. Amidst all these hardships and privations John had also to encounter the evils attendant upon weak health, which repeatedly suspended his labour in the fields. It was during these intervals that he consoled himself with reading and composition, and under this harsh apprenticeship his intellectual qualities were called forth and ripened for action. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he had composed upwards of twenty poetical pieces of some length, and all of them pervaded by considerable beauty both of sentiment and language. These attempts, however, by which, in the course of time, he might make himself independent of bodily toil, were for several years prosecuted by stealth: none but his brother and his parents knew how his lonely hours were employed. "Up to the latter part of 1835," Alexander Bethune states in the memoir of his brother, "the whole of his writing had been prosecuted as stealthily as if it had been a crime punishable by law. There being but one apartment in the house, it was his custom to write by the fire, with an old copy-book, upon which his paper lay, resting on his knee, and this through life was his only writing-desk. On the table, which was within reach, an old newspaper was kept continually lying, and as soon as the footsteps of any one were heard approaching the door, copy-book, pens, and inkstand were thrust under the covering, and before the visitor came in he had in general a book in his hand, and appeared to have been reading."

Since October, 1829, John Bethune had been employed as a day-labourer on the grounds of Inchrye, in the neighbourhood of his birthplace; but in 1835, on the death of the overseer, he was appointed his successor. The emoluments of this office considerably exceeded anything he had formerly enjoyed, for its salary was £26 a year, with the right of a cow's pasturage. To this new situation he gladly betook himself, with his brother Alexander as his assistant; but their satisfaction was short-lived, for the estate of Inchrye soon changed owners, which was followed by a change of servants. Under these circumstances the brothers were obliged to leave their snug appointment; and to add to their misfortunes, the new landlord required the little cottage at Lochend in which they had located their aged parents. Being thus altogether homeless, John and Alexander resolved to erect a house for themselves and their parents, which they did, chiefly with their own hands, at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh; and here the noble-hearted peasants, after having tried various kinds of hand-labour in vain, resolved to make literature their principal resource. John contributed to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*, and other serials, and supplied some pieces to his brother's *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*. He also jointly wrote with Alexander the *Lectures on Practical Economy*, designed to improve the homes and habits of the poor, and which was commended by the press, although the work did not become popular. Deep mortification at the failure of this work preyed on a constitution already broken, and brought on pulmonary consumption, of which he died at Mount Pleasant, Sept. 1, 1839, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Thus passed away an obscurely born and hard-handed son of toil, who, without the training of college or school, and with few of even the ordinary opportunities of self-improvement, became a vigorous original prose writer and a poet of no ordinary mark. While his

writings in either capacity were stamped with the impress of true genius, they also showed much depth of reflection, ennobled by the spirit of genuine devotional piety. And such also was his daily life—simple, pure, and meditative, showing a man far above the ordinary mark, and isolated from the sphere in which he lived. His poems, by which he was so little known while he lived, but which will constitute his best commemoration, were published by his brother Alexander, with a memoir of their author, in 1840; and from the profits of the second edition, issued the following year, a sufficient sum was realized to erect a monument in the churchyard of Abdie, over the grave where the two brothers now rest.

HYMN OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
  Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
  Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the beautiful,
  Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
  Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here, but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling—
  The crowded buyers of the noisy mart,—
The lookers on,—the showy garments rustling,—
  The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they,—
  The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,—
  The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose:
  Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
  Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
  The gloomy are not citizens of death.
Approach and look, when the long grass is plumy:
  See them above; they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
  And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
  Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
  Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
  And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

A SPRING SONG.

There is a concert in the trees,
  There is a concert on the hill,
There's melody in every breeze,
  And music in the murmuring rill.
  The shower is past, the winds are still,
The fields are green, the flow'rets spring,
  The birds, and bees, and beetles fill
The air with harmony, and fling
  The rosied moisture of the leaves
In frolic flight from wing to wing,
  Fretting the spider as he weaves
His airy web from bough to bough;
  In vain the little artist grieves
Their joy in his destruction now.

Alas! that, in a scene so fair,
  The meanest being e'er should feel
The gloomy shadow of despair,
  Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal.
  But in a world where woe is real,
Each rank in life, and every day,
  Must pain and suffering reveal,
And wretched mourners in decay—
  When nations smile o'er battles won,
When banners wave and streamers play,
  The lonely mother mourns her son
Left lifeless on the bloody clay;
  And the poor widow, all undone,
Sees the wild revel with dismay.

Even in the happiest scenes of earth,
  When swell'd the bridal-song on high,
When every voice was tuned to mirth,
  And joy was shot from eye to eye,
  I've heard a sadly-stifled sigh;
And, 'mid the garlands rich and fair,
  I've seen a cheek, which once could vie
In beauty with the fairest there,
  Grown deadly pale, although a smile
Was worn above to cloak despair:
  Poor maid! it was a hapless wile
Of long-conceal'd and hopeless love,
  To hide a heart which broke the while
With pangs no lighter heart could prove.

The joyous spring and summer gay
  With perfumed gifts together meet,
And from the rosy lips of May
  Breathe music soft and odours sweet;
  And still my eyes delay my feet
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,
  And hear the happy birds repeat
Their anthems to the coming even;
  Yet is my pleasure incomplete;
I grieve to think how few are given
  To feel the pleasures I possess,
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,
  Must pine in utter loneliness,
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh! could we find some happy land,
  Some Eden of the deep blue sea,
By gentle breezes only fann'd,
  Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,
  Grew only pure felicity;
Who would not brave the stormiest main
  Within that blissful isle to be
Exempt from sight or sense of pain?
  There is a land we cannot see,
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray;
  And yet so narrow is the road,
From it our spirits ever stray.
  Shed light upon that path, O God!
And lead us in the appointed way.

There only joy shall be complete,
  More high than mortal thoughts can reach,
For there the just and good shall meet,
  Pure in affection, thought, and speech;
  No jealousy shall make a breach,
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy;
  There sunny streams of gladness stretch,
And there the very air is joy.
  There shall the faithful, who relied
On faithless love till life would cloy,
  And those who sorrow'd till they died
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,
  See pleasure, like a whelming tide,
From an unbounded ocean flow.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.[1]

O Lord, munificent, benign,
How many mercies have been mine,
  Since last I met with thee
In that blest ordinance of thine—
The holy feast of bread and wine,
  Which was enjoy'd by me!

How many days, in goodness sent,
Have been in sickening sadness spent;
  How many nights have come,
Which promis'd rest and sweet content,
Yet left behind them, when they went,
  Distress, and grief, and gloom!

How many purposes have fail'd,
How many doubts my heart assail'd,
  And held my spirit fast;
How many sins have been bewail'd,
How many follies have prevail'd,
  Since I confess'd thee last!

But still to thee my spirit springs,
And underneath thy sheltering wings
  A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of thy sufferings,
  And all thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at thy feet, and say,
  "Lord, take it, it is thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray,—
Feed it with love by night and day,
  And let thy will be mine."

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Adieu! ye wither'd flow'rets!
  Your day of glory's past;
But your latest smile was loveliest,
  For we knew it was your last.
No more the sweet aroma
  Of your golden cups shall rise
To scent the morning's stilly breath,
  Or gloaming's zephyr-sighs.

[1] The sacrament here alluded to was administered on the second Sabbath of June, 1838, and it was the last at which the minister of the parish (Rev. Laurence Millar) officiated, and likewise the last at which the author of these lines took his seat: the former being dead, and the latter too ill to attend, before another opportunity occurred.

Ye were the sweetest offerings
  Which friendship could bestow—
A token of devoted love
  In pleasure or in woe!
Ye graced the head of infancy,
  By soft affection twined
Into a fairy coronal
  Its sunny brows to bind.

Ye deck'd the coffins of the dead,
  By yearning sorrow strew'd
Along each lifeless lineament,
  In death's cold damps bedew'd;
Ye were the pleasure of our eyes
  In dingle, wood, and wold,
In the parterre's sheltered premises,
  And on the mountain cold.

But ah! a dreary blast hath blown
  Athwart you in your bloom,
And, pale and sickly, now your leaves
  The hues of death assume.
We mourn your vanish'd loveliness,
  Ye sweet departed flowers;
For ah! the fate which blighted you
  An emblem is of ours.

There comes a blast to terminate
  Our evanescent span:
For frail as your existence, is
  The mortal life of man!
And is the land we hasten to
  A land of grief and gloom?
No: there the Lily of the Vale
  And Rose of Sharon bloom!

And there a stream of ecstasy
  Through groves of glory flows,
And on its banks the Tree of Life
  In heavenly beauty grows.
And flowers that never fade away,
  Whose blossoms never close,
Bloom round the walks where angels stray,
  And saints redeem'd repose.

And though, like you, sweet flowers of earth,
  We wither and depart,
And leave behind, to mourn our loss,
  Full many an aching heart;
Yet when the winter of the grave
  Is past, we hope to rise,
Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness,
  To blossom in the skies.

WILLIAM MILLER.

BORN 1810 — DIED 1872.

WILLIAM MILLER, author of "Willie Winkie" — which the Rev. George Gilfillan characteristically pronounced "the greatest nursery song in the world"—was born in Bridgegate, Glasgow, in August, 1810, but passed most of his early years at Parkhead, then a country village near Glasgow, and from whence many of his rural inspirations and recollections are derived. He was intended for a surgeon, and pursued for a period his studies for that profession, but a severe illness, with which he was seized when about sixteen, induced his parents to change their intention, and Willie was apprenticed to a wood-turner. By diligent application he soon became one of the best skilled workmen of his craft, and even in his later years it is said that there were but few who could equal him in speed or excellence of workmanship.

While still a youth some of his verses appeared in the public prints, but the first of his compositions that attracted attention was his nursery song of "Willie Winkie." This was followed by a number of pieces of a similar character, and led to the author's acquaintance with many eminent literary gentlemen. The best known of Miller's nursery songs were all written before he was thirty-six years of age, but it was not till 1863 that he collected and published a small volume, entitled *Scottish Nursery Songs, and other Poems.* In November, 1871, ill health compelled him to abandon work and to confine himself to the house, when he again found pleasure in poetic composition, which for several years he had almost entirely abandoned. In July, 1872, he removed to Blantyre with the expectation that the purer air of the country would reinvigorate his frame. But this hope was not

fulfilled, and in a few weeks he was brought back and died at his son's residence in Glasgow, Aug. 20, 1872. His remains were buried in the family ground at Tollcross, and since then a monument designed by the sculptor Mossman has been erected by the poet's friends and admirers in the Glasgow Necropolis. To his only son we are indebted for several unpublished productions of Mr. Miller's later years given in our Collection.

Robert Buchanan, in writing of William Miller, remarks: "No eulogy can be too high for one who has afforded such unmixed pleasure to his circle of readers; who, as a master of the Scottish dialect, may certainly be classed alongside of Burns and Tannahill; and whose special claims to be recognized as the laureate of the nursery have been admitted by more than one generation in every part of the world where the Doric Scotch is understood and loved. Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung. Every corner of the earth knows 'Willie Winkie' and 'Gree, Bairnies, Gree.' Manitoba and the banks of the Mississippi echo the 'Wonderfu' Wean' as often as do Kilmarnock or the Goosedubs. 'Lady Summer' will sound as sweet in Rio Janeiro as on the banks of the Clyde. . . . Few poets, however prosperous, are so certain of their immortality. I can scarcely conceive a period when William Miller will be forgotten; certainly not until the Scotch Doric is obliterated, and the lowly nursery abolished for ever. . . . Speaking specifically, he is (as I have phrased it) the Laureate of the Nursery; and there, at least, he reigns supreme above all other poets, monarch of all he surveys, and perfect master of his theme. His poems, however, are as distinct from nursery gibberish as the music of Shelley is from the jingle of Ambrose Phillips. They are works of art—tiny paintings on small canvas, limned with all the microscopic care of Meissonier. The highest praise that can be said of them is that they are perfect 'of their kind.' That kind is humble enough; but humility may be very strong, as it certainly is here."

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
  Rins through the toun,
Up stairs and doun stairs
  In his nicht-goun,
Tirling at the window,
  Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
  For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie,
  Are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing gray thrums
  To the sleeping hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor,
  And disna gie a cheep.
But here's a waukrife laddie
  That winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
  Glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
  Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin', round about,
  Crawing like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,
  Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

"Hey, Willie Winkie—
  The wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a body's knee
  Like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
  Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
  See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither
  That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
  That canna rin his lane.
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
  Before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
  Gies strength anew to me.

COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

There is a country gentleman,
  Who leads a thrifty life,
Ilk morning scraping orra things
  Thegither for his wife—
His coat o' glowing ruddy brown,
  And wavelet wi' gold—

A crimson crown upon his head,
  Well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape,
  He brings them to disgrace,
For, like a man o' metal, he
  Siclike meets face to face;
He gies the loons a lethering,
  A crackit croon to claw—
There is nae gaun about the bush
  Wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly,
  His look both sage and grave—
His bearing bold, as if he said,
  "I'll never be a slave!"
And tho' he hauds his head fu' high,
  He glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs
  Wi' glowerin' at the sun:

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand
  Wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb,
  And round his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laughing haud their sides,
  And cry, "Preserve us a'!
Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawbluid,
  Douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame
  To work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed,
  May gape till he be dead;
And if ye live in idleness,
  Ye'll find unto your cost,
That they wha winna work in heat,
  Maun hunger in the frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack,
  And honest pride will fill
Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-off frien's
  Will bring grist to your mill;
And if, when grown to be a man,
  Your name's without a flaw,
Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes
  To Cockie-leerie-la!

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his e'e,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.

For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and wharfrae comes the rain?
He's a perfect divert: he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first body's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships on the sea?—
But after I've tell't him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his "Wha?" and his "When?"
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha ha'e skill o' the lúmps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug-shugging afore him,
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain,—
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
When I saw him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease,
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he march'd ben,
Sae like mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.

Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And glooms through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies hae got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE.

The moon has rowed her in a cloud,
Stravaiging win's begin
To shuggle and daud the window-brods,
Like loons that wad be in!
Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
Or craik in saughen tree!
We're thankfu' for a cozy hame—
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Though gurgling blasts may dourly blaw,
A rousing fire will thow
A straggler's taes, and keep fu' cosh
My tousie taps-o'-tow.
O who would cule your kail, my bairns,
Or bake your bread like me?
Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Oh, never fling the warmsome boon
O' bairnhood's love awa';
Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek,
Between me and the wa';
How ae kind arm was owre ye baith:
But, if ye disagree,
Think on the saft and kindly soun'
O' "Gree, my bairnies, gree."

SPRING.

The Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,
Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—
There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,
And the gowan wi' his red croon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,
Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair,
Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffing and laughing far adoon the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,
Sweetly singing wi' the flower-branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring!
Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing;
Flower-dappled hill-side and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en;
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green -

Bairnies bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,
Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee!
In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and fair,
That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

LADY SUMMER.

Birdie, birdie, weet your whistle!
Sing a sang to please the wean;
Let it be o' Lady Summer
Walking wi' her gallant train!
Sing him how her gaucy mantle,
Forest green trails ower the lea,
Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't
Wi' the field-flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
And her e'e sae like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving blue!
How we meet on hill and valley,
Children sweet as fairest flowers,
Buds and blossoms o' affection,
Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
Sing it ower and ower again;
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,
Like a shower o' summer rain.
"Hoot, toot, toot!" the birdie's saying,
"Wha can shear the rigg that's shorn?
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
I'll toot on anither horn."

HAIRST.

Tho' weel I lo'e the budding spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost:

For a' the seasons in their turn
  Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And hand in hand they jink aboot,
  Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
  When winter nights were lang,
"I weary for the summer woods,
  The lintie's tittering sang;"
But when the woods grew gay and green,
  And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, "When will hairst-time come,
  The gloaming o' the year?"

Oh, hairst-time's like a lipping cup
  That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
  Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sae ladylike!
  Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
  The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
  The apples taste your mou',
And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase
  The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
  The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
  In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest
  Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow
  That whiles ye sing in jest;
Some coming joys are dancing aye
  Before his langing een—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
  And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!
  The gowden grain afore,
And apples drop into his lap,
  Or row in at the door!
Come, hairst-time, then, unto my bairn,
  Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool
  The gloaming o' the year!

NOVEMBER.

Infant Winter, young November,
  Nursling of the glowing woods,
Lo! the sleep is burst that bound thee—
  Lift thine eyes above, around thee,
  Infant sire of storm and floods.

Through the tangled green and golden
  Curtains of thy valley bed,
See the trees hath vied to woo thee,
And with homage to subdue thee—
  Show'ring bright leaves o'er thy head.

Let, oh! let their fading glories
  Grace the earth while still they may,
For the poplar's-orange, gleaming,
And the beech's ruddy beaming,
  Warmer seems to make the day.

Now the massy plane-leaf's twirling,
  Down the misty morning light,
And the saugh-tree's tinted treasure
Seems to seek the earth with pleasure—
  Show'ring down from morn till night.

Through the seasons, ever varying,
  Rapture fills the human soul;
Blessed dower! to mankind given,
All is perfect under heaven,
  In the part as in the whole.

Hush'd the golden flute of mavis,
  Silver pipe of little wren,
But the redbreast's notes are ringing,
And its "weel-kent" breast is bringing
  Storied boyhood back again.

Woodland splendour of November,
  Did departing Autumn dye
All thy foliage, that when roamin'
We might pictur'd see her gloamin'
  In thy woods as in her sky?

JOHN FROST.

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,
Wi' your crispin' an' poutherin' gear, John Frost;
  For hedge, tower, and tree,
  As far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You're very precoose wi' your wark, John Frost!
Altho' ye hae wrought in the dark, John Frost;
  For ilka fit-stap,
  Frae the door to the slap,
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost;
  For the weans, wi' cauld taes,
  Crying, "Shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae 'wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost,
Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost;
For a cloit o' a fa'
Gars them hirple awa',
Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye hae fine goings on in the north, John Frost!
Wi' your houses o' ice and so forth, John Frost!
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn till they tire,
Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost;
And your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose
Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

OUR AIN FIRE-END.

When the frost is on the grun',
Keep your ain fire-end,
For the warmth o' summer's sun
Has our ain fire-end;
When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,
Or snaw-wreaths ye could be smoor'd in,
The best flower in the garden
Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa!
Roun' our ain fire-end,
He mak's rabbits on the wa',
At our ain fire-end.
Then sic fun as they are mumping,
When, to touch them ye gae stumping,
They're set on your tap a-jumping,
At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep
At our ain fire-end,
When ye on your whistle wheep,
Round our ain fire-end;
Now, the dog maun get a saddle,
Then a cart's made o' the ladle,
To please ye as ye daidle
Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
At our ain fire-end,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap,
At our ain fire-end;
Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,
And a' that's gude I wish ye,
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink
O' our ain fire-end,
Fu' monie a time ye'll think
On our ain fire-end;
On a' your gamesome ploys,
On your whistle and your toys,
And ye'll think ye hear the noise
O' our ain fire-end.

WHEN JAMIE COMES HAME.

Ye breezes, blaw saft as the coo o' the dove,
Waft gently the ship hame, that brings me my love.
The joy o' my heart brings the tear to my ee,
For I trust ye'll bring safely my laddie to me.
We'll hae crackin' o' thum's when young Jamie comes hame—
Some eatin' sour plums, when my Jamie comes hame—
An' seats will be shiftin', an' bonnets be liftin',
When up the Clyde driftin' my Jamie comes hame.

An' how's my joe Janet? I ken what he'll say,
An' syne tak' my han' in his ain kindly way—
Sae douce aye afore fock—nae ane will can tell
The touslin' I'll get, when we're left by oursel'.
I ken wha'll get married, when Jamie comes hame—
Fock say my head's carried at his comin' hame—
'Tween out-in and in-in, an' here an' there rinnin',
It really is spinnin' at his comin' hame.

The parish is ringin' wi' what I will wear,
An' spite has an answer to a' that do speer,
"Some cheap trash o' muslin at saxpence the ell,
An' if a thocht yellow, the liker hersel'."
A pose I've a-hidin', till Jamie comes hame—
My time I'm a-bidin', till Jamie comes hame;
Then a silk gown o' green, wi' a skinklein' sheen,
Will dazzle their een, when my Jamie comes hame.

THE BLUE BELL.

The blue bell, the blue bell, I'll try to sing thy praise,
For thou hast been to me a joy in many lonely ways;
When listening to the skylark, it puzzled me to tell
Which were the most beloved—his notes, or thou, the Scottish bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! nae wonder that I loe
The dewy shimmerin' gloamin', for ever link'd wi' you:—
A band o' rosy rovers then, we rifled copse an' dell
For meadow-queen to bind, wi' thee, thou bonnie gracefu' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! where'er we wandering go,
By highway, or in bye-way, or where tiny streamlets flow;
By hedgerow, or in leafy lane, or by the wayside well,
We meet in nook, or marge o' brook, thy bonnie droopin' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! does Afric's traveller dream
O' slender wavin' flow'rets, that grew by Clutha's stream—
O' being once again a boy, with blue bells in his hand,
An' wake to bless the dream that gave to him his native land.

The sang o' the mavis, frae aff the holly-tree,
The lintie in the whin-bush, that sings sae merrilie;
The hum o' rural murmurs, like sound o' ocean shell,
Are ever thine, for glaumorie is round the sweet blue bell.

THE HAW BLOSSOM.

Think on the time when thy heart beat a measure,
All tuneful as woods with the music of love;
Then say if thy breast can forget e'er the pleasure
Gave by flowers at thy feet, or the haw bloom above.

Tell then the lover to woo in the e'enin'
Down where the haw blossom's flourishing seen;
Sweeter shade never two young hearts was screenin'
Than the thorn with its snaw-crown and mantle of green.

If, with such sweetness around them when roamin',
The heart of the lassie, sae guileless, is won,
For ever the haw-bloom, the richness of gloamin',
And the blush of his dearie, shall mingle in one.

Bloom with the lily-breath! everywhere growing—
Down in the deep glen thy white crown is seen;
High 'mid the dark firs alike art thou blowing;
Thou'rt the banner of love! and the summer's fair queen.

SONNET TO A LADY.

Thy hand is on the plough—look ye not back;
Thy hand is on the harp—strike ye the string:
A youthful poetess may courage lack,
But Heaven deserts not whom it taught to sing.
If 'mid the pageant of thy fancy's throng,
Passing before thy mind in musing hour,
Fair Blantyre riseth—beautiful as song!—
And thou should note some sweet neglected flow'r—
The gift is thine—the poet's power to fling
A witch'ry round it, that all eyes shall see
Another—not the modest cow'ring thing
That's fed by dew and sunshine on the lea,
But glorified—to grace a festival!
A gowan made a gem—meet for a coronal!

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN was born at Perth, April 3, 1811. His father Thomas Maclagan, first a farmer and afterwards a manufacturer, removed to Edinburgh when his son was five years of age. He attended several schools in Edinburgh, and when ten years old was placed in a jeweller's shop, where he remained for two years, when he was apprenticed to a plumber. He applied his leisure time to diligent study, and in 1829, while yet an apprentice, became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, some of his poetical pieces receiving the commendation of Professor Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd. He afterwards proceeded to London, where he worked for some time at his trade, and where he made the acquaintance

of Allan Cunningham. He returned to Edinburgh, and was for two years manager of a plumbery establishment at Dunfermline, but for many years past he has devoted himself entirely to literary and educational pursuits. In 1841 Maclagan published an edition of his poems, which attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, who invited him to Craigcrook Castle, his residence near Edinburgh. The following letter, the last which his lordship ever wrote, was sent to our author regarding a new volume entitled *Sketches from Nature, and other Poems*, which he was about to publish:—

"24 Moray Place, 4th Jan. 1850.

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the poems and the kind letter you have sent me, and am glad to find that you are meditating an enlarged edition of your Poems. I have already read all these in the slips, and I think them on the whole fully equal to those in the former volume. I am most pleased, I believe, with that which you have entitled 'A Sister's Love,' which is at once very touching, very graphic, and very elegant. Your 'Summer Sketches' have beautiful passages in all of them, and a pervading joyousness and kindliness of feeling, as well as a vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds. 'The Scorched Flowers' I think the most picturesque. Your muse seems to have been unusually fertile this last summer. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, or to be able to do you any service. If you publish by subscription you may set me down for five or six copies, and do not scruple to apply to me for any further aid you may think I can lend you.—Meantime, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful friend, "F. JEFFREY."

Soon after his patron's death Maclagan found a new friend in Lord Cockburn, who obtained a clerkship for him in the office of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. In 1851 he was entertained by a number of his admirers at a public dinner, and more recently a similar compliment was extended to him in his native town. The poet's third publication, entitled *Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes*, appeared in 1854. Two years later he had conferred on him by the Queen a civil list pension of £30 per annum. In 1860 the poet joined a company of Highland Volunteers, receiving the commission of ensign. In 1863 he published a little volume of patriotic songs under the title of "Volunteer Songs, by Alexander Maclagan, Ensign Second City E. R. V.;" also a collection of "War Songs," written during the Crimean and Indian wars. His latest poetical publication, a handsome quarto volume richly illustrated, entitled "Balmoral: Songs of the Highlands, and other Poems," appeared in 1871. It includes some of the author's formerly published poems; and is dedicated by permission to her Majesty the Queen.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

The glory of the starry night
Hath vanished, with its visions bright;
Whilst daybreak blushes glad my sight,
Take my first kiss of fond delight,
And let me greet,
With blessings meet,
Thy morning smiles, my sister sweet.

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
Thy lovely face, drinking the tone
Of thy sweet voice, my early known,—
My long, long loved,—my dearest grown,—
I feel thou art
A joy, a part
Of all I prize in soul and heart.

Sweet guardian of my infancy,
Hast thou not been the blooming tree
Whose soft green branches sheltered me
From withering want's inclemency?
No cloud of care,
Nor bleak despair
Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

And thou hast been, since that sad day
We gave our mother's clay to clay,
The morning star, the evening ray,
That cheered me on life's weary way,—
A vision bright,
Filling my night
Of sorrow with thy looks of light.

Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,—
Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet,
Or grief's pale seal was on them set,—
Ere hope declined,
And cares unkind
Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.

In glorious visions still I see
The village green, the old oak tree,
The sun-bathed banks where oft with thee
I've hunted for the blaeberrie,
Where oft we crept,
And sighed and wept,
Where our dead linnet soundly slept.

Again I see the rustic chair
In which you swung me through sweet air,
Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
Or dressed my little doll with care;
In fancy's sight
Still rise its bright
Blue beads, red shoes, and boddice white.

And oh! the sunsets in the west;
And oh! my joy when gently prest
To the soft pillow of thy breast,
Lulled by thy mellow voice to rest,
Sung into dreams
Of woods and streams,
Of lovely buds, and birds, and beams.

Sweet were the morns that then did break,
Sweet was thy song—"Awake! awake,
My love; for life, for beauty's sake,
Awake, and dewy kisses take!
Awake, and raise
A song of praise
To Him whose paths are heavenward ways."

When wintry tempests swept the vale,
When thunder and the heavy hail
And lightning turned each young cheek pale,
Thine ever was the Bible tale
Or psalmist's song
The wild night long.
How firm the heart where faith is strong!

Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
Fall shattered into diamond showers:
Come, let us seek our wildwood bowers,
And lay our heads among the flowers;
Come, sister dear,
That we may hear
Our mother's spirit whispering near.

For worldly wealth I have no care,
For diamond toy to deck my hair,
For silk or satin robes to wear;
Content, if I can daily share,
And hourly prove,
The joys that move
The pure heart with a sister's love.

THE OUTCAST.

And did you pity me, kind sir?
Say, did you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
Ay, nearly fasted three,
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

My mother told me I was born
On a battlefield in Spain,
Where mighty men like lions fought,
Where blood ran down like rain!
And how she wept, with bursting heart,
My father's corse to see!
When I lay cradled 'mong the dead,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

At length there came a dreadful day,—
My mother too lay dead,—
And I was sent to England's shore
To beg my daily bread,—
To beg my bread; but cruel men
Said, Boy, this may not be,
So they locked me in a cold, cold cell,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

They whipped me,—sent me hungry forth;
I saw a lovely field
Of fragrant beans; I plucked, I ate;
To hunger all must yield.
The farmer came,—a cold, a stern,
A cruel man was he;
He sent me as a thief to jail,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

It was a blessed place for me,
For I had better fare;
It was a blessed place for me,—
Sweet was the evening prayer.
At length they drew my prison bolts,
And I again was free,—

Poor, weak, and naked in the street,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

I saw sweet children in the fields,
  And fair ones in the street,
And some were eating tempting fruit,
  And some got kisses sweet;
And some were in their father's arms,
  Some on their mother's knee;
I thought my orphan heart would break,
  For none did pity me;
For none did pity me, kind sir,
  For none did pity me.

Then do you pity me, kind sir?
  Then do you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
  Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
  Ay, fasted nearly three,
And slept upon the cold, hard ground,
  And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
  And none to pity me.

LOVE'S EVENING SONG.

Night's finger hath prest down the eyelids of day,
And over his breast thrown a mantle of gray,—
I'll out to the fields, and my lonely way
Shall be lighted by fancy's burning ray;
And, oh! might I hear my own love say,—
  "Sing on, sing on, I'll bless thy strain,"—
My heart would re-echo most willingly,
  "Amen, sweet spirit, amen!"

I seek the green bank where the streamlet flows,
The home of the bluebell and wild primrose;
Where the glittering spray from the fountain springs,
And twines round the branches like silver strings,
Or falls again through the yellow moon's rays,
Like rich drops of gold—a thousand ways.
I come in thy presence, thou bright new moon!
To spend nature's night, but true love's noon;
To stretch me out on the flowery earth,
And to christen with tears the young buds' birth.

Oh! surely, ye heavens! some being of light
Is descending to earth in this calm, calm night,
Bearing balm and bliss from a holy sphere,
To cheer the hearts that are sorrowing here,
Gently alighting upon each breast
It knew on earth and loved the best;
That its strength be renewed, its sleep be rest,
Its thoughts be pure, and its dreams be blest.
Spirit of brightness on me alight,
  For the thirst of my soul would gladly sip
The dew that is shed from thy downy wing;
  Then breathe, sweet spirit, oh! breathe on my lip,
And teach me the thoughts of my soul to sing,
For my words must be warmed at a holy flame
Ere I venture to breathe my true-love's name!
I speak it not to the worldly throng,
I sing it not in the festive song;
  But when clasped in the arms of the solemn wood,
In the calm of morn and the stillness of even,
  I tell to the ear of solitude
The name that goes up with my prayers to heaven.

Come, Echo! come, Echo! but not from the caves
Where gloom ever broods and the wild wind raves,
Come not in the gusts that sweep over the graves,
In the roar of the storm or the dash of the waves;
But softly, gently, rise from the earth,
  As full as the heave of a maiden's breast,
When the first sigh of love is starting to birth,
  And sweetly disturbing her bosom's rest;
Softly, gently, rise from the bed
Where the young May gowan hath laid its head,
Hath laid its head, and slept all night,
With a dewy heart—so pure and bright;
Come with its breath, and the tinge of its blush,
Come with its smile when the skies grow flush:
Come, and I'll tell thee the secret way
Thou must go to my love with my lowly lay;—
Onward, on, through the silent grove,
Where the tangled branches are interwove;
Onward, on, where the moon's gold beam
Is painting heaven upon the stream;
Through flowery paths still onward, on,
Till you meet my love as you meet the sun—
A being too bright to look proud upon!
But her gentle feet will as softly pass
As the shade of a cloud on the sleeping grass;
And the soul-fed blue of her lovely eye
Is as dark as the depths of the cloudless sky,
And as full of magic mystery!
And, more than all, her breath is sweet
As the blended odours you love to meet,
When you stir at morn the blooming bowers,
And awake the air that sleeps round the flowers.
Then tell her, Echo, my whisper'd vow,
I cannot breathe it so well as thou,
Oh! tell her all I am feeling now!

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbit and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon;
Tak' my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blythe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bricht draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-wing'd swallow, wi' Nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good will
The hard, horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill,
But ance it was said that a bet Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring doon his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows—
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrell'd guns wad an armoury fill -
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin' or christ'nin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleein';
Sic laughin', sic daffin', sic dancin', until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listen'd to music—ilk varying tone
Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone;
But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill-wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnies' meal!
Bless the miller—wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

CURLING SONG.

Hurrah for Scotland's worth and fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
The pastime o' the free, boys.
While head, an' heart, an' arm are strang,
We'll a' join in a patriot's sang,
And sing its praises loud and lang—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Scotland's fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game;
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Gie hunter chaps their break-neck hours,
Their slaughtering guns amang the muirs;
Let wily fisher prove his powers
At the flinging o' the flee, boys.
But let us pledge ilk hardy chiel,
Wha's hand is sure, wha's heart is leal,
Wha's glory's in a brave bonspiel—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—
That Scotland's heroes werena slack
The heads o' stubborn foes to crack,
And mak' the feckless flee, boys.
Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,
They aften tried the curlin' charm
To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear;
We hae this nicht some heroes here,
We aye are blythe to see, boys.
A' brithers brave are they, I ween;
May fickle fortune, slippery queen,
Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May health an' strength their toils reward,
And should misfortune's gales blow hard,
Our task will be to plant a guard
Or guide them to the tee, boys.
Here's three times three for curlin' scenes,
Here's three times three for curlin' freen's,
Here's three times three for beef an' greens—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

A' ye that love auld Scotland's name,
A' ye that love auld Scotland's fame,

A' ye that love auld Scotland's game,
  A glorious sicht to see, boys—
Up, brothers, up, drive care awa';
Up, brothers, up, ne'er think o' thaw;
Up, brothers, up, and sing hurrah—
  The roarin' rink for me, boys.

AYE KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOON THE WATER.

When breastin' up against life's tide,
  Richt in the teeth o' wind and weather—
To dash the giant waves aside,
  When threat'nin' clouds around you gather;
To face misfortune's wildest shocks,
  Although it prove nae easy matter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
  Aye keep your head aboon the water!

Chorus.

Aye keep your head aboon the water,
Aye keep your head aboon the water;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When coward guile would lay ye low,
  When envy watches for your stum'lin',
Turn boldly round upon the foe—
  There's little help in useless grum'lin'!
When malice hides her sunken rocks,
  Your tiny bark o' hope to shatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
  Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When poortith drives ye to the wa',
  To poison ilka earthly pleasure,
Reck not how fortune kicks the ba',
  Count honest fame your greatest treasure.
When slander's tongue your ire provokes,
  That would a vestal robe bespatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
  Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When fickle friendship proves untrue,
  There's nae sweet balm in fits o' sadness;
When love forgets her warmest vow,
  To sigh and pine is dounricht madness.
There's other eyes, and lips, and locks,
  And truer hearts love's hopes to flatter;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
  Aye keep your head aboon the water!

The world will aften do its best
  To fricht you wi' its hollow thunder,
To plant its foot upon your breast,
  To crush you doon, and keep you under.
To guard against its hardest knocks,
  Its threat'nin's to the wind to scatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
  Aye keep your head aboon the water!

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
  The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
  As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
  The foes of auld Scotland for ever will fear it,
"We are saved!—we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
  "'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

  Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
  High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
  High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
  "'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
  But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rushed—
  Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel!
Still the Highland maiden cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
  The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!'
  They are charging and cheering! O dinna ye hear it?"

  Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? &c.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
  Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
  For ever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!

Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

WE'LL HA'E NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE.[1]

Alma, field of heroes, hail!
Alma, glorious to the Gael!
Glorious to the symbol dear,
Glorious to the mountaineer.
Hark, hark to Campbell's battle-cry!
It led the brave to victory;
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

See, see the heights where fight the brave!
See, see the gallant tartans wave!
How wild the work of Highland steel,
When conquered thousands backward reel.
See, see the warriors of the North,
To death or glory rushing forth!
Hark to their shout from front to rear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Braver field was never won,
Braver deeds were never done;
Braver blood was never shed,
Braver chieftain never led;
Braver swords were never wet
With life's red tide when heroes met!
Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Let glory rear her flag of fame,
Brave Scotland cries, "This spot I claim!"
Here will Scotland bare her brand,
Here will Scotland's lion stand!
Here will Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die!
Here shout above the "symbol dear,"
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

SUCCESS TO CAMPBELL'S HIGHLANDMEN.

All beneath an Indian sun,
Another mighty work is done!
Another glorious field is won!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They march! the dauntless hearts and true!
They march! the stainless bonnets blue!
They dash the traitor columns through.
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Chorus.

Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fought the traitors one to ten!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

They charge! the bravest files they break!
They charge! the loudest guns they take!
They charge for dear auld Scotland's sake!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fight! lo, blood-stained Lucknow falls!
They fight! their flag is on its walls!
How true their steel! how sure their balls!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Hail, heroes of a glorious day!
Hail, favourite sons of victory!
Let honours thick your toils repay!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
A nation's love, a nation's praise,
Will wed them to her proudest lays,
And crown with bright immortal bays
Brave Campbell's dauntless Highlandmen!

TO A WOUNDED SEA-BIRD.

I marked the murdering rifle's flash,
I marked thy shattered pinions' dash
Of agony, and heard
Thy wild scream 'bove the wailing blast,
When, stricken low, ye struggled past,
Poor wounded ocean-bird!

---

[1] This fine song was dedicated to Sir Colin Campbell. At the decisive charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of taking the first guns with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud, "We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!" How these heroic words acted upon his brave followers is well known.—ED.

And ever as the swelling wave
Thee and thy riven plumage gave
  Up to my aching sight,
Thy glossy neck, with terror strained,
Showered forth warm crimson drops, which stained
  The sea-surf, foaming white.

Away! on, on the proud ship flies;
And he who struck thee from the skies—
  Heartless destroyer he!—
Feels not a pang for thee, poor thing!
Tossed by the reckless buffeting
  Of the cold careless sea.

Thy mates, perchance to bathe their breast,
May seek a while thy wave to rest,
  With greetings soothing kind!
But soon, alas! they'll gild the air,
With flashing plumage, fresh and fair,
  Leaving thee far behind.

How it will wring thy little heart,
To see thy kindred all depart,
  All glad, refreshed, and free!
Thou'lt stretch in vain thy wounded wing,
Thou may'st not from the wave upspring—
  Alas! poor bird, for thee!

Alas, for thee, poor bird!—no more
'Twill be thy joy with them to soar
  Through sunshine, calm, or storm;
Nor on the shelly shore to land,
And sit like sunshine on the sand,
  Pluming thy beauteous form.

The wintry wind that rudely raves,
The lashing rains, the torturing waves,
  Thy bleeding bosom beats.
The ocean-scattered food doth pass
Before thine eyes, but thou, alas!
  May never taste its sweets.

Cold, nestled on the black sea-rock,
I hear thy little feathered flock
  In piteous accents mourn
For thee and food—but all are gone;
And thou art drifting on, and on,
  And can no more return.

Farewell, poor wounded bird! like thee
Full many a pilgrim o'er life's sea
  In peace would fain float on,
Wer't not that tyrants on the flood
Thirst, ever thirst, to shed the blood
  That's purer than their own!

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

William Bell Scott was born at St. Leonards, near Edinburgh, September 12, 1811. The house then inhabited by his father Robert Scott, a landscape-engraver, was an old-fashioned villa, standing by itself, with a coat of arms over the doorway, both outside and inside of the house showing the characteristics of by-past days. Here his boyhood was passed with his two elder brothers and a sister younger than himself, who died when he was still in his teens. This house and sister he has commemorated in a sonnet, which we give among our selections: it also speaks of his loving, pious mother. His father had at this time a large workshop in Edinburgh, which the boys were in the habit of frequenting; and David the eldest having learned to engrave and etch, finally became a painter, the same course being followed by William. The boys were educated at the high-school of their native city; but our author, who in after years has written so much in biography, criticism, and poetry, does not appear to have been distinguished as a pupil.

The earliest metrical compositions of William are described as of a very ambitious character, his first being a tragedy of the wildest description, which he diffidently persuaded his school companions he had picked up in the street! His first published poem was the "Address to P. B. Shelley," revised and reprinted in his late illustrated volume. It appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1831–32, and was followed by other pieces, and by several in the "Edinburgh University Souvenir," published at Christmas, 1834. This volume, emulating the annuals then fashionable, was written and produced by a few students in the theological section, these being the most intimate friends

of Scott at this time, although he had long before entered the Trustees' Academy of Art, and had determined his path in life.

At the age of twenty-five he resolved to leave Edinburgh, and proceeded to London in Sept. 1836. He here became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who was then editing the *Monthly Repository*, in which Scott printed a poem of considerable length called "Rosabell," afterwards re-christened "Mary Anne," by which he became favourably known. In 1838, when he was beginning to exhibit at the British Institution and elsewhere, he issued his first book, a very small one, called "Hades, or the Transit," two poems with two etchings by himself. This little volume, like his later ones the "Year of the World" and "Poems by a Painter," both of which in their original form were to some extent illustrated with designs by himself, is now an object of rarity and prized as such, although we believe the author would rather it had never been published at all, as the second of the two poems is a juvenile expression of the fact that there is a progress in human affairs as represented by history; and as this formed the motive in the scheme of the only large poem he has produced, the "Year of the World," which is so able and splendid as a whole, he would rather that the latter had stood quite alone.

Before the "Year of the World" was produced Scott had taken a step which seriously militated against his position as a historical painter, by connecting himself with the newly-formed Government Schools of Design, and by leaving London, the centre of the arts in England. Having organized the School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, however, he was fortunate to be commissioned by Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint eight important pictures for the saloon of his large house at Wallington. These pictures, four of the ancient and four of the later "History of the English Border," are among the few excellent monumental works in painting yet existing in England.

His eldest brother David, the author of two poems, and a painter of great intellectual activity, died in 1849, and William published his memoir in 1850. This volume was the beginning of his prose publications, which have now lengthened out to a considerable list. The next was "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," followed by "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Arts." The last we need to mention is "Albert Dürer, his Life and Works," 1869. Previous to this the volume of miscellaneous poems entitled "Poems by a Painter" had appeared, the date of the first issue being 1864. Mr. Scott was now, if not one of the popular poets—which possibly he never can be—known to the initiated, and appreciated by the "inner circle," and he was content to remain so till 1875, when he thought the time had come when he "should put his poetical house in order." He accordingly issued a beautiful edition of the majority of his poems, entitled "Poems, Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.," richly illustrated by himself and his friend L. Alma Tadema, R.A. It is now many years since Mr. Scott returned to London, and finally took up his residence there.

SONNET—MY MOTHER.

ST. LEONARD'S, EDINBURGH, 1823.

A pebbled pathway led up to the door
  Where I was born, with holly hedge confined,
  Whose leaves the winter snows oft interlined;
Oft now it seems, because the year before
My sister died, we were together more,
  And from the parlour window every morn
  Looked on that hedge, while mother's face, so worn
With fear of coming ill, bent sweetly o'er.
And when she saw me watching, smile would she,
  And turn away with many things distraught;
  Thus was it manhood took me by surprise,
The sadness of her heart came into me,
  And everything I ever yet have thought
  I learned then from her anxious loving eyes.

WOODSTOCK MAZE.

"O never shall anyone find you then!"
  Said he, merrily pinching her cheek;

"But why?" she asked,—he only laughed,—
"Why shall it be thus, now speak!"
"Because so like a bird art thou,
Thou must live within green trees,
With nightingales and thrushes and wrens,
And the humming of wild bees."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Nay, nay, you jest, no wren am I,
Nor thrush nor nightingale,
And rather would keep this arras and wall
'Tween me and the wind's assail.
I like to hear little Minnie's gay laugh,
And the whistle of Japes the page,
Or to watch old Madge when her spindle twirls,
And she tends it like a sage."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Yea, yea, but thou art the world's best Rose,
And about thee flowers I'll twine,
And wall thee round with holly and beech,
Sweet brier and jessamine."
"Nay, nay, sweet master, I'm no Rose,
But a woman indeed, indeed,
And love many things both great and small,
And of many things more take heed."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day,
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Aye, sweetheart, sure thou sayest sooth,
I think thou art even so!
But yet needs must I dibble the hedge,
Close serried as hedge can grow.
Then Minnie and Japes and Madge shall be
Thy merry-mates all day long,
And thou shalt hear my bugle-call
For matin or even-song."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Look yonder now, my blue-eyed bird,
See'st thou aught by yon far stream?
There shalt thou find a more curious nest
Than ever thou sawest in dream."
She followed his finger, she looked in vain,
She saw neither cottage nor hall,
But at his beck came a litter on wheels,
Screened by a red silk caul;
He lifted her in by her lily-white hand,
So left they the blythe sunny wall.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

The gorse and ling are netted and strong,
The conies leap everywhere,
The wild-brier roses by runnels grow thick;
Seems never a pathway there.
Then come the dwarf oaks, knotted and wrung,
Breeding apples and mistletoe,
And now tall elms from the wet mossed ground
Straight up to the white clouds go.
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"O weary hedge, O thorny hedge!"
Quoth she in her lonesome bower,
"Round and round it is all the same;
Days, weeks, have all one hour;
I hear the cushat far overhead,
From the dark heart of that plane,
Sudden rushes of wings I hear,
And silence as sudden again.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Maiden Minnie she mopes by the fire,
Even now in the warmth of June;
I like not Madge to look in my face,
Japes now hath never a tune.
But, oh, he is so kingly strong,
And, oh, he is kind and true;
Shall not my babe, if God cares for me,
Be his pride and his joy too?
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"I lean my faint heart against this tree,
Whereon he hath carved my name,
I hold me up by this fair bent bough,
For he held once by the same;
But everything here is dank and cold,
The daisies have sickly eyes,
The clouds like ghosts down into my prison
Look from the barred-out skies.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"I tune my lute and I straight forget
What I minded to play, woe's me!
Till it feebly moans to the sharp short gusts
Aye rushing from tree to tree.
Often that single redbreast comes
To the sill where my Jesu stands;
I speak to him as to a child; he flies,
Afraid of these poor thin hands!
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"The golden evening burns right through
My dark chamber windows twain:

I listen, all round me is only a grave,
  Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
  And at each cry, yes, no, yes!
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed
  Once, twice, ah! it flieth amiss!
    Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
    Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Hark! he comes! yet his footstep sounds
  As it sounded never before!
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
  But I'll hide behind the door."
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
  It was Queen Eleänore;
And at once she felt that it was death
  The hungering she-wolf bore!
    Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
    Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

PARTED LOVE.

I.—THE PAST.[1]

Methinks I have passed through some dreadful door,
  Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades
  From a dank waste of marsh and ruinous shades:—
And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core;
  That day of days when hand in hand became
  Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
  Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so sweet,
    The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
  Together, and the temple-pulses beat!
    All gone now—where am I, and where art thou?

II.—THE PRESENT.

No cypress-wreath nor outward signs of grief;
  But I may cry unto the morn, and flee
  After the god whose back is turned to me,
And touch his wings and plead for some relief:
Draw, it may be, a black shaft from his sheaf:—
  For now I know his quiver harbours those
  Death mixed with his, as the old fable shows,
When he slept heedless on the red rose leaf.
And I may open Memory's chamber-door
To grope my way around its noiseless floor,
  Now that, alas! its windows give no light,
Nor gentle voice invites me any more;
  For she is but a picture faintly bright
  Hung dimly high against the walls of night.

III.—MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—
  I did believe the lost one's slumbering head
  Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,
  A guest that left me only when the day
  Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night! thou wert our mother at the first,
  Thy silent chambers are our homes at last;
    And even now thou art our bath of life.
Come back! the hot sun makes our lips athirst;
  Come back! thy dreams may recreate the past;
    Come back! and smooth again this heart's long strife.

IV.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Rest here, my heart, nor let us further creep;
  Rest for an hour; I shall again be strong,
  And make for thee another little song:
Rest here, and look down on the tremulous deep,
Where sea-weeds like dead mænad's long locks sweep
  Over that dreadful floor of stagnant green,
  Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been,
Nor even yet can scarce be said to sleep.

Beyond that sea, far o'er that wasteful sea,
The sunset she so oft hath seen with me
  Flames up with all the arrogances of gold,
Scarlet and purple, while the west wind falls
  Upon us with its deadliest winter-cold;—
Shall we slide down? I think the dear one calls!

SAINT MARGARET.

The wan lights freeze on the dark cold floor,
Witch lights and green the high windows adorn;
The cresset is gone out the altar before,

[1] W. M. Rosetti remarks in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1876, that one of the forms of verse in which the poet-painter succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. —Ed.

She knows her long hour of life's nigh worn,
And she kneels here waiting to be re-born,
On the stones of the chancel.

"That door darkly golden, that noiseless door,
Through which I can see sometimes," said she,
"Will it ever be opened to close no more;
Will those wet clouds cease pressing on me;
Shall I cease to hear the sound of the sea?"
Her handmaids miss her and rise.

"I've served in life's prison-house long," she said,
"Where silver and gold are heavy and bright,
Where children wail, and where maidens wed,
Where the day is wearier than the night,
And each would be master if he might."
Margaret! they seek thee.

The night waxed darker than before;
Scarce could the windows be traced at all,
Only the sharp rain was heard rushing o'er;
A sick sleeper moaned through the cloister wall,
And a horse neighed shrill from a distant stall,
And the sea sounded on.

"Are all the dear holy ones shut within,
That none descend in my strait?" said she;
"Their songs are afar off, far off and thin,
The terrible sounds of the prison-house flee
About me, and the sound of the sea."
Lights gleam from room to room.

Slowly a moonshine breaks over the glass,
The black and green witchcraft is there no more;
It spreads and it brightens, and out of it pass
Four angels with glorified hair,—all four
With lutes; and our Lord is in heaven's door.
Margaret! they hail thee.

Her eyes are a-wide to the hallowed light,
Her head is cast backward, her bosom is clad
With the flickering moonlight pale purple and white;
Away to the angels her spirit hath fled,
While her body still kneels,—but is it not dead?
She is safe, she is well!

MRS. JANE C. SIMPSON.

Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson is a daughter of the late James Bell, advocate, and was born at Glasgow in 1811. Her first verses appeared in the *Greenock Advertiser* while her father resided in that town. To the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by her brother Henry Glassford Bell, she afterwards contributed many beautiful poems under the assumed name of "Gertrude," and subsequently various articles in prose and verse to the *Scottish Christian Herald*. In 1836 Miss Bell published a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Piety of Daily Life*. A collection of her poems, which she called *April Hours*, was published in 1838; and in 1848 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled *Woman's History;* followed in 1859 by *Linda, or Beauty and Genius*, a metrical romance. Mrs. Simpson's last work appeared under the title of *Picture Poems*. She is the author of the beautiful and much-admired hymn beginning "Go when the morning shineth," and a frequent contributor to *Good Words* and other current periodicals. In July, 1837, Miss Bell was married to her cousin Mr. J. B. Simpson of Glasgow, in which city they chiefly resided for many years. Her present home is at Portobello, near Edinburgh.

THE LONGINGS OF GENIUS.

It is a sacred privilege to lofty natures given,
Even while in mortal guise, to walk midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
To own all gentle sympathies that bind the human race,
Yet rise in pure and earnest aim, a brighter course to trace.

Creation teems with poetry—above, beneath, around—
Thought, fancy, feeling, lie enshrined in simplest sight and sound;
Mysterious meaning clothes whate'er we hear, or touch, or view,
And still the soul aspires to grasp the beautiful and true!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

Within a lonely chamber burn'd a single sickly lamp,
Around the watcher's brows the dews of night hung cold and damp,
The page yet wet before him lay, the faithful record bore
Of many a high heroic thought he in his bosom wore.
But though the strain his muse had coin'd would soon, in cadence deep,
Cause manly hearts to thrill response, and gentle eyes to weep,
The pen dropped sadly from his hand, his head lean'd on his breast—
Alas! how feebly had his song the burning soul express'd!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

It was a gorgeous landscape on the ample canvas lay—
Wood, valley, mountain, lake, and river stretching far away,
In some sweet southern clime of earth, where skies are blue and warm,
And seldom Nature's smiling face is marr'd by gloom and storm;
So fresh the sod whence, blushing, peep'd the softly-cradled flowers,
So rich the radiance mantling round the ruin's ivied towers.
This is no *picture!* On my cheek I feel the balmy breeze;
I hear the murmur of the stream, the song-birds in the trees.
Thanks! great magician-painter, thanks! whose mind and hand unite
To steep the dreaming senses thus in silent, deep delight!
Well may'st thou now the lofty mien and flush of triumph wear;
Ah! why instead that sunken eye, those looks of pallid care?
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

'Tis ever thus! The souls that prove their source and end divine
Must ceaseless strive, yet never win the prize for which they pine;
Whate'er is purest, loveliest, best, floats on their tide of thought,
But, like the rainbow's fleeting form, dissolves ere it is caught.
And why is this, if not to teach that beauty, truth, and love
Have but one birth-place and one goal—the land of light above,
Where, far beyond our highest dreams of poetry or art,
Inviolate perfection reigns serene through every part!
O Genius! there, and there alone, thy longings wild and vain,
Expanding still, shall all at last their bright fulfilment gain!

GOOD ANGELS.

An angel came down in the still of the night,
And stood by the bed of a sleeping child.
He breathed in his ear; and I knew that the words
Were a whisper of joy—for the cherub smiled.
Then the angel flew back to his home; and I heard,
As the golden gates were wide open thrown,
Ten thousand voices the tidings rehearse—
"O child of earth! thou art all our own!"

An angel came down at the dusky dawn,
Where a youth kept watch on the field of fight:
The hostile camp in the distance loom'd,
And the grass waving green would be red ere night.
But the soldier's heart was of metal true—
God's trust and strength in his blue eye shone:
So the angel went up, and the voices rang forth—
"O child of earth! thou art still our own!"

An angel came down as the twilight closed,
To a lighted hall, where the wine flow'd free:
And the young man laugh'd as the ribald jest
And the song rose high of the drunkard's glee.

Ah! then fell a shade on that pale pure face
(As the summer moon veil'd in a soft mist o'er);
And tender and low was the seraph's strain—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down on a forest glade
As the stars went out at the flush of day,
Where one, with hot cheek and a blood-stain'd sword,
Through the dewy copse strode in haste away.
For angry words overnight, they had met
As foes this morn who were friends of yore,
And the angel went up with the murmur'd sigh—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down as the moonbeams play'd
'Mong the scatter'd gray stones of the old churchyard,
Where the strong man, bowing his anguish'd head,
By a fresh grave knelt on the cold damp sward.
The gentle friend of his youth was at rest,
And the fruits were blessed her memory bore:
So the angel flew up with a smile, and they sang—
"O child of earth! thou art ours once more!"

An angel came down to a darken'd room,
Where a father lay pale on his dying bed;
The daughter, sole light of his widow'd home,
In tears heard the blessings he pour'd on her head.
As the angel look'd, the soul broke free,
And he bore it in triumph to God the giver;
Then rang heaven's arch with the welcome shout—
"O child of earth! thou art ours for ever!"

Thus watching and waiting with zeal untired,
Good angels hover round pilgrims here;
And whether in folly's or wisdom's scene,
Be sure that some radiant spirit is near.
And oh, my brother! as first they found thee—
A blossom of hope on life's desert thrown—
May the bright host hail thee at last, in glory—
A child of heaven, and all their own!

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Upon the city's dusty street the sun beat fierce and high,
For biting winds had sudden veer'd, and summer fleck'd the sky:
And at a tall house-door flung wide a chariot stood in wait,
With bag and box atop, behind—a mix'd suggestive freight;
While children's merry voices rang upon the quiet air,
And boys and girls with sunshade hats tripp'd nimbly down the stair,
And leapt into the carriage straight; while on the steps apace,
With shawl and cloak the parents came, and smiling took their place.
"Oh! but the town is hot and dry—here we no longer stay;
Off to the country cool and clear, on wings of light away!"
The door was bang'd, the reins caught up, the whip was crack'd amain.—
Will rattling wheels to young fresh hearts e'er bring such joy again?—

In that same street, that very hour, in that bright morn of spring,
A gentle form of maiden grace lay wan and withering;
And as her quick ear caught the sound of horses' trampling feet,
She knew that household band was borne to life more green and sweet.
Yet if a pang came o'er her heart it vanish'd in a sigh,
And holier meanings lit the depths of her resplendent eye;
And as the sounds in distance died, a low clear voice awoke,
Of tone so flute-like that it seem'd she rather sang than spoke:
"Yes, *these* to fields and woods are gone, with pulses bounding high,
For May now hangs her blossoms 'neath a blue delicious sky;
And they will climb the mountains and inhale the balmy breeze,
And gather flowers, and launch the boat upon the sunny seas,
Then pluck the autumn fruits, and stand beside the golden grain,
And when the winds blow chill, return to city's home again.
But I—oh! fairer far the land to which I surely go,
Where fadeless trees are mirror'd in the crystal river's flow;
Where high upon the hills of God, aye steep'd in golden sheen,
The angels find their radiant rest 'mong pastures ever green;

Where peace unutterable fills like light the liquid air,
And speech divinest music hath, for perfect love is there.
Say, what are all the loveliest scenes here spread from shore to shore,
To that far boundless summer-land whence travellers come no more?
Oh! but this earth is dim and drear—I would I were away!
Home to that country of the soul, this early morn of May."

The prayer went up as incense from a holy censer pour'd,
Down came the willing angel straight, and loosed the silver cord:
And when that eve the boys and girls ran shouting by the sea,
She went to spend the long bright days where summers ceaseless be.

TEDIUM VITÆ.

Thou sayest "I am weary. Day by day,
Time, like a quiet river, glideth on;
No ruffle on the tide, no shifting skies—
Naught save the noiseless round of common tasks.
Oh! 'tis a tasteless life. Heaven send me change!"

Friend, many feel as thou, the thought unshaped;
Many are vainly, vaguely weary thus.
Such weariness is rash, ungrateful, mean.
Consider—change brings grief more oft than joy;
Monotony of good is good supreme,
And pain's exemption test of health entire.

Oh! there be men and women who ne'er owned
Of thy full measured blessings even a tithe:
Whose natural wants, health, money, friends denied,
Might well have sapped the core of sweet content,
And caused them pine, and fret, and weep for change—
Who yet go almost singing on their way:
Such music patience makes in great meek souls!

Art weary of God's love, that wraps thee close
In the sweet folds of mercy hour by hour?
Weary of strength renewed and sight undimmed,
To walk 'mid summer scenes 'neath open skies?
Weary of friendship's voice that woos thee forth,
And calm affection of the household band,
That watch thy steps and hail thee home with smiles?—
Art weary of all fair and gracious things
That make the sum of good to man below—
Food, raiment, kindred and domestic ties,
Music and books, and art's exhaustless stores,
With glorious pageantry of nature's realm?
If these have wearied thee, look to thyself—
Thy wit's diseased. Go, pray to have it healed.
Down, down upon thy knees; or if there be
A lowlier posture, wherein knees, hands, face,
Clasp the cold earth, pour out thy spirit there;
And, while hot tears for pardon plead, cry out
"O Lord! change naught but this weak, thankless heart!"

I KNOW NOT.

I know not if thy spirit weaveth ever
The golden fantasies of mine for thee;
I only know my love is a great river,
And thou the sea!

I know not if the time to thee is dreary,
When ne'er to meet we pass the wintry days;
I only know my muse is never weary,
The theme thy praise.

I know not if thy poet heart's emotion
Responsive beats to mine through many a chord;
I only feel in my untold devotion
A rich reward.

I know not if the grass were waving o'er me,
Would nature's voice for thee keep sadder tune:
I only know wert thou gone home before me,
I'd follow soon.

But while thou walk'st the earth with brave heart ever,
I'll singing go, though all unrecked by thee
My great affection floweth like a river,
And thou the sea!

TO A FRIEND.

How art thou spending this long summer day,
Beloved friend, where'er thy home may be?
On breezy heather uplands dost thou stray,
Or by the margin of the sounding sea?

Is the boat mirrored in the glassy lake
Where thou art resting on suspended oar—
Or, in some nook reclined of forest brake,
Dost linger o'er the page of classic lore?

Ah! well I know that nature's holy face
Will woo thee from thy prison-house of care;

Will deepen in thy soul the poet grace,
And wider ope the golden gate of prayer.

I sit and watch the ocean's quivering sheen—
The old romance of youth still round me clinging,
Dreaming of thousand things that might have been,
And losing half my sadness in my singing!

PRAYER.[1]

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love!

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

BORN 1811 — DIED 1870.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, the author of some pleasing patriotic songs, &c., was born at Edinburgh in 1811. He received an ordinary education, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to a bookseller. A large circulating library connected with his employer's shop enabled him to gratify his taste for reading, and he soon became devoted to verse-making, contributing to the newspapers and periodicals of the day, including *Blackwood's Magazine*. He afterwards became a lawyer's clerk in Dundee, and was subsequently employed in the customs at Liverpool and Leith.

In 1843 Sinclair published a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Poems of the Fancy and the Affections*. To the work entitled *Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington*, published in 1852, he was a contributor. While residing at Leith he enjoyed the intimate friendship of the poets Gilfillan, Moir, and Vedder. Robert Nicoll submitted the first edition of his poems to his revision. Several of his patriotic strains have been set to music, and continue to enjoy a wide-spread popularity, not only in his native land but also in the United States and the Canadas. His poem of "The Royal Breadalbane Oak" was an especial favourite with Sir Allan MacNab, Bart., prime minister of Canada. For several years previous to his death Mr. Sinclair resided at Stirling, where he was connected with the local press, and acted also as the correspondent of several of the daily newspapers. He died, April, 1870, and a neat monument, erected by public subscription, marks the place of his interment.

[1] This much-admired hymn has been attributed to different authors, among others to the Earl of Carlisle. It appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of Feb. 26, 1831, where it is signed "Gertrude."—ED.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

Thy queenly hand, Victoria,
By the mountain and the rock,
Hath planted 'midst the Highland hills
A Royal British Oak;
Oh, thou guardian of the free!
Oh, thou mistress of the sea!
Trebly dear shall be the ties
That shall bind us to thy name,
Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
To thy fame, to thy fame!

The oak hath scatter'd terror
O'er our foemen from our ships,
They have given the voice of England's fame
In thunders from their lips;
'Twill be mirror'd in the rills!
It shall wave among the hills!
And the rallying cry shall wake
Nigh the planted of thy hand,
That the loud acclaim may break
O'er the land, o'er the land!

While it waves unto the tempest,
It shall call thy name to mind,
And the "gathering" 'mong the hills shall be
Like the rushing of the wind!
Arise! ye Gaels, arise!
Let the echoes ring your cries,
By our mountain's rocky throne,
By Victoria's name adored—
We shall reap her enemies down
With the sword, with the sword!

Oh, dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee!
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths, who stand around,
Like brave slips from freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee!

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age:
By the royal voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave!

IS NOT THE EARTH.

Is not the earth a burial place
Where countless millions sleep,
The entrance to the abode of death,
Where waiting mourners weep,
And myriads at his silent gates
A constant vigil keep?

The sculptor lifts his chisel, and
The final stroke is come,
But, dull as the marble lip he hews,
His stiffened lip is dumb;
Though the Spoiler hath cast a holier work,
He hath called to a holier home!

The soldier bends his gleaming steel,
He counts his laurels o'er,
And speaks of the wreaths he yet may win
On many a foreign shore;
But his Master declares with a sterner voice
He shall break a lance no more!

The mariner braved the deluge long,
He bow'd to the sweeping blast,
And smiled when the frowning heavens above
Were the deepest overcast;
He hath perish'd beneath a smiling sky—
He hath laid him down at last.

Far in the sea's mysterious depths
The lowly dead are laid,
Hath not the ocean's dreadful voice
Their burial service said?
Have not the quiring tempests rung
The dirges of the dead?

The vales of our native land are strewn
With a thousand pleasant things;
The uplands rejoicing in the light
Of the morning's flashing wings;
Even there are the martyrs' rugged cairns—
The resting-place of kings!

And man outpours his heart to heaven,
And "chants his holiest hymn,"
But anon his frame is still and cold,
And his sparkling eyes are dim—
And who can tell but the home of death
Is a happier home to him?

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Francis Bennoch was born in the parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, June 25, 1812. At the age of sixteen he went to London and entered a commercial house, where he remained for a period of nine years. In 1837 he began business as a merchant on his own account, and is now the head of the well-known firm of Francis Bennoch & Co.

Bennoch had been two years in the metropolis before his Scottish feelings sought expression in verse, and it was in the *Dumfries Courier* that his first poetic essay found its way to the public. Amid the cares of business he has always found time to pay court to literature and to cultivate the society of artists and literary men. He proved a kind friend to the eccentric and unfortunate Haydon, who never applied to him in vain; and it is probable that had Bennoch not been absent on the Continent at the time, the sad termination of that artist's career might have been averted. He also rendered very essential service to the late Miss Mitford, and it was through his intervention that the public were gratified by the issue of *Atherton and other Tales*, and also by a collected edition of her dramatic works, which she dedicated to him as a mark of her gratitude and esteem. At his residence in Leicester Square, London, artists and authors are constantly met; and Mr. Bennoch's business connections with the Continent and the United States, both of which he has repeatedly visited, contribute very much to gather at his elegant entertainments a variety of eminent foreigners and literary men of the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a frequent guest of Mr. Bennoch's at his former residence at Blackheath Park, and was indebted to him for the use of a mansion-house about a mile distant from his own, which the gifted writer so charmingly described as "Our Old Home."

Three volumes of Bennoch's poems have been published in London; he has besides contributed extensively both in prose and verse to the periodicals of the day. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a member of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Society of Literature. In a note to the Editor Mr. Bennoch remarks, "I am still engaged in business, where I am only known as a man of business, few dreaming that I ever wrote any notes but business notes."

MAY-DAY FANCIES.

The biting wintry winds are laid,
  And spring comes carolling o'er the earth;
Mead, mountain, glen, and forest glade
  Are singing with melodious mirth.
The fields have doff'd their sober brown,
  And donn'd their robes of lovely green.
On meadow wide, on breezy down,
  Are flowers in countless myriads seen.
    Come forth, come forth, enjoy the day,
    And welcome song-inspiring May!

Through bud and branch, and gnarled trunk,
  To deepest root, when quickening light
Touches the torpid juices, sunk
  In slumber by the winter's might,
Electric currents tingling rise,
  Each circle swells with life anew;
Wide opening to the sunny skies,
  Young grateful blossoms drink the dew.
    Come forth, time-furrowed age, and say,
    If anything feels old in May?

Step o'er the brook, climb up the bank,
  And peep beneath those wither'd leaves—
Among the roots with wild weeds rank;
  See how the fruitful earth upheaves
With pulsing life! How quiveringly
  The timid young flowers, blushing, bend
Their gentle heads, where modesty
  And all the graces sweetly blend.
    Come forth, come forth, ye young, and say
    What cheeks can vie with rosy May?

From desk and 'Change come forth and range;
  From clanging forge, and shop, and mill;
From crowded room, from board and loom,
  Come! bid the rattling wheels be still.

Come, old and young, come, strong and weak,
  Indulge the limb and brain with rest.
Come gushing youth and wrinkled cheek,
  In leisure feel your labour blest.
    Come forth, come forth, and hail the day,
    Come, welcome in the glorious May!

Come, ere the dappled East has burn'd—
  Made molten gold the winding stream;
Come, ere the fiery sun has turn'd
  The pearly dew to misty steam;
Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
  Or lambkin bleated on the hill;
Come, see how nature looks in rest,
  And learn the bliss of being still.
    Come forth, come forth, and hail the day!
    Come, welcome blossom-teeming May!

Æolian murmurs swell the breeze,
  Enchant the ear, and charm the brain;
While merry bells and humming bees
  Fill up the burden of the strain.
On earth, in air, oh, everywhere,
  A brighter glory shines to-day;
Old bards reveal how birds prepare
  New songs to herald joyous May.
    Come forth, come forth, nor lingering stay.
    Come, crown with flowers the matchless May!

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
  To servile host or lordly crest,
But that mysterious voiceless word,
  By which the world is onward prest—
Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
  And stars their path of glory keep,
Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
  And dreaming infants smile in sleep.
    That voice, resistless in its sway,
    Turns winter wild to flowery May.

From edges of the dusky shade,
  That canopies the restless town,
Come trooping many a youth and maid,
  With flushing face and tresses brown.
High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
  They seek the wild-wood's haunted dell;
They laughing come, by twos and threes,
  But chiefly twos. I mark them well—
    So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
    With them it seems 'tis always May.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew;
  Then follow wondrous wringings out;
As wingèd seeds were blown, they knew
  What laggard lovers were about.
Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
  If love declared be love sincere;
Or in red ragged streaks discern
  Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
    Oh, love is earnest though in play,
    When comes the love-inciting May.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,
  Chaplets are twined for blushing brows;
While gipsies work their magic spells,
  And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
Then round and round with many a bound,
  They tread the mystic fairy ring;
The silent woods have voices found,
  And echoing chorus while they sing:
    "With shout and song, and dance and play,
    We welcome in the glorious May!"

Link'd hand in hand, their tripping feet
  Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice;
They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
  Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
The ring is formed for kisses sly—
  Leaping and racing o'er the plain;
The young wish time would quicker fly,
  The old wish they were young again.
    Away with care: no cares to-day!
    Care slumbers on the lap of May!

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
  Now gently, kindly whispers "Home!"
To-day has been a day of mirth;
  To-morrow nobler duties come.
Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
  Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,
To mingle with the web of life—
  And memory store with woods and streams.
    Such joys drive cankering care away;
    Then ever welcome, flowery May!

THE LIME TREE.

Sing, sing the lime,—the odorous lime!
  With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
  For lovers to loiter and talk unseen—
When high overhead its arms are spread,
  And bees are busily buzzing around,
When sunlight and shade a woof have laid
  Of flickering net-work on the ground.
I love the lime—the odorous lime!
  With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
To its balmy bower in the noontide hour
  Is wafted pleasure on wings unseen.

When the Switzer fought and gallantly wrought
  His charter of freedom with bow and spear,
A branch was torn from the lime, and borne
  As the patriot's hope, and the tyrant's fear.
They proudly tell where the herald youth fell
  With a living branch in his dying hand;
Blood-hallowed, the tree is of liberty
  The sacred symbol throughout the land.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
  With tassels of gold and leaves so green;

The whisperings heard when its leaves are stirred,
  Are the voices of martyrs that prompt unseen.

I love it the more for the days of yore,
  And the avenue leading—I tell not where;
But there was a bower, and a witching flower
  Of gracefullest beauty grew ripening there.
From valley and hill, from forge and mill,
  From neighbouring hamlets murmurs stole;
But the sound most dear to my raptured ear
  Was a musical whisper that thrilled my soul.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
  With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
  For lovers to wander and woo unseen.

When the gairish noon had passed, and the moon
  Came silvering forest and lake and tower,
In the hush of night, so calm and bright,
  How silent and sweet was the linden bower.
They may boast of their forests of larch and pine,
  Of maple and elm and scented thorn,
Of ash and of oak, defying the stroke
  Of the tempest on pinions of fury borne;
Give me the lime—the odorous lime!
  With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The vows that are made beneath its shade
  Are throbbings of spirits that bless unseen.

OUR SHIP.

A song, a song, brave hearts a song,
  To the ship in which we ride,
Which bears us along right gallantly,
  Defying the mutinous tide.
Away, away, by night and day,
  Propelled by steam and wind,
The watery waste before her lies,
  And a flaming wake behind.
    Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
      That carries us o'er the sea,
    Through storm and foam, to a western home,
      The home of the brave and the free.

With a fearless bound to the depths profound,
  She rushes with proud disdain,
While pale lips tell the fears that swell,
  Lest she never should rise again.
With a courser's pride she paws the tide,
  Unbridled by bit, I trow,
While the churlish sea she dashes with glee
  In a cataract from her prow.
    Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She bears not on board a lawless horde,
  Piratic in thought or deed,
Yet the sword they would draw in defence of law,
  In the nation's hour of need.
Professors and poets, and merchant men
  Whose voyagings never cease;
From shore to shore, the wide world o'er,
  Their bonds are the bonds of peace.
    Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She boasts the brave, the dutiful,
  The aged and the young,
And woman bright and beautiful,
  And childhood's prattling tongue.
With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
  And we fear not the storm or squall;
For faithful officers rule the helm,
  And Heaven protects us all.
    Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
      That carries us o'er the sea,
    Through storm and foam, to a western home,
      The home of the brave and free.

LONDON.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,
  Then, London, one to thee!
Thine ancient name all tongues proclaim
  The watchword of the free;
Where'er the flag of liberty
  Is righteously unfurl'd,
There London is;—her mighty heart
  Beats through the civil world.
    Then ho! for London brave and high,
      Which she shall ever be,
    While justice rules within her walls,
      And honour guides the free.

Of conquering peace the pioneers
  Her dauntless merchants are;
Her ships are found the world around,
  Her sons 'neath every star.
Her sheltering tree of liberty
  Spreads hourly more and more;
Its roots run under every sea,
  It blooms on every shore.
    Unfading youth, untarnished truth,
      Great London! bide with thee;
    Of cities,—queen, supreme, serene,
      The leader of the free.

In days of dread, she boldly stood
  Undaunted, though alone,
To guard with might the people's right
  Invaded by the throne;
And yet when civil fury raged,
  And loyalty took wing,
Her gallant bands, with bows and brands,
  Defended well their king.
    Then ho! for London, might and right,
      With her twin brothers be;
    To curb with right the despot might,
      Exalting still the free!

The wandering king, of crown bereft,
  The patriot, lone, exiled,
Alike find refuge and repose
  Where freedom ever smiled;
And evermore she spreads her store
  The exile to maintain,
And what has been her pride before,
  Shall be her pride again.
    Then ho! for London, ward and guard
      To all who refuge seek;
    A terror to the tyrant strong,
      A shelter to the weak.

And now within her ancient halls,
  Where freemen ever stand,
She welcomes men from every clime,
  With open heart and hand;
She welcomes men of every creed,
  The brave, the wise, the good;
And bids all nations form indeed
  A noble brotherhood.
    Clasped hand in hand, let all mankind
      Like loving brothers be;
    From pole to pole, let every soul
      United be—and free.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

With lofty song we love to cheer
  The hearts of daring men;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
  The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
  Devoted to the brave,
Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
  A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
  How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
  But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
  They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
  And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
  Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
  And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
  That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
  On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
  She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
  And holy made the place.
They knew that they were cared for then,
  Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
  And thought of early years—
Of early years, when all was fair,
  Of faces sweet and pale.
They woke; the angel bending there
  Was—Florence Nightingale!

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills the wintry wind
  Blew fiercely—wildly screaming.
Adown the glen rushed tawny floods—
The tempest rocked the Closeburn woods
  Where lay the cushats dreaming.
And dreaming too a maiden lay,
A maiden lovely as the day,
And sweet as is the scented May,
  Lay Hebe fondly dreaming.

Over the hills the spring winds came,
  Softly, gently blowing.
Adown the glen the glancing rills
Came dancing from the Closeburn hills
  In sweetest cadence flowing:
And down the glen a gallant came,
Who woke to life love's latent flame,
New life awakened by a name
  That came like music flowing.

Over the hills the summer breeze
  Came with odours laden—
Odours wafted from the trees
Where sing the happy summer bees—
  And happy made the maiden.
For with it came sweet orange flowers,
So wisely prized in lady bowers.—
Oh, Hebe is no longer ours,
  For married is the maiden.

UNDER THE LINDEN.

Come—come—come!
  You know where the lindens bloom;
Come—come—come!
  And drink of their sweet perfume.
Come! meet me, beloved, beneath their shade,
When day into night begins to fade;
A time for wooers and wooing made
  Is the twilight's deepening gloom.

Wait—wait—wait!
  I will come unto thee betimes;
Wait—wait—wait!
  I will come with the evening chimes—

I will come when shimmering up the sky
The light of the day retreats on high,
And darkening shadows unveiling lie
  Beneath the odorous limes.

Here—here—here!
  My beautiful met at last.
Here—here—here!
  My sheltering arm thou hast.
The storms of life may fiercely blow,
And sorrow in surging tides may flow.
Come wealth or want—come pleasure or woe,
  My treasure is in thy breast.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO HAWTHORNE.[1]

A verse!—My friend, 'tis hard to rhyme
  When cares the heart enfold,
And Fancy feels the freezing time,
  And shrivels with the cold.
And yet, however hard it seems
  To generously comply,
The heart, fraternal, throbbing, deems
  It harder to deny.

Few love the weary winter time,
  When trees are gaunt and bare,
And fields are gray with silver rime,
  And biting keen the air.
Though all without is weird and waste,
  And shrill the tempest's din,
With those well suited to our taste
  How bright is all within!

But oh! the spring, the early spring,
  Is brimming full of mirth,
When mating birds, on happy wing,
  Rain music on the earth;
And earth, responsive, spreadeth wide
  Her leafy robe of green,
Till March is wreathed in flowery pride—
  A smiling virgin queen.

Oh! that dear time is dearer made
  By love's mysterious will,
Which in the sun and in the shade
  Its impulse must fulfil;
In wood, or wild, or rosy face,
  The law is broad and clear;
Love lends its all-entrancing grace
  To spring-time of the year.

Spring-time, my friend, with mystic words,
  Has filled thy life with joy,
Bound close thy heart with triple cords
  That age can ne'er destroy.
For her, thy first—so fair, so good,
  So innocent and sweet—
An angel pure as model stood!
  The copy, how complete!

Oh! sacred season, ever blest,
  When saints their offerings bring,
Thou to thy heart an offering prest
  More fair than flowers of spring.
A miracle!—long ere the frost
  Or snowdrift passed away,
Thy Hawthorne into blossom burst,
  Anticipating May!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

BORN 1812—DIED 1872.

NORMAN MACLEOD was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, June 3, 1812. He belonged to a race of ministers. His grandfather was the pastor of Morven, and was succeeded in

[1] The following verses were composed at the urgent request of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne—a distinguished American writer, and an intimate and very dear friend of the author of them—on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth-day of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter Una. Hence the allusion in the last verse. The poem was written in 1854, and is now first published. Mr. Hawthorne was then staying at Leamington, in Warwickshire, busy with the last sheets of his Italian romance *Transformation*. In the words of the author, "the verses bring up many pleasant recollections dimmed by the remembrance that he who could rouse with a skill unequalled the tenderest emotions, and depict with infinite power the deepest passions of the human heart, is mouldering in the tomb. Those who knew Mr. Hawthorne best loved him most; and all who were acquainted with the plans he had hoped to carry out regret that death should have stilled the heart and stayed the hand before his greatest work was accomplished."—ED.

that office by one of his sons, whose tall figure and stately gait procured for him the name of "the high-priest of Morven." Norman's father was minister first of Campbeltown, afterwards of Campsie, and finally of St. Columba Church, in Glasgow. He was said to be one of the most eloquent Gaelic preachers of his day, and was a great authority in all matters pertaining to the Gaelic language. Norman was educated partly at the University of Glasgow, after leaving which he spent some time in Germany, and finally completed his divinity studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers, with whom he was a favourite student. In 1838, almost immediately after being licensed, he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, Ayrshire. Here he continued for about five years, and when the secession of the Free Church from the Establishment took place in 1843 he received the charge of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was while minister here that he first began to attract the notice of the Church and the public. About this time he became the editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, which he conducted for ten years. In 1846 he was intrusted by the General Assembly with a mission to Canada on the affairs of the Church. In 1851 he was inducted into the Barony parish, Glasgow, one of the most influential charges in Scotland. From this time his fame as a preacher gradually increased, and his church was every Sunday filled to overflowing by crowds eager to hear him. In 1854 he published his first work of importance, being the memorials of his friend John Macintosh, under the title *The Earnest Student*. In October of that year he first preached before the Queen in the parish church of Crathie. Henceforth his life seems to have been one continuous series of labours. Not content with the arduous duties of his large and populous parish, which he performed with an efficiency and zeal that has been seldom equalled, he threw his whole soul also into the general work of the Church. In all her schemes of public usefulness, all her efforts to elevate and Christianize the masses at home or the heathen abroad, he ever took the warmest interest. Year after year he travelled through the country, everywhere addressing meetings, and seeking to infuse into others some of the enthusiasm that burned within himself. On all matters pertaining to Christian life, every scheme that aimed at improving the social or moral condition of the working poor, no one could speak with more eloquence than he, and no one was ever listened to with more rapt attention. Nor all this time was his pen idle, as is shown by the large number of works published under his name, including sermons, lectures, addresses, devotional works, treatises on practical subjects, tales, travels, children's songs and stories, all bearing the impress of his warm heart and enthusiastic nature.

In 1860 *Good Words* was begun, a magazine which he continued to edit till his death; and every volume of it was enriched with much in prose and verse from his own pen. But it is to his tales that he chiefly owes his position in literature: "The Old Lieutenant and His Son;" "The Starling, a Scotch story;" the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," in which he gives a picture of life in the parish of Morven; "Character Sketches," containing eleven tales, among others "Billy Buttons," with its racy humour, and "Wee Davie," the best known and most pathetic of all his stories; and "Eastward," an account of his travels in Egypt and Palestine in 1865. These, which appeared originally in the pages of *Good Words*, were afterwards published separately at different times. In 1865 considerable excitement was produced in Scotland by his opposition to the strict views on the observance of the Sabbath laid down in a pastoral address which the presbytery of Glasgow had proposed to issue; but the suspicion of "heresy" on this point gradually died out. In 1867 he was commissioned by the General Assembly to visit the mission-field of the Church in India, and his "Peeps at the Far East," which also appeared in *Good Words*, are a memorial of this visit. From the shock which his system received from the fatigues of his eastern journey and the climate Dr. Macleod never quite recovered, and he died on June 16, 1872, aged sixty years. He sleeps in Campsie churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "trust in God and do the right."

In 1858 Mr. Macleod received the honorary degree of D.D. He was also appointed one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, one

of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the order of the Thistle. In May, 1869, was conferred upon him by acclamation the last honour which he lived to receive, that of being elected to the moderator's chair in the General Assembly, and never was honour more richly deserved or more hardly earned. An interesting memoir of the far-famed Scottish minister, from the pen of his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., appeared in 1876.

In alluding to Dr. Macleod's death Dean Stanley said, in a sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey—"When ten days ago there went up the sound of great lamentation as of a multitude weeping for a lost chief, in the second greatest city of the empire, when rich and poor of all creeds and opinions followed to his grave the great Scottish pastor, whose good deeds had so endeared him to all who knew him, and whose *Good Words* had reached thousands who had never seen his face, in homes and lands far away, what was it that shed over the close of that career so peaceful, so cheering a light? It was that he was known to have fought the good fight manfully, that he had finished his course with joy, and had done what in him lay to add to the happiness and goodness of the world."

DANCE, MY CHILDREN!

"Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
  Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
  Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"Make the old barn shake with laughter,
  Beat its flooring like a drum,
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
  Till the storm without is dumb!

"Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
  Flit across like meteors glancing,
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
  Think of nothing but of dancing!"

Thus a gray-haired father speaketh,
  As he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
  And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

Well he knows this world of sorrow,
  Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
  What's to lose, and what's to win!

But he hears a far-off music
  Guiding all the stately spheres—
In his father-heart it echoes,
  So he claps his hands and cheers.

TRUST IN GOD.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
  Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
  And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
  Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
  Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
  Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
  Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding;
  Inward peace, and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding:
  "Trust in God, and do the right."

CURLER'S SONG.

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
  "Tak' care," quo' the wifie, "gudeman, o' yer cough;"
A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin'!
  This day we're to play the bonspiel on the loch!

Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift's beginning to blink,
Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I am aff for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
"Ready noo!" "soop it up!" "clap a guard!" "steady noo!"
Oh! curlin' aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard;
And see hoo they gether, comin' ower the brown heather,
The servant and master, the tenant and laird!
There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be.
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin'
Wi' *whirr* an' a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.
Then hurrah, &c.

It's an unco-like story that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangie like dogs ower a bane;
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in the frosty weather let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,
And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah, &c.

WE ARE NOT THERE, BELOVED!

A VOICE HEARD WHILE LOOKING AT THE GRAVES OF OUR HOUSEHOLD AT CAMPSIE.

We are not there, beloved!
So dry those tearful eyes,
And lift them up in calmness
To yonder cloudless skies;

To yonder home of glory,
Where we together live,—
'Tis all our Saviour died for,
'Tis all our God can give.

Yet, in that home of glory,
Midst all we hear and see,
The past is not forgotten,
And we ever think of thee—

Of thee and all our dear ones,
Far dearer now than ever,
For we are one in Jesus,
And nothing can us sever.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
And let those eyes be dry—
Oh, be not crushed by sorrow,
Nor ever wish to die.

Wish only to act bravely
In doing our Father's will,
And where our Master puts thee,
Be faithful and be still.

Be still! for God is with thee,
And thou art not alone,
But one in all thy labours
With the hosts around his throne.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
For not an hour is given
That may not make thee fitter
To join us all in heaven.

What though no sin or sorrow
Are in our world above,
Thy world below most needeth
The life and light of love.

Thou canst not see our glory
Beyond that peaceful sky,
Nor canst thou tell when angels
Or dearer friends are nigh:

But thou canst see the glory
Of our Saviour and our Lord,
And know his living presence,
And hear his living word.

Him, dear one! trust and follow,
Him hear with faith and love,
And He will lead thee safely
To join us all above.

And then we will remember,
And talk of all the past,
When sin and death have perished,
And love alone shall last.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Never did a kinder mother
Nurse a child upon her knee;
Yet I knew somehow or other
That she always feared for me.

When at school my teacher told her
I was busy as a bee—
Learning more than others older—
She was pleased—yet feared for me.

All the summer woods were ringing
With my shouts of joyous glee,
Through the house she heard me singing—
Yet she always feared for me.

Was she whimsical, or fretted?
That the dear one could not be!
Was I selfish, false, or petted?
That she always feared for me.

Did she think I did not love her,
Nor at heart with her agree?
Vain such question to discover
Why she always feared for me!

But one morn, in anguish waking
With a dreadful agony,
She said, in hers my small hand taking,
"He was drowned this day at sea."

And she told how but one other
Branch grew from her household tree,
And lest I, the best, should wither,
That was why she feared for me!

Then convulsively she snatched me;
Setting me upon her knee—
To her beating heart she clasped me,
While I sobbed, "Why fear for me?—

"For you told me I must walk, too,
In the path my father trod,
And that he, with none to talk to,
On the ocean walked with God.

"Often did you tell me, mother,
That our father's God was near—
That his Saviour was my brother—
Therefore I should never fear."

"I'll walk," I said, "as did my father;
Why then should you fear for me?
I'll not grieve you, for I'd rather
Sleep beside him in the sea!"

Then, again, she hugged and kissed me,
While I saw the shadows flee
From her anxious face that blessed me,
Now from sad forebodings free.

As she looked to Heaven, saying:—
"Thou hast given this child to me!"
Whispering o'er me, as if praying,
"Never more I'll fear for thee!"

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

I.

Tick! tick! tick! my heart is sick
To hear how time is flying;
For at break of day I must haste away,
And leave dear Kitty a-crying.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick, tick, tick?
Go slowly!—

II.

Tick—tick—tick—my heart is sick
To hear how time doth tarry;
For at break of day I will haste away,
My own dear Kitty to marry.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick—tick—tick!
So slowly!

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

What holy calm is this! The mountains sleep,
Wrapped in the sun-mist, through which heaven-born gleams
Kiss their old foreheads till they smile in dreams
Of early youth, when rising from the deep.

Baptized by God, they shared man's sinless days:—
Dreams, too, of Restoration, when shall cease
Creation's groans in universal peace,
And harmonies of universal praise.

But hark! From yonder glen the kirk-bell rings,
Where lambs at play 'midst purple heather bleat,
And larks make glad the air; while shepherds meet
To worship Christ. Good Lord! Thy world now sings
The hymn that louder yet shall fill the sky,
Of "Peace on earth! Glory to God on high!"

A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Ah! sune ye'll lay yer mither doon
In her lanely bed and narrow;
But, till ye're sleepin' by her side,
Ye'll never meet her marrow!

A faither's love is strong and deep,
And ready is a brither's,—
A sister's love is pure and sweet—
But what love's like a mither's?

Ye mauna greet ower muckle, bairns,
As round the fire ye gaither,
And see the twa chairs empty then,
O' mither and o' faither;

Nor dinna let yer hearts be dreich,
When wintry winds are blawin',
And on their graves, wi' angry sugh,
The snelly drift is snawin';

But think of blyther times gane by—
The mony years of blessing,
When sorrow passed the door, and nane
Frae 'mang ye a' were missing.

And mind the peacefu' gloamin' hours
When the out-door wark was endin',
And after time, when auld gray heads
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy baith are noo,
Aboon a' thocht or tellin';
For they're at hame, and young again,
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there
Yer faither and yer mither,
O love their God, and be gude bairns,
And O love ane anither!

JAMES C. GUTHRIE.

James Cargill Guthrie was born at Airniefoul Farm, in the parish of Glamis, Strathmore, Forfarshire, August 27, 1812. His father, a respectable tenant-farmer, could trace his descent from James Guthrie, the famous Scotch worthy who suffered martyrdom for his adherence to the Covenant at Edinburgh in 1651; and his mother was descended from the no less famous Donald Cargill, who suffered for the same cause in 1681. He was educated first at the neighbouring parish school of Kinnettles, and was afterwards sent to Montrose Academy, where he successfully studied for some years. Being intended by his parents for the Church, he then attended the necessary classes in Edinburgh University; but circumstances intervened which completely changed his destination, and instead of the Church he was consigned to the counting-house. This disappointment in the choice of a profession seems to have tinged with a kind of unrest the whole of his future life, and to have struck that tender chord which has given a tone of pensive sadness to all his writings.

Guthrie wrote verses from his earliest years; yet, although assiduously cultivating his poetical gifts, and occasionally contributing to magazines and reviews, he did not publish until 1851, and even then his *Village Scenes* appeared anonymously, so sensitively doubtful was he of ultimate success. Nevertheless the first edition of this long descriptive poem at once gained the ear of the public, and was rapidly disposed of. The work has now reached a fifth edition. In 1854 he published "The First False Step," which was also well received. In 1859 another continuous poem from his pen appeared entitled "Wedded Love." A large volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "My Lost Love, &c.," was published by him in 1865; followed in 1867 by "Summer Flowers." The last of his poetical works is "Rowena; or the Poet's Daughter," a poem in blank verse, which appeared in 1871.

The versatility of our author's genius showed itself by his publication in 1875 of *The Vale of Strathmore: its Scenes and Legends*, a large and exhaustive prose work, full of historical and legendary lore. He is also the author of several popular songs, amongst which may be noticed "The Bonnie Braes o' Airlie" and "The Flower of Strathmore," which have taken a high place amongst standard Scotch songs. In 1829, when a mere youth, he aided materially in establishing and conducting the *Christian Reporter*, the first cheap religious periodical published in Scotland. In this magazine, besides several able

papers in prose, appeared for the first time many of the earlier effusions of his muse.

In 1868 Mr. Guthrie was chosen from amongst a number of candidates to fill the position of principal librarian in the Dundee Public Library, then newly established. The duties of this office he continued satisfactorily to discharge until the whole library had been put into complete and thorough working order, when he retired from its management, receiving from the library committee, as representing the town-council and ratepayers, a handsome recognition of his valuable services.

THE UNSEEN.

'Twas on a wild and gusty night, in winter's dreary gloom,
I sat in meditation rapt, within my lonesome room,
While like a panorama passed the days of love's sweet joy,
And all youth's blissful visions bright which cheered me when a boy.

The winds let loose, mad shrieking howled, among the leafless trees,
Sad from the distance hollow came the murmur of the seas,
While on the trembling window-panes wild dashed the sobbing rain,
Like a maiden by her lover left in sorrow and in pain.

Clear high above the blast arose, like an ancient melody,
The silver tones of a well-known voice—"I come, my love, to thee;
My broken vows forgive, fain I would come to thee for rest,
And pillow soft my weary head upon thy faithful breast."

Like summer cloud across the blue, a shadow on my soul
Fell dark and heavily, but quick it vanished like a scroll:
Yes, freely I forgave, forgot the change she'd wrought in me,
And seizing quick the lamp, I cried, "I come, my love, to thee!"

The door I opened wide, and blushed to welcome to my hearth,
Her to my heart the dearest jewel, most precious gem of earth:
Alas! the flickering taper frail, it went out like a spark,
And lo! all weeping, left me lone, faint crying in the dark—
"Belovèd! O belovèd! come, I wait to welcome thee!"
But no refrain came answering back, save the wailing of the sea:
Yet still I cried—"Belovèd, come"—as if I'd cry my last,
Heard only by the rushing wind mock'd by the stormy blast!

Deserted, sad, woe's me! return'd into my widow'd room,
The chambers of my soul hung round with dark funereal gloom,
Loud on the shivering window-panes wild beats the sobbing rain,
Like a lover by his false one left in sorrow and in pain!

THE LINKS O' BARRY.

In young life's sweet spring-time, one morn,
My heart like wax inclining
Some pure impression to receive,
My future keen divining;
A comely maiden fair I met
That made my footsteps tarry,
And bless the hour I wander'd forth
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, fragrant flowers 'mong sylvan bowers,
No longer can I tarry;
Far dearer to my heart the breeze
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Her eyes like violets steep'd in dew,
Her hair like sunshine glancing,
Like cherries ripe her pouting lips,
Her lily cheeks enhancing.
And O, her voice so soft and low,
Like music did she carry
My fluttering heart within her own,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O bonnie streams, sweet mountain streams,
With you I cannot tarry,
Far dearer to my heart the sea
That laves the Links o' Barry.

I took the rose-bud from my breast,
She, blushing, kiss'd its blossom;—
"Will you be mine?"—"I will;" the flower
She laid upon her bosom:
Then hand clasp'd hand, and lip met lip;
No longer could we tarry,
But vowed oft-times to meet again
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, hazel glades, sweet hazel glades,
'Mong you I cannot tarry;
The trysting hour approaches, love,
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Oh, cruel fate! why thus our hearts
So early, sadly sever;
Woes me! I mourn like wounded dove,
For ever and for ever!
Where'er you be, sweet early love,
My blessing with you carry,
Oft-times I muse on love's first joys,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
Bowers, glades, and streams, now fain would I
Among you ever tarry,
The trysting hour now comes no more
Adown the Links o' Barry.

THE MINSTREL'S LAY.

The winds were whistling loud and shrill,
Fast fell the wild and sobbing rain,
While in my desolate home I mused
Of joys which ne'er come back again.

My thoughts were melted into tears,
That ran like rivers to the sea,
Sore yearn'd my heart for those I loved,
With them I longed—oh! longed to be.

Thus hopeless, weeping like a child,
I heard no sound of opening door,
Nor human voice admittance claim,
Nor footsteps pace the oaken floor.

Yet there my own loved brother sat,
And smiled so sweetly now on me,
That lighter grew my heavy heart—
I wonder'd what his words might be!—

"With hope, dear brother, have I come
To guide you 'cross the stormy sea,
No longer mourn, weep, weep no more,
But come, my brother, come with me.

"All that you loved on earth have gone,
No one remains your heart to cheer;
A welcome waits you in the sky—
Oh! why then linger, tarry here?

"The world unheeds, nay, mocks your grief;
Night's gone; 'tis near the break of day;
The voyage is short, the shore soon reached—
Come, come, my brother, come away!"

I rose, enraptured, to embrace,
To take him kindly by the hand;
Then go together to rejoin
My all in that bright sunny land.

But he was gone! remembrance came;
I, trembling, held my stifling breath—
My brother dead for twenty years;
Oh! I have shaken hands with Death!

The ghostly warning well I know,
I'll welcome glad the break of day:
Hush!—listen—full the chorus swells—
"Come, come, my brother, come away!"

FORGET HER?

Forget her? mock me not; behold
The everlasting hills,
Adown whose rugged fissures dash
A thousand flashing rills;
E'en they, inheriting decay,
Slow moulder, though unseen;
But love, celestial sacred flower,
Is ever fresh and green.

Forget her? gaze on that bright stream,
E'er deepening as it runs
Its rocky channel, leaping free,
In storms and summer suns.
So in my heart of hearts do years,
As onward swift they roll,
The deeper grave in diamond lines
Her name upon my soul.

Forget her! hast thou ever loved?
Know then love cannot die;
Eternal as the eternal God,
'Twill ripen in the sky.
O yes! sad, drench'd in tears on earth,
By storms and tempests riven,
'Twill only blossom in its prime
In the golden air of heaven!

WILLS' BONNIE BRAES.

We love but once; in after life,
'Midst sorrows, hopes, and waes,
How fondly turns my yearning heart
To Wills' bonnie braes!

Upon a flower-enamelled bank
  We sat in golden joy,
Within our inmost heart of hearts
  What bliss without alloy!

The glad birds sang their even-song
  Above each guarded nest,
Then folding soft their dewy wings,
  Sank lovingly to rest.

Coy with her sunny ringlets fair
  Did arch the zephyr's play,
While murmured fondly at our feet
  The wavelets of the Tay.

Expressive silence reigned around,
  I clasp'd her hand in mine—
She raised her eyes—I read it there—
  Her answer—"I am thine!"

Alas! cruel Mammon with his wand
  Hath cleft the rocks in twain,
And all our favourite pathways sweet
  Have crumbled in the main.

All, all is changed, yet not more changed,
  Woe's me, alas! than she;
Yet no reproach escapes my lips,
  Though ever lost to me.

No turning love to scornful hate.
  No wailing o'er my waes;
I only dream of early joys,
  On Wills' bonnie braes.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' AIRLIE.

Bonnie sing the birds in the bright English valleys,
Bonnie bloom the flowers in the lime-sheltered alleys,
Golden rich the air, with perfume laden rarely,
But dearer far to me the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Winding flows the Cam, but it's no my ain loved Isla;
Rosy decked the meads, but they're no like dear Glenisla;
Cloudless shines the sun, but I wish I saw it fairly
Sweet blinkin' through the mist on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Thirsting for a name, I left my native mountains,
Drinking here my fill at the pure classic fountains;
Striving hard for fame, I've wrestled late and early,
An' a' that I might rest on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Yonder gleams the prize for which I've aye been longing—
Darkness comes atween, my struggles sad prolonging,
Dimly grow my een, and my heart is breaking sairly,
Waes me! I'll never see the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

THE FLOWER OF STRATHMORE.

The morning star's waning, the wild deer are springing,
  And fair breaks the morn on the vale I adore,
Hark! sweet o'er the homesteads the lav'rocks are singing
  Of golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

To songs of the mountains I've listen'd when roaming,
  And heard the lute touch'd on a far southron shore,
But sweeter to me in the calm summer's gloaming,
  The voice of my Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

Her hair of the sunniest, her eyes of the bluest,
  On the lea tripping light as the fawn on the moor,
Her soul of the purest, her heart of the truest,
  All rivals excelling, the flower of Strathmore.

Come, hope of my life, the light of each morrow,
  In my heart fondly nestling, a love evermore,
To bless me in gladness, to cheer me in sorrow,
  Dear, golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore!

ROBERT NICOLL.

BORN 1814—DIED 1837.

Few among the long list of Scottish poets of the nineteenth century have more closely approached the standard of their great master Burns than ROBERT NICOLL, who was born at Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, January 7, 1814. His father was at that time a farmer in comfortable circumstances; his mother's name was Grace Fenwick, a daughter of the venerable Seceder "Elder John," of whom Nicoll speaks so frequently and affectionately in his poems. His mother was the poet's first and almost only teacher, and by her aid he could read the New Testament when five years of age. At this period a sad reverse befell the family. His father had become security to a large amount for a relative, who failed and absconded, and Mr. Nicoll's ruin was the immediate consequence. He gave up his entire property to satisfy the creditors of this individual; he lost even the lease of his farm, and with his wife and several young children he left the farmhouse and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented. The young poet was thus from the date of his earliest recollection the son of a very poor man and the inmate of a very lowly home. In his sixth year he attended the parish school for a short time, and at seven he was set to herd in the fields during the summer months. Even at this early age Robert was a voracious reader, and never went to the herding without a book under his plaid; and from his studious disposition he was known among his young companions by the name of *the minister*. When about twelve he was taken from herding and set to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. During this time Robert was a diligent home student, and managed to acquire some knowledge not only of arithmetic and grammar, but also of Latin and geometry. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and although working from seven in the morning until nine at night, yet found time by abridging his hours of sleep to write verses and correspond for a newspaper. His first production as an author was an Italian love-story entitled "Il Zingaro," which appeared in *Johnstone's Magazine*. His health began to fail before the expiry of his apprenticeship, and in 1832 he returned home to be nursed by his loving mother. He rapidly recovered, and in September of that year he proceeded to Edinburgh in search of other employment. Here he met his friend Mr. Johnstone, and was introduced to Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Robert Gilfillan. Disappointed in not finding employment in Edinburgh, he opened a small circulating library in Dundee, and the year following published a volume of *Poems and Lyrics*, which was well received by the press and public.

The business upon which Nicoll had entered not proving profitable, he abandoned it and went again to Edinburgh, tormenting himself with the thought of an unpaid debt of £20, which his mother had borrowed to aid in establishing him in business. "That money of R.'s," he writes, "hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship, on earth than is. . . . Half the unhappiness of this life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not *my* way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed."

He obtained temporary employment in the

office of Mr. Tait, and through the kind intervention of that gentleman in the summer of 1836 he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times*, with a salary of £100 per annum. This was a weekly newspaper representing extreme Radical opinions, and Nicoll entered upon the work of editor with a burning zeal. "He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought their interests; but, amidst a struggle which scarcely admitted of a moment for reflection on his own position, the springs of a naturally weak constitution were rapidly giving way and symptoms of consumption became gradually apparent." The excitement of a political contest during a parliamentary election completed the physical prostration of the poet-editor; he removed to Knaresborough, and from thence to Laverock Bank, the residence near Leith of his friend Mr. Johnstone. Here he lingered until December 9, 1837, when his gentle spirit passed away. His remains were followed to the churchyard of North Leith by a large assemblage, and were interred near the grave of the dramatic poet John Home. It is now (1876) proposed to erect a suitable monument over the poet's grave. In 1836 Nicoll married Miss Alice Suter of Dundee, a lady possessed of sweet and gentle manners, and an unbounded admiration of her husband's talents. Her health was, like his own, extremely delicate; but although at first she appeared likely to precede her husband to the grave, she survived him for a considerable period before falling a victim to the same malady.

A second edition of Nicoll's poems, with numerous additions and a memoir of his life by Mrs. Johnstone, was published in 1842 by Mr. Tait, the publisher of the magazine which bears his name, and who had proved himself a faithful friend to the young poet. Since that date numerous editions of Nicoll's poems have appeared in Great Britain and the United States. Although some of his songs have attained a popularity only surpassed by those of Burns, they are not equal to his serious poems, which breathe that simple and pure piety which may be looked for in the descendant of such parents as his—"decent, honest, God-fearing people." Ebenezer Elliott says of Nicoll: "Unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns; happy in this, that without having been a 'blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious,' he chose, like Paul, the right path: and when the terrible angel said to his youth, 'Where is the *wise?*—where is the *scribe?*—where is the *disputer?* Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' he could and did answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Robert Nicoll is another victim added to the hundreds of thousands who 'are not dead, but gone before,' to bear true witness against the merciless."

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Infant! I envy thee
Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain;
Angels around thee hover in thy glee
A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blessèd things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
Ay, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent,
They bud and bloom; and straight their infant hours,
Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er:—
Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,
And blithe and happy be!

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the leaves are singing!

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheeks with tears:
Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?—
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
And from the right, ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth;
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest, has unveil'd her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree,
In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream;
Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood, and impurity, and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Come sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er—thou art a *man!*—
The struggle and the tempest both begin
Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can
A victory to win!

Say, toilest thou for gold?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?
A proud ambition, trifler, doth thee raise!
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may wondering gaze!

But would'st thou be a man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-soul'd freeman or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon-grave!

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To heaven, from whence it came!

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning, light and free!
The pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me!

THE MORNING-STAR.

Thy smile of beauty, Star!
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale mystery! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity!

Star! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far, cold way:—
From time's first breath till now,
On thou hast flitted like an ether fay!
Where is the land from whence thou first arose;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway goes?

Pale dawn's first messenger!
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be!
Thou tellest earth and air
Of light and glory following after thee;
Of smiling day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness weeping!

Sky sentinel! when first
The nomade patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still;
And changeless thou hast looked on race, and name,
And nation, lost since then—but *thou* art yet the same!

Night's youngest child! fair gem!
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and to thy name
His own would join; then tremble when thou wast

In darkness; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blushed to earth—and thus the dreamer dreamed and died!

Pure star of morning love!
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly blow
In bushy dells, where thrush and blackbird sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven thou back dost bring!

Star of the morn! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait;
'Tis thine the bliss to see
Of lovers fond who 'mid the broom have met:
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled dream!

Lone thing!—yet not more lone
Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,
With hopes all fled and gone—
Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.
Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far,
When blighted by deceit the heart's affections are!

Mysterious morning star!
Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,
Than others nobler far—
Thou art like some free soul, which here hath come
Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthrall'd—
A spark of mind, which God through earth to heaven hath call'd!

Pure maiden star! shine on,
That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of thee!
A home art thou—a throne—
A land where fancy ever roameth free—
A God-sent messenger—a light afar—
A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the morning star!

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATION.

Nae sweetheart hae I—
Yet I'm no that ill-faur'd;
But there's ower mony lassies,
An' wooers are scared.
This night I the hale
O' my tocher wad gie,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Syne I wad get plenty
About me to speer—
Folk wadna be fashious
'Bout beauty or gear.
Hearts broken in dozens
Around I wad see,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Ae lover would ha'e
A' my errands to rin;
Anither should tend me
Baith outby an' in;
And to keep me gude-humour'd
Would tak twa or three,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Fond wooers in dozens,
Where I hae'na ane,
An' worshippin' hearts
Where I'm langin' alane:
Frae morning to e'enin',
How bless'd I wad be,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me!

A daft dream was yon—
It has faded awa';
Nae bodie in passin'
E'er gies *me* a ca'—
Nae sweetheart adorin'
I ever shall see,
Till a' ither bodie
Be married but me!

THE HA' BIBLE.[1]

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirred,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure and free—
The God-enamell'd flowers—
The waving forest—the eternal sea—

[1] Wm. Howitt says:—"The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Robert Burns."—Ed.

The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

Oh! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The slave who reads shall never crouch again!
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given earth and sea and air—
Yea all that heart can ask of good and pure and fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That ALL thy Book might read,
And justice love, and truth, and liberty.
The gift was unto men—the giver God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go, spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth and truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting vow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read?

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

ORDÉ BRAES.

There's nae hame like the hame o' youth—
Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there.
An' I ha'e sat by mony streams—
Ha'e travell'd mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes,
By the burnie's side, an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love,
Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince in a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side;
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.
But thae hames are gane, an' the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth raze;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Gang ower the Ordé Braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' oh! an' I were there,
Wi' twa-three friends o' auld langsyne,
My wanderin' joy to share.
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A bit happy hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair!
Hame!—oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail, shakin' auld age, will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

THE HERD LASSIE.

I'm fatherless and motherless,
There's nane on earth to care for me;
And sair and meikle are the waes
That in the warld I maun dree.
For I maun work a stranger's wark,
And sit beside a stranger's fire;
And cauld and hunger I maun thole
From day to day, and never tire!

And I maun herd frae morn to e'en,
Though sleety rain upon me fa',
And never murmur or complein—
And be at ilka body's ca'.
I needna deck my gowden hair,
Nor mak' mysel' sae fair to see,
For I'm an orphan lassie puir—
And who would look or care for me?

The lave ha'e mithers gude and kind,
And joyful is ilk daughter's heart;
The lave ha'e brithers steve and strang,
To haud ilk loving sister's part.
But I'm a puir man's orphan bairn,
And to the ground I laigh must bow,
An' were it nae a sinfu' wish,
Oh! I could wish the warld through!

The caller summer morning brings
Some joy to this wae heart o' mine;
But I the joy o' life wad leave,
If I could wi' it sorrow tine.
My mother said, in Heaven's bliss
E'en puir herd lassies had a share;
I wish I were where mither is—
Her orphan then would greet nae mair!

BE STILL, THOU BEATING HEART.

Be still, be still, thou beating heart,—
Oh cease, ye tears, that fill my e'e;
In warldly joys I ha'e nae part—
Nae blithesome morning dawns for me.
I ance was glad as summer winds,
When fondling 'mang the grass sae green;
But pleasure now hath left my breast—
I am na' like what I ha'e been.

I ance was loved,—I loved again
The spreest lad in a' our glen;
I kent na' then o' care or pain,
Or burning brow, or tortured brain.
I braided then my flowing hair,
I had o' love and peace my fill;
Deep, deep I drank—but a' has gane—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should two hearts together twined
Be sever'd by stern fate's decree?
Why doth the brightest star of mind
Oft turn its darkest cloud to be?
My Jamie left his native glen,
My silken purse wi' gowd to fill;
But oh, he ne'er came back again—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should I longer watch and weep?
Hame, hame to yonder glen I'll gae;
There in my bridal bed I'll sleep,
Made i' the kirkyard cauld and blae.
I'll soon, soon wi' my Jamie meet,
Where sorrow has nae power to kill;
Earth's waes are past—and my poor heart
Will soon have peace—will soon be still.

THE PLACE THAT I LOVE BEST.

Where the purple heather blooms
Amang the rocks sae gray—
Where the moorcock's whirring flight
Is heard at break of day—

Where Scotland's bagpipes ring
  Alang the mountain's breast—
Where laverocks lilting sing,
  Is the place that I love best!

Where the lonely shepherd tends
  His bleating hill-side flock—
Where the raven bigs its nest
  In the crevice of the rock—
Where a guardian beacon-tower
  Seems ilk rugged mountain's crest,
To watch aboon auld Scotland's glens,
  Is the place that I love best!

Where the shepherd's reeking cot
  Peeps from the broomy glen—
Where the aik-tree throws its leaves
  O'er the lowly but an' ben—
Where the staunch auld-warld honesty
  Is in the puir man's breast,
And truth a guest within his hame,
  Is the place that I love best!

Where the gray-haired peasant tells
  The deeds his sires have done,
Of martyrs slain in Scotland's muirs,
  Of battles lost and won—
Wherever prayer and praise arise
  Ere toil-worn men can rest,
From each humble cottage fane,
  Is the place that I love best!

Where my ain auld mither dwells,
  And longs ilk day for me—
While my father strokes his reverend head,
  Whilk gray eneuch maun be—
Where the hearts in kirkyards rest
  That were mine when youth was blest,
As we rowed amang the gowans,
  Is the place that I love best!

Where the plover frae the sky
  Can send its wailing sang,
Sweet mingled wi' the burnie's gush
  That saftly steals alang—
Where heaven taught to ROBERT BURNS
  Its hymns in language drest—
The land of Doon—its banks and braes—
  Is the place that I love best!

Where the straths are fair and green,
  And the forests waving deep—
Where the hill-top seeks the clouds—
  Where the caller tempests sweep—
Where thoughts of freedom come,
  To me a welcome guest—
Where the free of soul were nursed,
  Is the place that I love best!

THE PUIR FOLK.

Some grow fu' proud o'er bags o' gowd,
  And some are proud o' learning:
An honest poor man's worthy name
  I take delight in earning.
Slaves needna try to run us down—
  To knaves we're unco dour folk;
We're aften wrang'd, but, deil may care!
  We're honest folk, though puir folk!

Wi' Wallace wight we fought fu' weel,
  When lairds and lords were jinking;
They knelt before the tyrant loon—
  We brak his crown, I'm thinking.
The muckle men he bought wi' gowd—
  Syne he began to jeer folk;
But neither swords, nor gowd, nor guile
  Could turn the sturdy puir folk!

When auld King Charlie tried to bind
  Wi' airn, saul and conscience,
In virtue o' his right divine,
  An' ither daft-like nonsense;
Wha raised at Marston such a stour,
  And made the tyrants fear folk?
Wha prayed and fought wi' Pym and Noll?
  The trusty, truthfu' puir folk!

Wha ance upon auld Scotland's hills
  Were hunted like the paitrick,
And hack'd wi' swords, and shot wi' guns,
  Frae Tummel's bank to Ettrick,—
Because they wouldna let the priest
  About their conscience steer folk?
The lairds were bloodhounds to the clan—
  The martyrs were the puir folk!

When Boston boys at Bunker's Hill
  Gart slavery's minions falter;
While ilka hearth in a' the bay
  Was made fair freedom's altar:
Wha fought the fight, and gained the day?
  Gae wa', ye knaves! 'twas our folk:
The beaten great men served a king—
  The victors a' were puir folk!

We sow the corn and haud the plough—
  We a' work for our living;
We gather nought but what we've sown—
  A' else we reckon thieving:—
And for the loon wha fears to say
  He comes o' lowly, sma' folk,
A wizen'd saul the creature has—
  Disown him will the puir folk!

Great sirs, and mighty men o' earth,
  Ye aften sair misca' us;

And hunger, cauld, and poverty
  Come after ye to thraw us.
Yet up our hearts we strive to heeze,
  In spite o' you and your folk;
But mind, enough's as gude's a feast,
  Although we be but puir folk!

We thank the Powers for gude and ill,
  As gratefu' folk should do, man;
But maist o' a' because our sires
  Were tailors, smiths, and ploughmen.
Good men they were, as staunch as steel—
  They didna wrack and screw folk:
Wi' empty pouches—honest hearts—
  Thank God, we come o' poor folk!

MILTON.—A SONNET.

Blind, glorious, aged martyr, saint, and sage!
  The poet's mission God revealed to thee,
To lift men's souls to Him—to make them free;—
With tyranny and grossness war to wage—
A worshipper of truth and love to be—
  To reckon all things nought but these alone;—
To nought but mind and truth to bow the knee—
  To make the soul a love-exalted throne!
Man of the noble spirit!—Milton, thou
  All this did'st do! A living type thou wert
Of what the soul of man to be may grow—
  The pure perfection of the love-fraught heart!
Milton! from God's right hand, look down and see,
For these, how men adore and honour thee!

DEATH.[1]

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
  Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps,
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
  A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!
  Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
  Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
  Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
  The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
  After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
  Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul! in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
  One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
  To lands which know not one unhappy hour;—
I have a hope—a faith;—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
  Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
  Something of good and beauty—something fair,
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better, all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
  Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
  May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day! shine on, be glad; days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes, than those of mortal are!

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
  I would be laid where happy hearts can come:—

---

[1] This poem is believed to be the last, or among the last, written by Nicoll. A long poem, which he said would be by far the best thing he had ever written, founded on the story of Arnold of Brescia, was left unfinished, but the world would be glad to see the fragment, as yet unpublished.—Ed.

The worthless day I heed not; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now;—
Open my chamber-window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook;
I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave,
Existence and its change my spirit cannot grieve!

JAMES HEDDERWICK.

James Hedderwick was born in Glasgow, January 18, 1814.[1] At an early age he was put to the printing business in his father's establishment. His tastes, however, being more literary than mechanical, he became dissatisfied with his position, and devoted all his leisure hours to study and composition, contributing in prose and verse to various newspapers and periodicals. In his sixteenth year he went to London. While there he attended the university, and gained the first prize in the rhetoric class. Before he was twenty-three he became sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper. In 1842 he returned to his native city and established the *Glasgow Citizen*, a weekly newspaper which long maintained a respectable position. In this journal Alexander Smith made his first appearance as a poet, and in later years poor David Gray first saw his beautiful lines in its columns, bearing the *nom-de-plume* of "Will Gurney." Among others who made their *début* in the *Citizen* was Mr. William Black, who has since attained great popularity as a journalist and writer of fiction.

Previous to leaving Edinburgh Mr. Hedderwick was entertained at a public dinner, at which the late Mr. Charles Maclaren, editor of the *Scotsman*, presided, and Mr. John Hill Burton, advocate, officiated as croupier, while the company included many literary men and artists of distinction. In 1844 he collected some of his poems which had appeared at various times in different periodicals, and published them in an elegant volume. After the death of the gifted David Gray Mr. Hedderwick prepared a most interesting memoir of his life, which was prefixed to his poems, together with an introductory notice written by Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton). In 1859 Mr. Hedderwick published another volume of poems, under the title of *Lays of Middle Age*. From this, his principal work, we make the subjoined selections.

In 1864 Mr. Hedderwick established the *Evening Citizen*, one of the first Scottish halfpenny daily newspapers, which under his control maintains a high character, and is said to have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Scotland.

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems;
The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthen'd shadow flings.

[1] "When I was eight years old," Mr. Hedderwick writes to the Editor, "I was in America for a few months, my father having emigrated thither with his family. Not liking the country, he returned somewhat abruptly, so that I narrowly escaped being a Yankee!" —Ed.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour
  When to my father's home
Death came—an uninvited guest—
  From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before,
  I shudder'd at the sight,
And I shudder still to think upon
  The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
  Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
  Of radiant fancy shone.
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
  The eye was fix'd and dim;
And one there mourn'd a brother dead
  Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
  I know not if 'twas spring,
But if the birds sang on the trees
  I did not hear them sing!
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
  Their bloom I did not see;
I look'd upon one wither'd flower,
  And none else bloom'd for me!

A sad and silent time it was
  Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
  And every voice was low!
And from each cheek at intervals
  The blood appear'd to start,
As if recall'd in sudden haste
  To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
  To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face
  For memory to keep!
With him the agony was o'er,
  And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
  Like odour from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
  From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
  Live o'er his little life!
His every look—his every word—
  His very voice's tone—
Come back to us like things whose worth
  Is only prized when gone!

The grief has pass'd with years away,
  And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remember'd
  And the other soon forgot.
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
  And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
  Time never can efface!

THE EMIGRANTS.

The daylight was dying, the twilight was dreary,
  And eerie the face of the fast-falling night,
But closing the shutters, we made ourselves cheery
  With gas-light and firelight, and young faces bright.

When, hark! came a chorus of wailing and anguish!
  We ran to the door and look'd out through the dark;
Till gazing, at length we began to distinguish
  The slow-moving masts of an ocean-bound bark.

Alas! 'twas the emigrants leaving the river,
  Their homes in the city, their haunts in the dell;
From kindred and friends they had parted for ever,
  But their voices still blended in cries of farewell.

We saw not the eyes that their last looks were taking;
  We heard but the shouts that were meant to be cheers,
But which told of the aching of hearts that were breaking,
  A past of delight and a future of tears.

And long as we listen'd, in lulls of the night breeze,
  On our ears the sad shouting in faint music fell,
Till methought it seem'd lost in the roll of the white seas,
  And the rocks and the winds only echoed farewell.

More bright was our home-hearth, more bright and more cosy,
  As we shut out the night and its darkness once more;
But pale were the cheeks, that so radiant and rosy,
  Were flush'd with delight a few moments before.

So I told how the morning, all lovely and tender,
  Sweet dew on the hills, and soft light on the sea,
Would follow the exiles and float with its splendour,
  To gild the far land where their homes were to be.

In the eyes of my children were gladness and gleaming,
  Their little prayer utter'd, how calm was their sleep!

But I in my dreaming could hear the wind screaming,
And fancy I heard hoarse replies from the deep.

And often, when slumber had cool'd my brow's fever,
A dream-utter'd shriek of despair broke the spell;
'Twas the voice of the emigrants leaving the river,
And startling the night with their cries of farewell.

SORROW AND SONG.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken:
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers, by heedless footstep press'd,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight, cold and damp,
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

THE LAND FOR ME.

I've been upon the moonlit deep
When the wind had died away,
And like an ocean-god asleep
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of midnight's queen;
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've glided o'er
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees.
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce,
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.

MIDDLE AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table-land to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld,
None are so far but some are on before;

Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
The languid autumn mellows round us now;
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

Now he stroll'd along the pebbles, now he
saunter'd on the pier,
Now the summit of the nearest hill he clomb;
His looks were full of straining, through all
weathers foul and clear,
For the ship that he was weary wishing home.
On the white wings of the dawn, far as human
eye could reach,
Went his vision like a sea-gull's o'er the deep;
While the fishers' boats lay silent in the bay
and on the beach,
And the houses and the mountains were
asleep.

'Mid the chat of boys and men, and the laugh
from women's lips,
When the labours of the morning were begun,
On the far horizon's dreary edge his soul was
with the ships,
As they caught a gleam of welcome from
the sun.
Through the gray of eve he peer'd when the
stars were in the sky—
They were watchers which the angels seem'd
to send;
And he bless'd the faithful lighthouse, with its
large and ruddy eye,
For it cheer'd him like the bright eye of a friend.

The gentle waves came lisping things of promise at his feet,
Then they ebb'd as if to vex him with delay;
The soothing winds against his face came
blowing strong and sweet,
Then they blew as blowing all his hope away.
One day a wiseling argued how the ship might
be delay'd—
"'Twas odd," quoth he, "I thought so from
the first;"
But a man of many voyages was standing by
and said—
"It is best to be prepared against the worst."

A keen-eyed old coast-guardsman, with his
telescope in hand,
And his cheeks in countless puckers 'gainst
the rain,
Here shook his large and grizzled head, that
all might understand
How he knew that hoping longer was in vain.
Then silent thought the stranger of his wife
and children five,
As he slowly turn'd with trembling lip aside;
Yet with his heart to feed upon his hopes were
kept alive,
So for months he watch'd and wander'd by
the tide.

"Lo! what wretched man is that," asked an
idler at the coast,
"Who looks as if he something seem'd to
lack?"
Then answer made a villager—"His wife and
babes are lost,
Yet he thinks that ere to-morrow they'll be
back."

Oh! a fresh hale man he flourish'd in the
spring-time of the year,
But before the wintry rains began to drip—
No more he climb'd the headland, but sat
sickly on the pier,
Saying sadly—"I am waiting for the ship."
On a morn, of all the blackest, only whiten'd
by the spray
Of the billows wild for shelter of the shore,
He came not in the dawning forth, he came
not all the day;
And the morrow came—but never came he
more.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Charles Mackay, LL.D., one of the most popular poets of the day, is of honourable extraction, his paternal ancestors being the Mackays of Strathnaver in Sutherlandshire, while, on his mother's side, he is descended from the Roses of Kilravock, near Inverness.

He was born at Perth in 1814, but his early years were spent in London, his parents having removed there during his infancy, and he received the rudiments of his education in London, which was afterwards completed in the schools of Belgium and Germany. Young Mackay early manifested poetic genius, and in 1836 he gave his first volume of poems to the public. It attracted the attention of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who at once offered him a place on the paper, which was accepted, and filled with such ability that he was rapidly promoted to the responsible position of sub-editor. He soon became well known in London literary society. In 1839 a second volume appeared from his pen, entitled the *Hope of the World*, a poem in heroic verse. Soon afterwards he published *The Thames and its Tributaries*, a pleasant gossiping work; followed in 1841 by his *History of Popular Delusions*, a very entertaining and successful book.

In 1842 Mr. Mackay published his romance of *Longbeard, Lord of London*. His next publication was *The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality*, which appeared in 1842, and gave him an honourable position in the front rank of contemporary poets.[1] In 1844 he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, a journal devoted to the advocacy of advanced liberal opinions. His residence in Scotland enabled him to visit many places famous in Scottish history, the results of which were his *Legends of the Isles*, published in 1845, his *Voices from the Crowd* in 1846, and his *Voices from the Mountains* in 1847. A few months before the publication of the last-named volume the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. After conducting the *Argus* with ability and success for a period of three years, he received the appointment of editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and returned to the metropolis. The same year appeared his *Town Lyrics*, a series of ballads exhibiting the lights and shadows of the town. In 1850 was published his poem of "Egeria," probably the most artistic of his productions; and in 1856 he gave to the world two more volumes of poetry with the respective titles of *The Lump of Gold* and *Under Green Leaves*.

In 1857 Dr. Mackay visited the United States, delivering lectures there upon a theme which few have so well illustrated by their own genius—Songs National, Historical, and Popular. On his return to England he published *Life and Liberty in America*, one of his most popular works. In 1860 he issued another poetical volume entitled *A Man's Heart*. His *Studies from the Antique*, universally recognized as his noblest poetical work, appeared in 1863 during his absence in America. Dr. Mackay resided in New York from 1862 to 1865. In 1869 his poem *The Souls of the Children*, which originally appeared in 1856, and was distributed gratuitously all over the country in aid of the cause of popular education, was reproduced to stimulate the efforts of Mr. Gladstone's administration. In 1871 he published *Under the Blue Sky*, a collection of his contributions to *All the Year Round* and other periodicals. "*The Lost Beauties of the English Language:* an Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers," appeared in 1874. Dr. Mackay, who enjoys a pension on the civil list, has edited various works, including *The Book of English Songs, The Songs of Scotland, The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets*, and *Allan Ramsay and the Scottish Poets before Burns*.

A critic awards high praise to Charles Mackay as a poet, and remarks: "His verse is exceedingly sweet, flowing, and melodious; and his skill in the musical art has given him a command over the resources of rhythm which few English song-writers possess. In his happiest effusions he has combined the force of Burns with the elegance and polish of Moore." We may add that in all of Dr. Mackay's poetical writings is discernible the same high estimate of his calling and the objects to which he has dedicated his talent. The purification of literature and the advancement of mankind are both marked objects of his life. He has successfully achieved the dignified and proud position of the poet of the people, and is richly entitled to the compliment it is proposed to pay to him as such by the presentation of a substantial testimonial, to which his countrymen in all quarters of the globe where his songs and poems are known will be proud to contribute.

[1] Hugh Miller remarks of this work that "it was written while the author was conducting the sub-editorial department of a daily London paper, nor did he ever write anything superior to it."—ED.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe,
The strain recurred, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming:
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE.

I remember the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odours and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my youthful mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye suns and stars,
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars
And bore it through heaven on your golden cars.

And has it then vanish'd, that happy time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill,
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me if he would,
I have such friends for my every mood
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers! preach to me, skies!
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, wind! ye forests, nod!
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

O YE TEARS!

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart—thawing, thawing like the snow,
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snowdrops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the sun;

The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak,
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

There is a light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago—
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburden'd mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

A CANDID WOOING.

I cannot give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady;

But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;—
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady;
And, while thy gentle virtues live,
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;
The storm of passion lasts a day;
But deep, true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, friendship, honour, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more;
And friendship, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And honour, based on manly truth,
Shall live in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A traveller, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

A LOVER'S DREAMS.

I dream'd thou wert a fairy harp
Untouch'd by mortal hand,
And I the voiceless, sweet west wind,
A roamer through the land.
I touch'd, I kiss'd thy trembling strings,
And lo! my common air
Throbb'd with emotion caught from thee,
And turn'd to music rare.

I dream'd thou wert a rose in bloom,
And I the gale of spring,
That sought the odours of thy breath,
And bore them on my wing.
No poorer thou, but richer I—
So rich that far at sea
The grateful mariners were glad,
And bless'd both thee and me.

I dream'd thou wert the evening star,
And I a lake at rest,
That saw thine image all the night
Reflected on my breast.
Too far!—too far!—come dwell on earth!
Be harp and rose of May;—
I need thy music in my heart,
Thy fragrance on my way.

TO THE WEST.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil!
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast!
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go!
Where the green waving forests that echo our call
Are wide as old England, and free to us all!
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old!
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh,
Away, far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West!

APOLOGUE FROM "EGERIA."

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass;
"Where have I fallen—to what base region come?"
Exclaimed the one. "The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from attitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah, me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate."
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil;
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood:
Its sister acorn perished in its pride.

LAMENT OF CONA FOR THE UNPEOPLING OF SCOTLAND.[1]

Low o'er Ben Nevis the mists of the sunrise are trailing,
Dimly he stands, by the tempests of centuries worn;
Lonely Lochaber and gray Ballachulish are veiling
Their cold jagged peaks in the thick drooping vapours of morn;
Red gleams the sun o'er the ocean,
Lochlin with angry commotion
Batters the shore, making moan in its innermost caves;
While from each mountain height,
Fed by the rains of night,
Torrents come bounding to mingle their voice with the waves.

On through Glen Cona, the valley of murder and rapine,
Dark with the crimes and the sorrows of days that are past;

[1] Cona is the name given by Ossian to the river Coe, and one that ought to supersede the modern word.

On by the track where the three giant sphinxes of Appin
Loom through the moorland, unshapely, majestic, and vast;
On by the turbulent river,
Darting the spray from her quiver,
Bounding and rolling in glory and beauty along;
On by the rocky path,
Far through the gloomy strath,
Lonely I wander by Cona, the river of song.

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies, filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these true-hearted men?
Not for the past and its sadness,
Not for its guilt and its madness,
Mourn we, oh Cona! To-day has a grief of its own.
Forth go the young and old,
Forth go the free and bold,
Albyn is desolate! Rachel of nations! Alone!

Roll on, ye dark mists, and take shape as ye marshal before me,
One is among you—I see her, dejected and pale!
Mournful she glides; it is Cona, who hov'ring over me,
Chants in the roar of the stream her lament for the Gael.
Words from her echoes are fashioned
Surging like pibrochs impassioned;
Mourning for Scotland, and sobbing her useless appeals;
Sprite of the mountain stream,
Telling a truth—or dream!—
Reason is in it;—come, hear what the spirit reveals!

"Weep, Albyn, weep!" she exclaims, "for this dark desolation,
Green are thy mountains and blue are thy streams as of yore;
Broad are thy valleys to feed and to nurture a nation,
Mother of nations, but nation thyself never more!
Men of strong heart and endeavour
Sigh as they leave thee for ever;
Those who remain are down stricken, and weary, and few;
Low in the dust they lie,
Careless to live or die;
Misery conquers them foemen could never subdue.

"Once thou wert home of a people of heroes and sages;
Strong in the battle and wise in the counsel were they,
Firm in all duty, as rocks in the tempests of ages,
Loving and loyal, and honest and open as day.
Pure were their actions in story,
Clear was the light of their glory,
Proud were the chiefs of the clansmen who came to their call,
Proud of their race and laws,
Proud of their country's cause,
Proud of their faith, of their liberty prouder than all.

"Each Highland hut was the home of domestic affection;
Honour and Industry sat at the hearth of the poor;
Piety prompted the day's and the night's genuflexion;
Those who felt sorrow could still be erect and endure.
Born in no bright summer bowers,
Sweet were the fair human flowers—
Maids of the Highlands, array'd in their glory of smiles;
Blessings of good men's lives,
Thrifty and sober wives,
Mothers of heroes, the charm and the pride of the Isles.

"Where are they now? Tell us where are thy sons and daughters?
Albyn! sad mother! no more in thy bosom they dwell!
Far, far away, they have found a new home o'er the waters,
Yearning for thee with a love that no language can tell.
Cold are the hearths of their childhood,
Roofless their huts in the wild wood,
Bends the red heather no more to the feet of the clan;
Where once the clachan stood,
Come the shy grouse and brood,
Fearing no danger so far from the presence of man.

"Where the fair-headed, blue-eyed rosy babes of the Norland
Bathed in the burn, making merry the long summer noon,
Comes the red-deer undismay'd from his haunts in the moorland,
Slaking his thirst, where the pool shows its breast to the moon,
Where in the days long departed,
Maidens sat singing, light-hearted,
Sounds but the roar of the flood, or the whisper of rills;
Voices of human kind,
Freight not the vacant wind,
Music and laughter are mute on the tenantless hills.

"Nimrods and hunters are lords of the mount and the forest,
Men but encumber the soil where their forefathers trod;
Tho' for their country they fought when its need was the sorest,
Forth they must wander, their hope not in man but in God.
Roaming alone o'er the heather,
Naught but the bleat of the wether,
The bark of the collie, or crack of the grouse-slayer's gun,
Breaks on the lonely ear,
Land of the sheep and deer!
Albyn of heroes! the day of thy glory is done!"

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these desolate men?
Yes; but not here shall they find it;
Darkness has darkness behind it;
Far o'er the rolling Atlantic the day-star shall shine;
Young o'er the western main
Albyn shall bloom again,
Rearing new blossoms, old land! as majestic as thine.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

Miss Marion Paul Aird, the authoress of many sweet songs and sacred verses, is a native of Glasgow, where she was born in 1815. Her mother, a niece of the poet Hamilton Paul, was descended from an ancient family in the district of Cunningham, Ayrshire.[1] Miss Aird was educated at Glasgow, and in early life resided in the vicinity of that city; but for a number of years past she has lived at Kilmarnock. In 1846 appeared her first work, *The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;* followed in 1853 by a volume of prose and verse, entitled *Heart Histories.* She has also issued a large volume of poetry entitled *Sun and Shade,* and she received a grant from the royal bounty fund for her "Immortelle" on the late Prince Consort. At present (May, 1876) she is engaged in preparing for the press a new volume of *Sacred Songs and Leaflets,* and a series of articles entitled *The Poets' Garland.*

Miss Aird's beautiful hymn beginning "Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly," is sung in almost every Sunday-school in Scotland. It has been said, "Burns would have owned her as a sister—as animated by the spirit, clothed in the true mantle, and speaking the genuine language of poesy. She has a thousand-fold more of the poetical temperament than many he lauded as 'brithers'—far above the common grade of newspaper poetry."

HOPE.

Hope on, though happiness the heart may leave,
And beauty all around thee fade and die—
Let Hope her roses o'er thy future weave,
And paint her rainbow o'er the darkest sky;—
Hope, like a prisoned bird of promise, sings
Amid the storm, and beats her gilded bar—
Bright o'er the billow spreads her silver wings,
And points to lands of "living green" afar;
The dawn of glory in the heart that's riven,
Where faith gets glimpses of an opening heaven.

A purple glory, bright as Sharon's rose,
Glowed o'er the vine-clad hills of Galilee,
But clouds soon gathered o'er that eve's repose.
Fretting with silver waves the deep blue sea:
A little bark was toiling o'er the wave,
All tempest-torn, when, lo! a radiant form
Rose like the star of Hope above the grave,
And smoothed the ruffled spirit of the storm;

[1] The venerable poet Ainslie, writing to the Editor (Feb. 23, 1875), says—"Miss Aird is, I can see of verity, the child of my 'Margaret,' and her uncle Hamilton Paul used to make our house his home when he came to Bargeny; and though I was a wee boy then, I can recollect how he would set the table in a roar by his wit and humour."—Ed.

Peace o'er the night like dewy morning shone—
To the green shore the barque came floating on.

Hope on—though far, like Hagar in the wild,
From love and home—athirst—the water spent—
Alone—an empty cup—a dying child—
Cast off—her broken heart with anguish rent;
Far o'er the desert strains her weary eye—
No friend—no help of man can comfort bring;
"My child! my child! let me not see him die,"
The lone one cried, when, lo! a crystal spring.
Though love, and hope, and all but life be gone,
Think of the desert-well—and still hope on.

In yon green vale bereavèd ones are weeping—
Two loving sisters mourn a brother dead—
Their cherished one beneath the olive sleeping,
With him all beauty dies, all joy is fled;
Dark is the cloud that gathers o'er their home,
The sun of Hope upon the heart is set,—
Had *He* been here, they might not weep alone—
Can Jesus leave them?—can *He* e'er forget?
They see not *yet* the glory in the cloud!
He comes! the Comforter! and rends the shroud!

What though the tree, cut down, moss-shrouded lie,
And long beneath the tangled grass it sleep?
Like fountain waters, though the stream be dry,
The trampled root its golden sap may keep;
While round its withered heart a silver vein
Of fresh'ning waters like a sunbeam stray,
The tender branch may bud and bloom again,
And flowery verdure spring from dark decay;
Hope!—though the greenness of the bough be gone,
The *life is in its heart*—then still hope on.

THE FA' O' THE LEAF.

'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, and the cauld winds are blawin',
The wee birds, a' sangless, are dowie and wae;
The green leaf is sear, an' the brown leaf is fa'in',
Wan Nature lamentin' o'er simmer's decay.

Noo drumlie an' dark row the siller-like waters,
No a gowden-e'ed gowan on a' the green lea;
Her snell breath, wi' anger, in darkness noo scatters
The wee flowers, that danced to the sang o' the bee.

The green leaves o' simmer sing hopefu' an' cheerie,
When bonnie they smile in the sun's gowden ray;
But dowie when sear leaves in autumn winds eerie
Sigh, "Life, love, and beauty, as flowers ye decay."

How waefu' the heart where young hopes that gather,
Like spring-flowers in simmer, "are a' wede awa';"
An' the rose-bloom o' beauty, e'er autumn winds wither,
Like green leaves unfaded, lie cauld in the snaw.

But waefu' to see, as a naked tree lanely,
Man shake like a wan leaf in poortith's cauld blast,
The last o' his kin, sighin', "Autumn is gane by,"
An' the wrinkles o' eild tell "his simmer is past."

The fire that's blawn out, ance mair may be lighted,
An' a wee spark o' hope in the cauld heart may burn;
An' the "morning-star" break on the traveller benighted,
An' day, wi' its fresh gushing glories, return.

But dool, dool the fa', when shakes the clay shielin',
An' the last keek o' day sets for ever in night!
When no ae wee star through the dark clud is stealin',
Through the cauld wave o' death his dark spirit to light.

The spring-flowers o' life, a' sae blythesome and bonnie,
Though wither'd and torn frae the heart far awa',
An' the flower we thought fadeless, the fairest o' onie,
May spring up again whar nae freezin' winds blaw.

Kin' spring 'll woo back the green "bud to the timmer,"
Its heart burst in blossom 'neath simmer's warm breath;
But when shall the warm blush o' life's faded simmer
Bring back the rose-bloom frae the winter o' death?

How kin' should the heart be, aye warm an' forgi'en,
When sune, like a leaf, we maun a' fade awa';
When life's winter day as a shadow is fleein'—
But simmer aye shines whar nae autumn leaves fa'!

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,

Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
  Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
  Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
  Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
  Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
  Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
  Come, come away; come, come away;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
  Come, come away; come away.

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

Calm sleep the village dead
  In the auld kirk-yard;
But softly, slowly tread
  In the auld kirk-yard.
For the weary, weary rest,
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
  Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath
  The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
  To the auld kirk-yard.
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
Veils the mystery of doom
  In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
  In the auld kirk-yard,
Though time's death-brooding wing
  Shade the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep, dark earth
  Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
  In the auld kirk-yard;
They hear nae kindred weep
  In the auld kirk-yard.
The sire, with silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
  Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
  In the auld kirk-yard,
Wi' a passport to the sky
  Frae the auld kirk-yard;
That when thy sand is run,
And life's weary warfare done,
Ye may sing o' victory won
  Where there's nae kirk-yard.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Like an arrow through the air,
  Or the fountain-flow of light,
Ministering angels fair,
  Cleave the deep of night:
Quick as thought's electric glow,
  Down into earth's chambers dark,
Fire-wheels running to and fro,
  Like the eye of God, they dart;
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,
  Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
  Sitting, sitting, by thy side,
Like your shadow, all unweary,
  Angel legions guard and guide—
Mantle, with their wing, your heart,
  As a mother folds her child;
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,
  Shielding from the tempest wild;
Silent, as the moonlight creeping,
  Viewless as the ether breath,
Round the weary head when weeping,
  Soothing with the peace of death,
Star-like shoots each holy one,
  With sword of temper bright,
Casting the Almighty shield
  Round the heir of light.

THE HERD LADDIE.

A herd laddie sat, in his plaidie o' gray,
Neath the beild o' a bush in the howe o' a brae,
On the moss-theekit stump o' an auld aiken
  tree,

By a wee wimplin' burnie that sang to the sea,
And silvered the hem o' a bonnie green knowe,
Whare the broom-bush, and breckan, and primroses grow:
As wee stars that glimmer like sprinklins o' gowd,
As they blink through the blue o' the gray e'ening cloud,
His sheep lay besprent on the green mountain's breast,
As white as the snaw-cleeded gowan they prest—
Where the lammies were bleatin', an' jumpin' wi' glee,
An' nibblin' the gowan that spangled the lea;
Noo laughin' and dancin' like youth's mornin' wave,
Ere it wanders an' yaummers awa' to the grave.
The herd laddie doffed his wee bonnet, an' smiled,
But a tear in his dark ee my heart near him wyled,
Like an amber bead trickled adown his brown cheek,
Clear as pearlins o' dew-draps that glanced at his feet:
I said, "Wee herd laddie, what maks you sae wae,
A' nature around you is smilin' an' gay—
Come, tell me your story, I'll sit by your side—
What book's that you're hidin' aneath the gray plaid?
Are ye cauld, are ye hungry? is't far frae your hame?
Hae ye faither or mither?" He sighed—"I hae nane.
Yon bonnie cot house in the lap o' the glen,
When a bairnie, I toddled its but an' its ben;
When I leuk till't I greet—for that ance was my hame—
Noo faither, and mither, an' help I hae nane;
Syne the nicht faither dee't gushes back to my mind,
Though maister and mistress to me are fu' kind;
An' there is the psalm round his bed that we sung—
I hear his last words drappin' yet frae his tongue:
O, the tears happit fast frae his dim closin' e'e!
When he blest us, an' tauld us his bairns he maun lea'e;
An' that is his Bible he gied me, an' said,
'Mind your Father in heaven, my bairns, when I'm dead;'
When my wee brithers grat round the auld elbow chair—
For he learned us the psalms on the Sabbath e'en there;
And we kneeled on that hearth-stane where uncos noo meet;
When I think I've nae hame, oh! what wonder I greet;
But I leuk to the skies, an' I ken there is ane
Wha lo'es me an' guides me, tho' on earth I ha'e nane."
Oh! the heart that ne'er warms for the faitherless bairn
Is hard as the millstane, an' cauld as the airn;
Oh! daut them and cleed them, wi' mitherly care—
They are nurslings o' heaven—oh! nurse them wi' prayer.

A MEMORY DEAR.

FOR THE NEW YEAR 1876.[1]

O sing me the song
Of years long agone,
When we met in gloamins
So cheery,

For my heart oft is sore
For the loved ones of yore,
Who come nae mair back,
When I am eerie;

Wherever ye be,
By shore or by sea,
Ye still sing to me
When aweary!

There's a throne wi' nae sea,
Tho' friends parted be,
Where we'll rest in the lea
When life-weary.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THEODORE MARTIN, who has earned high repute as a translator from the Danish, French, German, Italian, and Latin, and as the literary partner of Professor Aytoun, is a native of

[1] Miss Aird writes: "I have lost many friends of late: you might insert this, as it is a pet piece."—ED.

Edinburgh, where he was born, September 16, 1816. He is a son of Mr. James Martin, solicitor in the supreme court of Scotland, and afterwards one of the depute clerks of Session. Young Martin, on the completion of his studies in Edinburgh, adopted the profession of a solicitor, and thereafter formed a partnership with Mr. Robert Roy, W.S. At this period he, in connection with his friend Aytoun, wrote the comic ballads published under the pseudonym of *Bon Gaultier*,[1] the portion of the collection referring to American matters being attributed to Martin. In his memoir of Aytoun he says on this subject: "Some papers of a humorous kind which I had published under the *nom-de-plume* of 'Bon Gaultier,' had hit Aytoun's fancy; and when I proposed to go on with others in a similar vein he fell readily into the plan, and agreed to assist in it. In this way a kind of Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844."

In 1846 Mr. Martin established himself in London as a parliamentary agent and solicitor, and some years afterwards (1857) was married to the distinguished actress Miss Helen Faucit. He has always been actively engaged in his profession, in which he occupies a prominent place; but during his thirty years' residence in the metropolis he has found or made leisure for much literary labour. In conjunction with Professor Aytoun he translated a number of Goethe's poems and ballads, which were published in 1858; and after his friend's death he wrote an admirable memoir of his life. Their joint work, the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, has passed through twelve editions. In 1860 Mr. Martin delighted the public with a volume of Horace's Odes, which is allowed to be the best translation of that author that has yet been published —the Horatian manner and *curiosa felicitas* being preserved in a way deemed impossible in the earlier stages of our literature. This work has passed through several editions. Among Mr. Martin's other works may be mentioned an edition of Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais's Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translations of the "Vita Nuova" of Dante; Oehlenschlaeger's Danish dramas of "Aladdin" and "Correggio;" Goethe's "Faust;" "King Rene's Daughter," by Henrik Hertz; and "Catullus;" "Essays on the Drama;" a "Memoir of the Prince Consort," prepared by authority of the Queen, of which the first volume was published in 1875; and a handsome volume of miscellaneous poems, from which the following pieces have been selected. This volume is entitled "Poems, Original and Translated, by Theodore Martin: London, printed for Private Circulation, 1863." Several of his works have been republished in the United States, where they enjoy a wide popularity.

THE INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[2]

See, where eager throngs are pouring inwards
from the busy street!
Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir
of many feet!
Hark! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is
no common clay
To that dull and rueful anthem shall be laid
in dust to-day!
In yon minster's hallow'd corner, where the
bards and sages rest,
Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another
guest.
There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil
against the sun,—
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a
poet's course is run?
Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart
and bare of brow,
For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now!
Souls that kept their trust immortal, dwelling
from the herd apart,
Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a
nation's heart,
Names that on great England's forehead are
the jewels of her pride,
Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall
slumber by their side!

[1] The name is taken from the prologue to the first book of *Rabelais*.—ED.

[2] Written *currente calamo* just after the author had witnessed that very impressive ceremony in July, 1844.

Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine eyes,
And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's mountains rise.
Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet well,
Greenly braided by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain where the lonely eagles be;
Thou hast seen the kindly heather bloom around his simple bed,
Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead.
Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky.
It may be such grave were better—better rain and dew should fall,
Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever-verdant pall;
Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,
Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured aisles,
Better aftertimes should find him—to his rest in homage bound,—
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around.
Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must start—
For we love our country dearly—in each burning Scottish heart;
Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,
'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy bier.
Hark! a rush of feet! They bear him, him the singer to his tomb;
Yonder what of him is mortal rests beneath yon sable plume;
Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears they be,
Which on manly eyes may gather—tears 'twere never shame to see,
Tears that water lofty purpose, tears of welcome to the fame
Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name.
Sadder, sadder let the anthem yearn aloft in wailing strain,
Not for him, for he is happy, but for us and all our pain!
Louder, louder let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,
Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul!
He has laid him down to slumber to awake to nobler trust,
Give his frame to kindred ashes, earth to earth and dust to dust!
Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunder rise!
Hark! a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies!
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest!

THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.

Toll no sullen bell for me,
None, when I am dying;
Let my spirit's requiem be
But the zephyr's sighing,
And the wood-bird's melody,
When the day is dying.

Rear no solemn marble where
Low my head reposes,
Let earth's sweet flowers blossom there,
Lilies pure and roses,
And beside it children fair
Sport and gather posies.

I have loved, and life was dear
All its pulses thorough;
He is dead, and life is drear,
Why, then, should ye sorrow?
Strew no cypress on my bier,
We shall meet to-morrow.

MARK BOZZARI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.)

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound,
Up and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground.
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare?

Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in number greatest be?
Every victory hath its wound, and every wound its victory!
See, a turban'd head is grimly set on all our lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in purple folds his bier!
See, oh see, the latest trophies, which our hero's glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his call arise,
Through the gloom, like lightning flashes, flash'd the fury from our eyes,
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow Turkish hordes;
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his blade and vow'd its weird.
Then Bozzari's voice resounded: "On, to the barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in the Pasha's tent!
On with God! through Him our foemen, death itself through Him is shent.
On!" and swift he snatched the bugle from the hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer, clear and clearer to the call;
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the lightnings of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords and smote the tyrants and their slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in their graves that lie—
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd his appalling cry,
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes smite them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave the sleepers there.
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking wild at all they meet,
Ran and frenzied by death's angels, who amidst their myriads stray'd,
Brother, in bewildered fury, dash'd and fell on brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld us in the fight;
But the day will never credit what we did in yonder night.
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there like scatter'd seed they lay
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning broke in grey.
Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! and we found thee gash'd and mown,
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee by thy wounds alone,
By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the wounds that seam'd thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy bounds a couch we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long last slumber take!
Rest beside that rock of honour, brave Count Normann, rest thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves give up their dead!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ.[1])

At midnight, from the sullen sleep of death the drummer rose,
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale are hid as forth he goes,
With solemn air and measured step he paces on his rounds,
And ever and anon with might the doubling drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately the rattling sticks let fall,
By turns they beat in rattlings meet reveillé and roll-call;

[1] Joseph Christian Von Zedlitz, a German poet, is credited with the authorship of "The Midnight Review," in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*.—ED.

Oh! strangely drear fell on the ear the echoes of that drum,
Old soldiers from their graves start up and to its summons come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows, in icy cerements lapp'd,
Or in the mould of Italy all sweltering are wrapp'd,
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile, or desert's whirling sand,
Break from their graves, and armèd all spring up at the command.

And at midnight from death's sullen sleep the trumpeter arose,
He mounts his steed, and loud and long his pealing trumpet blows;
Each horseman heard it, as he lay deep in his gory shroud,
And to the call these heroes all on airy coursers crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—they were a ghastly file—
And underneath the glittering casques their blench'd skulls grimly smile;
With haughty mien they grasp their swords within their bony hands,—
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave their long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight from the sullen sleep of death the chief arose,
Behind him move his officers, as slowly forth he goes.
His hat is small—upon his coat no star or crest is strung,
And by his side a little sword—his only arms —is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue across the mighty plain,
As he that wore the little hat stepp'd proudly forth again—
And well these grizzly warriors their little chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night to muster in review.

"Present—recover arms!" The cry runs round in eager hum,
Before him all that host defiles while rolls the doubling drum.
Halt!—then he calls—his generals and captains cluster near—
He turns to one that stands beside and whispers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank it wings along the Seine,
The word that chieftain gives is "France!" the answer—"Sainte-Hélène!"
And thus departed Cæsar holds, at midnight hour alway,
The grand review of his old bands in the Champs Elysées.

THE SERENADE.

(TRANSLATION FROM LUDWIG UHLAND.)

What soft low sounds are these I hear,
That come my dreams between?
Oh! mother, look, who may it be
That plays so late at e'en.

"I hear no voice, I see no form,
Oh! rest in slumber mild!
They'll bring no music to thee now,
My poor, my ailing child."

It is not music of the earth
That makes my heart so light,
The angels call me with their songs—
Oh, mother dear, good night!

JOHN CRAWFORD.

BORN 1816 — DIED 1873.

JOHN CRAWFORD was born in 1816 at Greenock, in the same apartment where, thirty years previous, had died his mother's cousin, the "Highland Mary" of Burns' song. He was from boyhood obliged to work for a livelihood, and learned the trade of a house-painter. In his eighteenth year he removed to Alloa, where he resided till his death, Dec. 13, 1873.

He early made himself acquainted with the pleasures of literature, and lost no opportunity of cultivating his mind. In 1850 he published a small volume entitled *Doric Lays: being Snatches of Song and Ballad.* Miss Mitford wrote of this little work: "There is an originality in his writings very rare in a follower of Burns. . . . This is the true thing—a flower springing from the soil, not merely cut and stuck into the earth. Will you tell Mr. Crawford how much pleasure he has given to a poor invalid?" His poetry was also highly commended by Lord Jeffrey.

In 1860 Mr. Crawford produced a second series of *Doric Lays*, a volume of considerable merit, which was published in Edinburgh. An interesting and entertaining volume entitled *Memorials of the Town of Alloa*, containing a historical and descriptive account of the town and parish, written by Crawford, and edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, was published a few months after the poet's death.

MY AULD WIFE JEAN.

My couthie auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e;
For then I can speak o' the days I ha'e seen,
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An', blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer'd wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes and the ills lang o' life we ha'e borne;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bein,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir beildless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en;
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist;
And soon we'll lie laigh; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

THE LAND O' THE BONNET AND PLAID.

Hurra! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw, and the slae;
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath, where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb:
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade,
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid?

Oh, hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love!
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honour'd for ever be matron and maid
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowany glen and the bracken-clad brae,
Where blooms our ain thistle, in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

ANN O' CORNYLEE.

I'll twine a gowany garland
  Wi' lilies frae the spring;
The fairest flowers by Clutha's side
  In a' their bloom I'll bring.
I'll wreathe a flowery wreath to shade
  My lassie's scornfu' e'e—
For oh, I canna bide the frown
  O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed,
  My lowly cot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
  Is a' my worldly gear;
A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
  Is a' I ha'e to gie;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
  O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The lintie 'mang the yellow broom,
  The laverock in the lift,
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
  O' hope and joy bereft;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
  The ills I ha'e to dree,
For lovin' o' a paughty maid,
  Fair Ann o' Cornylee.

THE WAES O' EILD.

The cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I ha'e been.

Ther're runkles on my broo,
Ther're furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
Whan o' bygone days I speak.
  For I'm weary,
  I'm weary,
  I'm weary o' care—
  Whare my bairnies ha'e gane,
  Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin' life wad be
But ae lang simmer day?
My feet like lichtnin' flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They gimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.
  For I'm weary,
  I'm weary,
  I'm weary o' care—
  Whare my first luve lies cauld,
  Oh, let me lie there.

The ourie breath o' eild
Has blown ilk frien' frae me;
They come na near my beild
I ha'e dauted on my knee;
They haud awa their heids,
My frailties no to see;
My blessings on them, ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.
  For I'm weary,
  I'm weary,
  I'm weary and worn—
  To the friens o' my youth
  I maun soon, soon return.

HUGH MACDONALD.

BORN 1817—DIED 1860.

HUGH MACDONALD was of Highland parentage, and was born in Bridgeton, Glasgow, April 4, 1817. After receiving a very limited education he was apprenticed to the block-printing business, and was first employed in the Barrowfield Works, which he has described in one of his poems as "The Guid Auld Field." He early became noted for his love of country rambles, and was familiar with every hill and dale from the Mearns Moor to Campsie Glen, and along the whole course of the Clyde from Stonebyres Linn to Bowling Braes. In this way the education which he was not privileged to derive from books he acquired in his youth from nature. He especially became no mean proficient in the science of botany, in all his excursions carrying his vasculum with him for the collection of wild plants. This knowledge stood him in good stead at a later period by giving precision and accuracy to what he

wrote, while it quickened his appreciation of and sympathy with nature. Having by his industry saved a little money he began a small business in Glasgow, but it proved unsuccessful, and Macdonald, after honourably discharging all his liabilities, retired from it with a mere trifle in his possession. He then returned to his trade of block-printing in a work near Paisley, to and from which he walked every day from Glasgow, a distance of sixteen miles!

It was about this time that Macdonald's literary career began. His first effusions were poetical, and were followed by a series of letters in defence of the character of Robert Burns from an inconsiderate and ill-advised attack made upon it by a popular Scottish writer. These letters were published in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a paper in which Macdonald's name was afterwards frequently met with in the poets' corner. In 1849 the block-printer fairly embarked in the career of a man of letters by becoming sub-editor of that newspaper. Soon after occupying his new position he began his series of "Rambles Round Glasgow," which appeared in the *Citizen* under the signature of "Caleb." The companion series of sketches descriptive of the Firth of Clyde, and entitled "Days at the Coast," were also commenced during his connection with the *Citizen*, and concluded in the columns of the *Glasgow Times*. Both these delightful volumes, abounding in charming description and enriched with poetic effusions, have been repeatedly republished, and have met with an extensive circulation.

In 1855 Mr. Macdonald connected himself with the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and was soon after appointed editor of the *Glasgow Times*. In June, 1858, when the *Morning Journal* was established, he accepted the position of literary editor, and the connection continued until his death. In this capacity sketches, essays, and reviews were constantly appearing from his pen; and among the rest a "Series of Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places," on the same plan as his two preceding volumes. But they lacked the freshness of his earlier efforts; and his friends saw painful evidences that his health was failing. After eleven years of laborious exertion for the amusement and instruction of the public, the genial and admired Macdonald died, March 16, 1860, in the forty-third year of his age. At the time of his decease he was engaged in the preparation of a work on "Old-Folk Lore," the aim of which was to gather legends, traditions, and auld-warld stories of the west of Scotland.

Mr. Macdonald was a member of various literary and scientific societies, in whose proceedings he took a prominent part. He presided at the celebration of the centenary of the birth-day of Robert Burns in Glasgow; and the year previous had the honour of being entertained at a public dinner in his native city. To show the estimation in which he was held by all sections of the community, it may be stated that after his death a sum of £900 was raised by subscription, and invested for behoof of his widow and children.

In 1863 a volume of Macdonald's poems and songs, with a memoir of his life, was published in Glasgow. The writer says of him that he "was emphatically a man of the people—a representative man. Not only did he excel as a journalist and as a writer of prose which will be permanent, but he was a true poet, to the manner born. Sprung from the industrial classes, he was proud of his origin, and always ready to uphold the dignity of labour and defend the rights of the working man. . . . A kinder-hearted man never breathed, and he was guileless even to a fault." He was especially free from literary jealousy, and was generous and prompt to acknowledge the merits of others. In especial he was among the first to recognize and call attention to the real genius of Alexander Smith, whose firm friend he remained till death.

WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A gowden dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

I never saw thy winsome face,
Thy bairnly beauty rowed in grace;
Yet thou art with me every place,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Where flick'ring beams beneath the trees
Flit playful in the summer breeze,
The eye of fancy ever sees
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
And aft in sighs her words wad fail,
When in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low, sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar;
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Blue curling reek on the breeze afloat
Quiet hover'd abune thy snaw-white cot,
And strange wild birds of eeriest note
Swept ever o'er Auchineden.

Sweet scented nurslings o' sun and dew,
In the bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves
Aft l'lted to thee in the silent eves,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,
And birds to thy side all fearless came,
Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,
And kindness has charms a' charms above;
'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee;
"Lang here," they sighed, "ye wadna be,"
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years;
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed with wae—
The auld kirkyard has her darling's clay;
But a better hame is thine for aye,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside,
And sorrow has crushed the hearts of pride;
For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn;
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—
The mirk, mirk gloamin' sune shall fa';
To death's dark porch we journey a',
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the warld is dune,
And the purple stream has ceased to rin,
May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

THE BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
I love them one and all—
The eagle soaring high in pride,
The wren so blithe and small.
I love the cushat in the wood,
The heron by the stream,
The lark that sings the stars asleep,
The merle that wakes their beam.

O the birds of dear old Scotland,
I love them every one—
The owl that leaves the tower by night,
The swallow in the sun.
I love the raven on the rock,
The sea-bird on the shore,
The merry chaffinch in the wood,
And the curlew on the moor.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
How lovely are they all!
The oozel by the forest spring
Or lonely waterfall!
The thrush that from the leafless bough
Delights the infant year,
The redbreast wailing sad and lone,
When leaves are falling sear.

O for the time when first I roamed
The woodland and the field,
A silent sharer in the joy
Each summer minstrel pealed.
Their nests I knew them every one—
In bank, or bush, or tree;

Familiar as a voice of home,
  Their every tone of glee.

They tell of birds in other climes
  In richest plumage gay,
With gorgeous tints that far outshine
  An eastern king's array.
Strangers to song! more dear to me
  The linnet, modest gray,
That pipes among the yellow broom
  His wild, heart-witching lay.

More dear than all their shining hues,
  The wells of glee that lie
In throstle's matchless mottled breast
  Or merle's of ebon dye.
And though a lordling's wealth were mine,
  In some far sunny spot,
My heart could never own a home
  Where minstrel birds were not.

Sweet wilding birds of Scotland,
  I loved ye when a boy,
And to my soul your names are linked
  With dreams of vanished joy.
And I could wish, when death's cold hand
  Has stilled this heart of mine,
That o'er my last low bed of earth
  Might swell your notes divine.

TO THE CLYDE.

O'er all the streams that Scotia pours
  Deep murmuring to the sea,
With warmest love my heart still turns,
  Fair, winding Clyde, to thee!
Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles,
  Thy placid waters glide,
Linked to a thousand mem'ries sweet,
  My own, my native Clyde!

Let others love the tangled Forth,
  Or mountain-shadowed Spey;
The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee,
  Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay;
From all their charms of wood or wild,
  I ever turn with pride
To where the golden apple gleams,
  On thy green banks, sweet Clyde!

It is not that thy heaving breast
  A kingdom's wealth has borne,
That pregnant barques, a gorgeous crowd,
  Thy spacious ports adorn;
'Tis not thy cities fair to see,
  Thy castled homes of pride,
That knit this heart in love to thee,
  Thou proudly rolling Clyde!

An heir of poverty and toil,
  Thy wealth to me is naught,
Yet thou hast treasures to my soul,
  With deepest pleasure fraught—
The homes of living, and the graves
  Of parted friends are thine—
The loving hearts, the tried, the true,
  Bright gems of sweet "Langsyne."

Oh! honied were my joys, I ween,
  When 'side thee, lovely stream!
Life dawned upon my wakening soul,
  Bright as a poet's dream,
Then daisied fields to me were wealth,
  Thy waters were a sea,
And angel voices in the clouds
  The larks' far showers of glee.

How loved I, on thy pebbled marge,
  To watch the minnows play!
Or on thy rippled breast to set
  My tiny barque away!
Or chasing wide the painted fly,
  Along thy skirt of flowers,
While on the swallow-wings of joy
  Flew past the laughing hours.

Each smiling season then had charms—
  Spring came with buds and flowers,
And wild-bird nests, with bead-like eggs,
  Leaf-screened in woodland bowers;
Summer brought aye the rushy cap,
  The dandelion chain;
While hips and haws, like gems were strewn
  O'er autumn's yellow train.

But years of mingled weal and woe,
  Like bubbles on thy wave,
Have passed: and friends are scatter'd now,
  Or slumbering in the grave.
The dust of time has dimmed my soul,
  And 'neath vile passion's sway,
Its freshness and its bloom have passed
  For evermore away.

Yet still I love thee, gentle Clyde;
  For aye, as with a spell,
Thou bring'st me back the cherished forms
  In mem'ry's haunts that dwell.
Like sunshine on the distant hills,
  Life's early joys I see:
And from the brightness of the past,
  I dream what heaven may be.

Dear stream, long may thy hills be green,
  Thy woods in beauty wave,

Thy daughters still be chaste and fair,
  Thy sons be true and brave!
And, oh! when from this weary heart
  Has ebbed life's purple tide,
May it be mine, 'mongst those I've loved,
  To rest on thy green side.

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel'
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty bluebell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers, while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;
For the wayworn and weary aft rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae gray,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,
And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My mem'ry aft haunts thee by nicht and by day;
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane,
Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e parta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

TO OCTOBER.

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
  Clad in glowing mantles sear;
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the west, when day's descending,
  Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

Beauteous are thy rowan trees, glowing
  With their beads of coral dye;
Beauteous are thy wild-rose bushes,
Where the hip in ripeness blushes,
  Like a maid whose lover's nigh.

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping
  From the tangled blackthorn bough,
Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage,
Clustering o'er the woodland cottage;
  Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
  Droopeth sad the sweet bluebell.
Gone the blossoms April cherished—
Violet, lily, rose, all perished—
  Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
  Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm gray morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
  Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
  Music of the falling leaf
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its inmost depths revealing;
  "Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October!
  More than budding, blooming Spring,
Hers is hope, delusive smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
  Mem'ry loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer,
  Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
  Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
  Death laid low my bosom flower.
Life hath been a wintry river
O'er whose ripple gladness never
  Gleameth brightly since that hour.

Hearts would fain be with their treasure,
  Mine is slumb'ring in the clay;
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
  For its own October day.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN, a well-known Scoto-Canadian poet, was born at Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, August 12, 1818. His father, Charles M'Lachlan, was a mechanic and the author of some very respectable verses. In 1820, in company with a brother, he went to Canada and purchased land, which he partially cleared, and set out on his return to Scotland for his family, but died on the way, leaving a wife and four children unprovided for. Alexander, the only son, was sent by the mother as soon as he was able to work to the cotton factory, where the pittance which he earned helped to support the family. But he soon grew weary of the thirteen hours' daily imprisonment in the factory, and left it to become a tailor's apprentice. At this time he devoted all his leisure hours to reading Burns, and ere long became passionately fond of poetry and oratory. He went far and near to hear celebrated speakers; and he says in a letter to us dated Oct. 31, 1865, "I still recollect the feelings of rapture with which I listened to Chalmers and O'Connell." He soon began to try his powers as a poet and also as a public speaker.

In 1841 M'Lachlan removed to Canada and settled on a farm, but for many years he has followed the vocation of a lecturer on literary and other topics. In 1862 he was sent by the Canadian government to set before his countrymen in Scotland the advantages to be gained by emigrating to Canada. From his friends and admirers in Johnstone he received a public ovation, and was at the same time presented with an elegant walking-stick, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Alexander M'Lachlan, Esq., Poet, by his friends at a public supper given him in Johnstone, his native town, as a mark of respect, and as a memorial of his visit to this country from Canada. Nov. 14, 1862." Twelve years later he was again entertained by his fellow-townsmen, and received a handsome gift of books.

M'Lachlan's first volume, entitled *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, was published in Canada in 1855. Three years later another volume with the title *Lyrics* appeared, followed in 1861 by *The Emigrant, and other Poems*. His latest publication, a handsome octavo volume entitled *Poems and Songs*, appeared in 1874.

I WINNA GAE HAME.

I winna gae back to my youthfu' haunts,
  For they are nae langer fair—
The spoiler has been in the glades so green,
  And sad are the changes there;
The plou' has been to the very brink
  O' the lovely Locher fa',
And beauty has fled wi' the auld yew-trees
  And the bonnie wee birds awa'.

Young spring aye cam' the earliest there,
  Alang wi' her dear cuckoo,
And the weary autumn lingered lang
  Wi' her lonely cusha-doo;
And peace aye nestled in ilka nook
  O' the bonnie gowany glen,
For it's always Sabbath among the flowers,
  Awa' frae the haunts o' men.

How aft hae I paused in thae green retreats
  O' the hare and the foggy-bee,
While the lintie lilted to his love—
  As blythe as a bird could be;
And the yorlin sang on the whinny knowe,
  In the cheery morn o' spring,
And the laverock drapt frae the cloud at e'en,
  To fauld up her weary wing.

And the mavis sang in the thorny brake,
  And the blackbird on the tree,
And the lintwhite tauld his tale of love,
  Far down in the gowany lea;
And the moss an' the cress an' the crawflow'r crept
  Sae close to the crystal spring,
And the water cam' wi' a laughin' loup,
  And awa' like a living thing.

And it sang its way through the green retreats,
  In a voice so sweet and clear,
That the rowan listened on the rock,
  And the hazel leaned to hear;
And the water-lilies raised their heads,
  And the bells in clusters blue,
And the primrose came wi' its modest face,
  A' wat wi' the balmy dew.

And the hoary hawthorn hung its head—
  As lapt in a blissfu' dream,
While the honeysuckle strained to catch
  The murmurs o' that stream;
And the buttercup and the cowslip pale,
  To the green, green margin drew,
And the gowan cam' and brought wi' her
  The bonnie wee violet blue.

And the red red rose and the eglantine,
  And the stately foxglove came,
And mony an' mony a sweet wee flower,
  That has died without a name;
While the burnie brattled doun the brae,
  In her ain blithe merry din,
And leapt the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
  And roared in the boiling linn;

And churned hersel' into silver white,
  Into bubbles green and gay,
And rumbled round in her wild delight,
  'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray;
And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim,
  Like the snawdrift on the lee,
And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,
  She sang awa' to the sea.

But the trees are felled and the birds are gane,
  And the banks are lone and bare,
And wearily now she drags her lane
  Wi' the heavy sough o' care;
And fond lovers there shall meet nae mair,
  In the lang, lang simmer's e'en,
To pledge their vows 'neath the spreading boughs,
  Of the birk and the beech sae green.

In a' my wanderings far or near,
  Through thir woods sae wild and lane,
There was still ae spot to memory dear,
  That I hoped to see again;
But I'll no gae back, I'll no gae back,
  For my heart is sick and sair,
And I couldna bide to see the wreck
  O' a place sae sweet and fair.

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
  Drops down on the heart like dew,
    And the sunbeams gleam
    Like a blessed dream
  Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
  In her faded widow's cap;
    She is sitting alone
    On the old gray stone,
  With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,
  And the burn is wimpling by;
    The primroses peep
    From their sylvan keep,
  And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
  But they're all away with Death,
    And she sits alone
    On the old gray stone
  To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er threescore and ten,
  And her eyes are waxing dim,
    But the page is bright
    With a living light,
  And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
  Which the soul can only hear!
    She is not alone
    On the old gray stone,
  Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now;
  But the Eye that never sleeps
    Looks on her in love
    From the heavens above,
  And with quiet joy she weeps:
She feels the balm of bliss is pour'd
  In her lone heart's deepest rut;
    And the widow lone
    On the old gray stone,
  Has a peace the world knows not.

THE HALLS OF HOLYROOD.

O let me sit as evening falls
  In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
  Of ancient Holyrood;
And think how human power and pride
  Must sink into decay,
Or like the bubbles on the tide,
  Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
  To see the archers good
Draw bow within the ringing courts
  Of merry Holyrood;

Ah! where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase?
Past, past away!

And where the monks and friars gray,
That oft in jovial mood
Would revel till the break of day
In merry Holyrood?
The flagons deep are emptied out,
The revellers all away;
They come not to renew the bout—
Where, where are they?

And where the plaided chieftains bold
That round their monarch stood?
And where the damsels that of old
Made merry Holyrood;
And where that fair, ill-fated queen,
And where the minstrels gray
That made those vaulted arches ring—
Where, where are they?

Tho' mould'ring are the minstrels' bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart,
And diadems decay—
But those old gushings of the heart
Never pass away.

MAY.

O sing and rejoice!
Give to gladness a voice,
Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
Rejoice with the flowers,
And the birds 'mong the bowers,
And away to the greenwoods, away!
O blithe as the fawn,
Let us dance in the dawn
Of this life-giving, glorious day;
'Tis bright as the first
Over Eden that burst—
Thou'rt welcome, young joy-giving May!

The cataract's horn
Has awaken'd the morn,
Her tresses are dripping with dew;
O hush thee, and hark!
'Tis her herald, the lark,
That's singing afar in the blue.
Its happy heart's rushing,
In strains wildly gushing,
That reach to the revelling earth,
And sink through the deeps
Of the soul, till it leaps
Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All nature's in keeping!
The live streams are leaping
And laughing in gladness along;
The great hills are heaving,
The dark clouds are leaving,
The valleys have burst into song.
We'll range through the dells
Of the bonnie bluebells,
And sing with the streams on their way:
We'll lie in the shades
Of the flower-covered glades
And hear what the primroses say.

O, crown me flowers
'Neath the green spreading bowers,
With the gems, and the jewels May brings;
In the light of her eyes,
And the depth of her dyes,
We'll smile at the purple of kings.
We'll throw off our years
With their sorrows and tears,
And time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the streams, and the birds, and the flowers.

LORD LINDSAY'S RETURN.

O weel I mind of that happy morn,
When I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

And the joyous brothers, fair and tall,
Came bounding forth from the castle hall,
With their ringing welcome, one and all.

And a sister came with her fairy feet,
The happy sprite of that green retreat;
Oh why! oh why! did we ever meet?

And we ranged the dells and the forest free,
And O, what a joyous band were we,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

No sorrow came to those bowers so green,
For we had no time to think, I ween,
On the what might be, or the what had been.

But I left them all for a distant land,
Where the lakes and the woods are wild and grand,
But my heart still turn'd to that joyous band.

Aweary of fortune's fickle gleams,
I sat me down by the stranger's streams,
And wander'd away to the land of dreams.

Again we rang'd through the forest free,
And sang our songs 'neath the greenwood tree,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

When many a year had roll'd away,
And mine auburn locks were tinged with gray,
I homeward went on a joyous day.

And on to the hall I hurried fast,
And the green lanes knew me as I past,
And the old hills said, "Thou art come at last."

Again, as on the happy morn
I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

With hope and fear my heart did bound,
But no one came at the welcome sound,
And Echo only answer'd round.

And I rush'd into the castle hall,
But I found, for the true hearts one and all,
But pictures hanging on the wall.

For the joyous ones were dead and gone,
And their names inscrib'd on a mould'ring stone
In the village churchyard old and lone.

And the forester was old and gray,
And he said, that like the flowers of May,
He saw them one by one decay.

And I sought once more the greenwood tree,
And I sat me down and sighed, "Ah me!"
Sorry as only old hearts can be!

SCOTLAND REVISITED, OR THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

When mony a year had come and gane,
And I'd grown auld and hoary,
And mony a hope had proven vain,
And mony a dream o' glory;
Then backward to my childhood's hame
A weary langing sent me,
I found my native vale the same,
But very few that kent me.

There were the hills my childhood saw,
They look'd as if they knew me;
And well they might!—when far awa'
Oh how they did pursue me!
And there amang the broomy braes
I often paus'd and ponder'd
Upon the joys o' ither days,
Then on again I wander'd.

At length our cot appear'd in view,
O weel I kent the biggin,
There was the same o'erhanging yew
And thack upon the riggin';
And there the winnock in the en'
Wi' woodbine train'd sae trimly,
And up aboon the cosie den
Reek swirlin' frae the chimly.

O how my heart leapt at the sicht,
Till I could hardly bear it;
I felt as if I wad gang gite,
For I was maist deleerit.
And hurrying to the sacred spot,
Ilk thump cam' quick and quicker,
I tried to pray, but in my throat
The words grew thick and thicker.

To hide my tears I vainly strove,
For nae ane cam' to meet me,
Nae mother wi' her look o' love,
Nae sister cam' tae greet me:
For gane were they, baith ane an' a',
The dear hearts that I cherish'd,
Gane, like the flowers o' spring awa',
Or like a vision perished.

This was the spot of all most dear,
Where all my dreams were centr'd;
And yet, wi' trembling and wi' fear,
Beneath that roof I enter'd.
There was the place my father sat,
Beside my mother spinning,
An' a' the bairns, wi' merry chat,
In joy around her rinning.

There in the cottage of my birth,
The same roof-tree above me,
I stood, a wanderer on the earth,
With nae ane left to love me.
Oh! I had often stood alone
On many a post of danger,
But never wept till standing on
My native hearth—a stranger!

I sought the auld kirkyard alane,
Where a' the lov'd are sleeping,
And only the memorial stane
Its watch aboon them keeping;
It only said that they were dead—
Once here, but now departed;
A' gane! a' gane! to their lang hame,
The true, the gentle-hearted.

O life, I cried, is all a woe,
A journey lang and dreary:
Is there nae hame to which we go,
Nae heart-hame for the weary?
I cleared the weeds frae aff the stane,
And lang I sat and ponder'd
Upon the days for ever gane,
Then weary on I wander'd.

WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., an influential member of the Conservative party, was born at Kenmure, near Glasgow, March 8, 1818. He is the only son of the late Archibald Stirling of Keir, Perthshire, the representative of an old and wealthy family; his mother was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, Renfrewshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1839 and M.A. in 1843. Soon after he printed for private circulation a small volume of poems entitled *The Songs of the Holy Land*, composed chiefly during a visit to Palestine. Having turned his attention to the study of Spanish history, literature, and art, he resided some time in France and Spain for the prosecution of his researches. He wrote *The Annals of the Artists of Spain*, issued in three volumes in 1848; *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, published in 1852, for which he had carefully prepared himself by visiting the convent of Yuste, the place to which the monarch retired, as well as by a most diligent search for materials in the archives of France; *Velasquez and his Works*, issued in 1855; and *The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V., designed* by Martin Heimskerch *in 1555, and now illustrated with portraits, prints, and notes:* London, 1870, folio, privately printed.

At the general election in 1852 Stirling was returned to the House of Commons as member for Perthshire, which county he continues to represent. In 1865, by the death of his maternal uncle Sir John Maxwell, he became heir to the baronetcy, and assumed the name of Maxwell. He was elected rector of St. Andrews University in 1863, when he received the degree of LL.D.; and he was honoured with the same high office by the University of Edinburgh in 1872. Three years later he was elected chancellor of the University of Glasgow as successor to the late Duke of Montrose. Sir William married in 1865 Lady Anna Maria Melville, third daughter of David, eighth earl of Leven and Melville, who died December 8, 1874, leaving two sons.

Among various published or privately-printed books edited or written by Sir William, may be mentioned *Lemmata Proverbialia;* Catalogues of Books relating to Proverbs, Emblems, and Ana, and to the Arts of Design, in the Library at Keir, 1860, two vols. 8vo; a handsome volume issued in 1873, entitled *The Turks in 1533;* a series of drawings made in that year at Constantinople by Peter Coeck of Aelst; and in 1875 two volumes folio, entitled *The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Bologna, Nov. 5, 1529;* and *The Procession of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. on the occasion of the Coronation, Bologna, February 24, 1530.* These magnificent series of engravings were drawn and designed the first by an anonymous Venetian, and the second by Nicholas Hogenberg, and have been reproduced in fac-simile from the very rare originals.

RUTH.

The golden smile of morning
  On the hills of Moab play'd,
When at the city's western gate
  Their steps three women stay'd.
One laden was with years and care,
  A gray and faded dame,
Of Judah's ancient lineage,
  And Naomi her name;
And two were daughters of the land,
  Fair Orpah and sweet Ruth,
Their faces wearing still the bloom,
  Their eyes the light of youth;
But all were childless widows,
  And garb'd in weeds of woe,
And their hearts were full of sorrow.
  And fast their tears did flow.
For the Lord God from Naomi
  Her spouse and sons had taken,
And she and these that were their wives,
  Are widow'd and forsaken;

And wish or hope her bosom knows
None other but to die,
And lay her bones in Bethlehem,
Where all her kindred lie.
So gives she now upon the way
To Jordan's western waters—
Her farewell kisses and her tears
Unto her weeping daughters:
"Sweet daughters mine, now turn again
Unto your homes," she said,
"And for the love ye bear to me,
The love ye bear the dead,
The Lord with you deal kindly,
And give you joy and rest,
And send to each a faithful mate
To cheer her widow'd breast."

Then long and loud their weeping was,
And sore was their lament,
And Orpah kiss'd sad Naomi,
And back to Moab went;
But gentle Ruth to Naomi
Did cleave with close embrace,
And earnest spoke, with loving eyes
Up-gazing in her face—
"Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor sever from thy side,
For where thou goest I will go,
Where thou bidest I will bide;
Thy people still my people,
And thy God my God shall be;
And where thou diest I will die,
And make my grave with thee."

So Naomi, not loath, was won
Unto her gentle will;
And thence with faces westward set,
They fared o'er plain and hill;
The Lord their staff, till Bethlehem
Rose fair upon their sight,
A rock-built town with towery crown,
In evening's purple light,
'Midst slopes in vine and olive clad,
And spread along the brook,
White fields, with barley waving,
That woo'd the reaper's hook.

. . . . . .

Now for the sunny harvest field
Sweet Ruth her mother leaves,
And goes a-gleaning after
The maids that bind the sheaves.
And the great lord of the harvest
Is of her husband's race,
And looks upon the lonely one
With gentleness and grace;
And he loves her for the brightness
And freshness of her youth,
And for her unforgetting love,
Her firm enduring truth—
The love and truth that guided Ruth
The border mountains o'er,
Where her people and her own land
She left for evermore.

So he took her to his home and heart,
And years of soft repose
Did recompense her patient faith,
Her meekly-suffer'd woes;
And she became the noblest dame
Of palmy Palestine,
And the stranger was the mother
Of that grand and glorious line
Whence sprang our royal David,
In the tide of generations,
The anointed king of Israel,
The terror of the nations:
Of whose pure seed hath God decreed
Messiah shall be born,
When the day-spring from on high shall light
The golden lands of morn;
Then heathen tongues shall tell the tale
Of tenderness and truth—
Of the gentle deed of Boaz,
And the tender love of Ruth.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.[1]

In Bruxelles Emperor Charles abode, fifth Cæsar of the name:
Weary with life's long toil was he, and rack'd with gout his frame;
His cheek was pale, his step was frail, seldom he crossed the door,
He could not rule as he had ruled in the good days of yore,
Nor meet the French in field and trench as he was wont to do,
When o'er the Flemish border the lilied banner flew;
Wherefore he had devis'd and dealt to lay the burden down
Of pomp, and power, and majesty; of sceptre, orb, and crown;
And all his world-wide heritage, and all his sword had won,
To give unto Don Philip now, his dear and only son,

[1] This poem is a translation of a Spanish ballad or romance, printed in the *Cancionero General*, Antwerp, 1577, descriptive of the abdication of the sovereignty of the Low Countries by the emperor at Brussels. The abdication took place in the same hall in which, more than forty years before, Charles had been presented by his aunt Margaret to a similar audience as reigning sovereign of the Netherlands.—Ed.

Don Philip, King of England, who that noble realm had brought
Back to Christ's faith from heresy by rebel Luther taught.
So Cæsar and the English King in Bruxelles town were met,
And paction was between them made, and time of signing set;
The year of grace one thousand was, five hundred fifty-five,
The famous year that saw the morn of this great deed arrive,
Friday, October twenty-five, three afternoon, the day
And hour, when Cæsar sign'd and seal'd his diadems away.

At Bruxelles, in the ancient hall within the castle gate,
Where valiant Dukes of Burgundy erst kept their royal state,
Upon the dais richly dight, beneath the canopy,
The throne was set, and all a-row stood chairs of honour three.
Fair Flanders' looms had spread the walls with storied hangings o'er;
And Cæsar and Don Philip came, with trumpets blown before,
With Mary, Queen of Hungary, high lady wise and wight,
And Savoy's Duke of iron mould, and many a lord and knight
Of broad Brabant and proud Castille, great chiefs of war and peace,
Grave magistrates of towns and states, and knights of Golden Fleece.

Then Cæsar sat upon his throne with calm and gracious mien,
And right and left on either hand, bade sit the King and Queen;
And near the Queen the Duke was set; and down below, the floor
Scarce held the folk that throng'd to see, a thousand souls and more.
So when the heralds silence call'd, the whispering hum was still,
And rose the Chancellor of the Fleece to speak the Emperor's will;
In weighty, well-grac'd words he said how Cæsar's Majesty
Would pass the evening of his days from broil and battle free,
And giving to Don Philip now his royal place and state,
Will'd that his loving people's will the gift should consecrate.

Then slowly, when the Chancellor ceas'd, the Emperor arose,
And told of all his toils at home, and wars with foreign foes,
How twice to heathen Barbary his Christian flag he bore,
And now eleven times had passed the stormy ocean o'er,
And how one passage more, the twelfth, for him did yet remain,
If God should grant his sole desire, to end his days in Spain.
From his first hour of royal power it had been his endeavour
Justice to mete and right to do with equal balance ever;
But if in absence, or by chance or frailty led astray,
Wrong he had done, he pray'd them all to pardon him that day;
And so he bade them all farewell, and left them to his son,
Their lord, whose rule in other realms the people's hearts had won;
This witting, he, for such a son, could joyfully lay down
The sacred trust he else had kept, of sceptre, sword, and crown;
And last of all, in earnest wise three things he did commend
Unto their care, and bid them hold in honour to the end:
Their holy faith, their country's peace, their duty to their lord,
Who lov'd them, and would win their love: this was his parting word.

Then rose the King unbonneted, and stood before the throne,
And for his father's gracious words, and grace and favour done,
Gave thanks; and humbly kneeling down he sought to kiss his hand,
But Cæsar threw his arms about his neck and bade him stand;
And many a tear was shed the while by loving sire and son,
And by the Queen, and Duke, and Knights, and nobles every one.

Next for the Cities and Estates a learnèd jurist spake,
And told the Emperor how well they were content to take
His hopeful son their lord to be; whereon Don Philip bade
The reverend Lord of Arras speak, who courteous answer made.

Then last the good Queen Mary rose, of her long reign to tell,
And bid in fair and gentle speech her people all farewell;
Foremost of lands to make their land—for this she still had striven,
And now for faults and errors past she sued to be forgiven.

In courtly words th' Estates replied they mourn'd to see her go,
But with them still was law her will, and she would have it so.
Wherewith the goodly company arose and went their way
As evening fell; and so the King became our Lord that day.

SHALLUM.

Oh, waste not thy woe on the dead, nor bemoan him,
Who finds with his fathers the grave of his rest;
Sweet slumber is his, who at night-fall hath thrown him
Near bosoms that waking did love him the best.

But sorely bewail him, the weary world-ranger,
Shall ne'er to the home of his people return;
His weeping worn eyes must be closed by the stranger,
No tear of true sorrow shall hallow his urn.

And mourn for the monarch that went out of Zion,
King Shallum, the son of Josiah the Just;
For he the cold bed of the captive shall die on,
Afar from his land, nor return to its dust.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

THOMAS CARSTAIRS LATTO, author of the fine song "When we were at the Schule," was born in the parish of Kingsbarns, Fifeshire, Dec. 1, 1818. His father, Alexander Latto, was the parish schoolmaster; his mother's name was Christina Anderson. After receiving his elementary education in his father's school Latto entered the University of St. Andrews, where he proved himself a good student during the five sessions that he continued there. In 1838 he went to Edinburgh, and entered the office of John Hunter, auditor of the Court of Session, where he acted as the Parliament House and conveyancing clerk. He was afterwards employed in the office of William Mackenzie of Muriston, W.S., agent for the Duke of Sutherland and the Seaforth family. He subsequently acted as clerk to Professor Aytoun, and at a later period became managing clerk to a solicitor in Dundee. Latto in a letter to the Editor, dated May 10, 1872, says:—"My connection with Professor Aytoun was merely nominal. I did no work for him, and received no compensation! . . . Hunter was a man of fine literary abilities, and would fain have been a poet, but lacked the power of expression. He was of the gentlest nature, and one of the most genial of men. Muriston was quite a character, and noted for his high temper, but in the three years that I was with him—and I was constantly in his room—we never had a tiff. He did not require my presence after three o'clock, so that I was pretty much my own master. It was a great mistake I made when I left him to go to Dundee."

In 1852 Latto entered into business in Glasgow as a commission merchant, and subsequently went to New York. He adds: "My life since I came to America has not been very eventful, but it has been somewhat chequered. Poets, if I may reckon myself among the number, have rarely much of the money-making faculty, and in this regard I am a true *vates*. I have always, however, been prudent, steady, and careful; and if I have not commanded success, have at least endeavoured to deserve it. . . . I started the *Scottish American Journal*, a number of my friends taking shares, but the financial troubles of 1857 compelled me to leave the paper, which was continued and is now flourishing." Latto then entered the publishing house of Ivison & Co. of New York, where he remained for eleven years—"the most peaceful period of my life," he says. In 1871 he began business as a real-estate agent in Brooklyn, where he at present resides with his family.

Latto's first poetical effusions appeared in

the *Fife Herald* while he was at college, but always anonymously or with the name of some other student affixed—a liberty at which it appears no offence was ever taken. Many of his later songs appeared in the pages of *Whistlebinkie* and the *Book of Scottish Song*. In 1845 he edited a poem entitled "The Minister's Kail-yard," which, with a number of his own compositions, was published in Edinburgh in that year. Mr. Latto's principal work, "The Village-school Examination," completed some years ago, is still in manuscript; but it is his intention to have it published, with other tales and songs, in Scotland. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers an extract from this fine picture of Scottish life, exhibiting so many interesting reminiscences of home and boyhood. Mr. Latto has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of his adopted country, as he was before leaving Scotland to those of his native land, including *Tait's Magazine*. His lines on the American novelist J. Fenimore Cooper, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1870, are among the finest that he has written, and are worthy of the author of "The Grave of Sir Walter Scott," first published in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas gloamin', and the autumn sun
  Had shed his last and loveliest smile,
When late I ferried o'er the stream,
  To Dryburgh's mouldering pile:
For I had wander'd from afar,
  And brav'd the wild Atlantic's wave,
To see the poet's resting-place—
  The "mighty Wizard's" grave.

I stood within the ruin'd fane,
  Beside Saint Mary's grated aisle,
No sound was in that lonely spot,
  No voice was on the gale,
Save when at intervals there came
  A mournful music sweet and slow—
The murmur of his own loved Tweed
  That calmly roll'd below.

I linger'd till the harvest-moon
  Peer'd through the ivied loopholes there,
And still delay'd to quit a scene
  So gloomy, yet so fair.
And was it here, life's fever o'er,
  In this sequester'd holy spot,
Lay mingling with its kindred clay
  The dust of Walter Scott?

I gazed with feelings strange and sad,
  Fulfill'd the cherish'd wish of years,
I leant my brow against the stone,
  And melted into tears.
Ah! where is now the flashing eye
  That kindled up at Flodden field—
That saw in fancy onsets fierce,
  And clashing spear and shield?

The eager and untiring step
  That urged the search for Border lore,
To make Old Scotland's heroes known
  On every peopled shore?
The wondrous spell that summon'd up
  The charging squadrons fierce and fast,
And garnish'd every cottage wall
  With pictures of the past?

The graphic pen that drew at once
  The traits alike so truly shown
In Bertram's faithful pedagogue
  And haughty Marmion?
The hand that equally could paint,
  And give to each proportion fair,
The stern, the wild Meg Merrilees,
  And lovely Lady Clare?

The glowing dreams of bright romance,
  That teeming fill'd his ample brow—
Where is his darling chivalry—
  Where are his visions now?
The open hand, the generous heart,
  That joy'd to soothe a neighbour's pains?
Nought, nought I see save grass and weeds,
  And solemn silence reigns.

The flashing eye is dimm'd for aye,
  The stalwart limb is stiff and cold,
No longer pours his trumpet-note
  To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand,
  The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
  All, all is lonely there.

What if it be? his fame resounds
  To far creation's farthest rim;
No forest, lake, or mountain gray
  But speaks and breathes of him.

Why pours yon stream by Holyrood?
  'Mong weeds they look for Muschat's pile:
Why dart yon boats from fair Kinross?
  They seek Lochleven's isle.

Why flock yon crowds up Benvenue,
  What marvels there their gaze await?
Dost thou not know the meanest cairn
  Genius can consecrate?
Yes! castle, lake, and moated wall—
  The outlaw's glen and cavern grim,
Have each a tongue, if thou canst feel,
  To speak and breathe of him.

The victor on the battle-field
  Looks proudly round, and claims the prize;
But thou beneath us hast achieved
  Far mightier victories.
The hero when in death he falls,
  Nations may hail his deeds divine;
Ah! bought with blood and widows' tears,
  His fame is poor to thine!

"Give me," the Syracusan cried,
  And saw a globe in fancy hurled—
"Give me but where to plant my foot,
  And I will move the world!"
Now Scotland! triumph in a son
  Who triumphed in a grander thought;
Great Archimedes, now outdone,
  Bows to thy Walter Scott—

Who the gigantic lever plied,
  And plies while we his fame rehearse,
Swaying, obedient to his will,
  A moral universe.
Behold thick Prejudice dispell'd!
  And whose the blest, the god-like boon?
The SUN OF WAVERLEY arose
  And made the darkness noon.

Deem ye his tales an idle task?
  They joined the poles in kindly span—
Made seas but highways to our friends,
  And man to feel for man.
They showed the proud what worth might glow
  Beneath a breast that russet wore:
They gave the hind a rank and place
  He had not known before.

Yes! persecuted Hebrew! tell
  Where'er a Jewish maid may roam,
She knows, she feels, in every heart
  Rebecca has a home.
The Paynim in a hostile land
  Throws down his sword and counts us kin,
Proud that a Briton's bosom glows
  For noble Saladin.

Courage in high or low he hails,
  King, squire, with equal eye he saw:
Brave Richard of the Lion heart,
  And the heroic Shaw.
Yon cottar feels his class is rich
  In Nature's nobles—shaming queens:
Ah! not a prattler climbs his knee
  But lisps of Jeanie Deans.

Praise, deathless love, to him who thus
  A stubborn tide could backward roll;
Rein in the chafing pride of man,
  And triumph in the soul.
The grave, the gay—the child, the sage—
  The lovers 'neath the hawthorn hoar—
All for a while their dreams forget,
  And o'er his pictures pore.

The force of truth and nature see!
  For all peruse, and all admire,
The duchess in her ducal hall—
  Her milkmaid by the fire.
We laugh, we weep, as he may choose,
  To blend our willing tears with smiles,
At Lucy Ashton's hapless fate,
  And Caleb's honest wiles.

We see before us strut in pride
  The Bailie, "pawky, hard, and slee,"
The wily lawyers tangling yet
  Poor Peter Peebles' plea.
Again we glow with Ivanhoe,
  His burning words so charm the sense,
And hear the Covenanter pour
  His strange wild eloquence.

The Antiquary, stern and gruff,
  Rejoicing in the caustic joke,
Stamp at the name of Aikin Drum,
  And quail 'neath Eddie's mock.
Tell him of Steenie's fate, or hint
  Of dreams his own young days beguil'd;
The soul within that rugged husk
  Is gentle as a child.

Where'er the winds of heaven have blown,
  We hear his numbers borne along
In martial strain or tender plaint—
  The magic of his song.
Long Beauty's lips shall chant those lays
  In Music's bower for ever green,
Bold Ettrick's Border march renown'd,
  And Jock o' Hazeldean.

Yet pause awhile! among the names
  Thy genius steep'd in Pity's dew;
Though thou didst sigh o'er Mary's griefs,
  Thine own have not been few.

Who has not wept when—dropped the veil
  O'er homes and hearts to us unknown—
Thou gav'st us, but for one brief hour,
  A glimpse into thine own!

Ah! bitter were thy thoughts, I ween,
  With old Sir Henry 'neath the tree—
The gentle Alice by his side,
  Thy darling Anne and thee.
Yet though the cloud of ruin fell,
  Thy fair horizon to deform,
Thou stood'st serene and unappall'd,
  Erect amid the storm.

The last sad scene we would forget,
  For kind loved friends were round thy bed,
So milder fell the parting gales
  Upon thy aged head.
Yet, oh! how terrible the shock
  When cracked that strong and manly heart,
Sure Death with faltering tongue pronounce
  The dread command, "Depart!"

I feel a joy that at the last
  The sounds thou loved the best to hear,
The lapsing ripple of the Tweed,
  Made music in thine ear.
And more than lapse of murmuring streams,
  That he thy eldest born was by,
To hold thee on his manly breast,
  To kiss and close thine eye.

The grass is trodden by the feet
  Of thousands from a thousand lands—
The prince, the peasant, tottering age,
  And rosy schoolboy bands—
All crowd to fairy Abbotsford,
  And lingering gaze, and gaze the more—
Hang o'er the chair in which he sat,
  The latest dress he wore.

Thou wondrous being, fare thee well!
  Thou noblest, best of humankind,
Who joined to a Nathaniel's heart
  A Shakspere's master mind!
Light be the turf upon thy breast,
  For pleasant was in life thy mood,
And rare thy fate, proclaim'd at once
  The glorious and the good!

May flow'rets fair long blossom here;
  Sweet birds the choiring concert lead,
To swell thy dear eternal dirge
  Sung by the "silver Tweed!"
Farewell! farewell! my bosom throbs
  With grief and ecstacy to pain,
"Take thee for all in all, we ne'er
  Shall see thy like again."

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

(EXTRACT.)

If I forget thee, temple low and rude,
If I forget thee, guardian of my youth,
Epitome of all that's kind and good,
To duty firm, but punishing in ruth,
Turning bright metal out of stuff uncouth,
Old as thou art, still in the harness yet,
Be mute the tongue thou taught to love the truth,
May black misfortune snare me in her net,
And the right hand thou train'd its cunning all forget.

From lowly fanes like these the giants rushed,
Resistless callants, born to make their mark,
And hew their way, whoever might be crush'd;
A pale-faced genius watch'd the infant spark;
He nurs'd it, sweeping up like mounting lark,
Until it tower'd unto the sky of fame;
He heard the victor shouts, *he* from the dark
Moss-covered cabin hail'd the deathless name,
Whose dawning streak *he* fann'd into immortal flame.

Aye! Abercromby, gallant Scot, was train'd
For after coolness 'mid the cannon's roar;
The fighting Napiers their great muscle strain'd
At "Scotch and English" by the school-house door.
Stout Hope and Lynedoch, Clyde and many more;
And, early call'd, old Glasgow's bravest son,[1]
Who breath'd his last upon Corunna's shore,
Confess'd the sage who shrunk from pike and gun
Was captain of them all, and show'd how fields were won.

Who first swart Afric's deserts ventur'd through,
Fainting and weary 'neath a burning sun,
The wanderings of the Niger to pursue?[2]
Who first thro' Nubian wilds the course begun,
Which, following up, intrepid Speke has run,
And Nile's disjointed story render'd whole?[3]
Nor might a Highland lad[4] with honour shun
The *Franklin* tracks, but scal'd with dauntless soul
The frost-rear'd peaks that guard the secrets of the Pole.

Some village teacher with a throbbing brow
Noted in Scott the heaven-descending fire;
Another to whose beck o'en Burns must bow,
Placed in his hands the primer of the lyre,

[1] Sir John Moore. [2] Mungo Park.
[3] James Bruce. [4] Sir L. M'Clintock.

Wink'd at asklent by his unbending sire.
Who saw in Chalmers' dreaming, sleepy gaze
The spunk would lighten o'er a Scottish shire,
Sound to the depths men's hearts in every phase,
And in meridian power a startled world amaze?

In arts, in science, law and arms and lore,
The dominie evok'd the spirits bright
Whose haloed radiance streams from shore to shore,
Whose footsteps echo in the halls of might,—
The Brougham, the Erskine for the wordy fight
Prepar'd and girded,—Jeffrey of the eye
Whose iridescent brilliance flash'd like light,
Watt, Brewster, Miller; on my memory
There crowds a starry host whose names can never die.

From bleak Leadhills the artless Allan sprung,
Auld Reekie's haunts gave Fergusson his power,
In Ednam's vale the tuneful Thomson sung,
The shepherd deck'd on Ettrick shaws his bower,
St. Mungo's Campbell graced in happy hour,
By fair Kinross sought Bruce the muse's rill,
Found by M'Neil where high the Ochils tower,
From Laurencekirk rose Beattie's classic trill,
From Paisley Wilson bold and tender Tannahill.

And who shall paint the rapture of *his* soul,
Who from his calm retreat the conflict sees,—
Beholds the swaying tide of battle roll,—
His brawny offspring floating on the breeze.
The "ramping Lion" red with victories,[1]—
Of bloodless victories bringing no alloy?
His warm emotion brings him to his knees;
He thanks his Maker in ecstatic joy;
"Heaven help me, taught by Thee, *I* taught the noble boy."

Transcendant gifts like these what can repay;
Shall worldly treasure, honours, love, be laid
Before him as the savage Kaffirs lay
Theirs on the altar of a hideous shade,—
What the reward and rich endowment made
For sacrifices render'd so complete,—
What in the social caste is this man's grade,—
Do monarchs hasten his approach to greet,—
Does a great nation stand in reverence at his feet?

Alas! alas! I never blush'd with shame
To own my land three thousand miles away,
Save *once*, when casually asked to name
His full emoluments,—his yearly pay;
Silent I stood, nor made the vain essay
To figure up the literary *plum;*[2]
Honest reply had met with mocking "nay;"
And doubt it not, in other regions some
Like me have writhing stood, indignant, sad and dumb.

O Scotland! what a heavy debt is thine,
A debt, alas! thou grudgest still to pay,
To those who in the van made thee to shine
Alike in prosperous and in evil day.
Honour the schoolmaster while yet you may,
Let British senates give the cue and tone;
Shed from thy brow austere the genial ray,
On him thy sober sense will justly own
Prop of thine altar pure and pillar of thy throne.

He made thee what thou art, a crownéd queen
And ruler 'mong the nations of the earth;
But canst thou say, with truth, "These hands are clean!"
Ingrate to him who gave thee second birth?
In all the peopled globe's great circling girth,
There is no land mocks her instructors so,
By leaving them in penury and dearth;
Arise, my country, to the rescue go!
Then, show thy palm as white as Jura's drifted snow.

Haply, some worldling, lounging o'er the page,
Its trivial fond regrets may scorn away;
The weak garrulity of doting age
May rouse impatience at the homely lay;
Let sneering Fashion mock it as she may,
So sad for mirth to me the theme appears,
I lay the record down of life's young day
To fade and moulder with the wreck of years,
A frail memorial wet and blister'd with my tears.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.[1]

The laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule;
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule—
Tho' now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur wav'd the curly hair,
And many a blythesome heart is cauld—
Sin' first we sported there.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
Nae after days are like the days
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
And canny, creepin' Hugh,

[1] The royal arms of Scotland.

"The ruddy Lion ramping
In the field of tressur'd gold."—*Aytoun.*

[2] A fortune—£100,000.

[1] This fine lyric was first published anonymously in the *Book of Scottish Song*. It was written by Mr. Latto in the vaults of the Parliament House, Edinburgh, while waiting for a debate.—Ed.

And Bob the pest, an' Sugar-pouch,
The best o' a' the crew;
And raggit Willie is the laird
O' twa-three landart farms;
And Katie Spence, the pridefu' thing,
Now cuddles in his arms.

O' do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
An' sent it soomin' down?
We thought how clever a' was plann'd,
When—whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge—
"I'll thank ye for *my* hat!"

O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
Our het an' tinglin' paws;
O weel I mind his solemn look,
An' weel I mind the tawse.
What awfu' snuffs that day he took,
An' panged them up his nose,
An' rapped the box as if to strike
A terror to his foes.

An' do ye mind, at countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ithers' slates,
An' jot it on our ain:
An' how we feared, at writin' hour,
His glunches and his glooms—
How many times a day he said
Our fingers a' were thooms!

An' weel I min' that afternoon,
'Twas manfu' like yersel',
Ye took the pawmies an' the shame,
To save wee Johnnie Bell.
The maister found it out belyve;
He took ye on his knee;
And as he look'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon,
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane,
When playin' at the ba'?
Nae pennies had we—Jenny grat;
It cut us to the core:
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door!

And sic a steer his granny made,
When talepyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leugh,
When leein' Saddler Wat
Cam' in an' threept that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat!

Aye, laddies, ye may wink awa'—
Truth shouldna a' be tauld;
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are no unlike the auld.
And are nae we but laddies yet,
Wha get the name o' men,
And living by the ingle-side
Thae happy days again.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule?
We're no sae wise—we're learning aye—
We never leave the schule!

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whyles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stouin smack
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie, wheesht! for sic a fricht
I ne'er was in afore,
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door."
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear;
But gin they jeer an' mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
And as for me, I could ha'e crept
Into a rabbit's hole.
The mither look'd—saff's how she look't!
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The douce gudeman, though he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thoom.
But tittrin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began,
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up—
I to my heels an' ran;
A besom whiskit by my lug,
And dishclouts half-a-score,

Catch me again, though fidgin' fain,
At kissin' 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

TELL ME, DEAR.

Tell me, dear! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie!
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love, thy changing e'e;
Dearest gift that Heaven could gie,
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie!

Willie, lay thy cheek to mine—
Kiss me, oh! my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie!
Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me—
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no' a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie.

THE BLIND LASSIE.

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won.
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow sair wasted and gane:
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin' in His holy keepin',
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin',
She sits through the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin',
To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun.
For though she has naething, proud-hearted this wee thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

O the days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
For I found she had courted na me, but my purse;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy,
What's waur, that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her;
The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
And she was a terrible Tartar;
She spak' about "measures" and "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel! I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honeymoon
Scarce was ower when the widow I met her,
She girningly whisper'd, "Hech! weel ha'e ye dune,
But tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
But tent me, lad, I can do better:—

"Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools;"
Her proverb I counted a' blether,
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther, my feyther!
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Rev. John R. Macduff, D.D., is the second son of Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire, where he was born in 1818. He received the principal part of his education at the High-school of Edinburgh, and then studied for the Church in the University of that city, being for three years a student of the illustrious Dr. Chalmers. He was licensed as a minister of the Established Church in 1842, and the same year received the charge of the parish of Kettins in Forfarshire. He was afterwards removed to the parish of St. Madoes in Perthshire, and from thence was translated to one of the west-end churches in Glasgow, where he ministered for fifteen years, and became well known as one of the most talented preachers in the Church. Dr. Macduff received the degree of D.D. from both the universities of Glasgow and New York. Whilst in Glasgow, he was presented by the Crown to the ministerial charge of the Cathedral of that city, vacant by the death of Principal Macfarlan; but this charge, although one of the few prizes in the Church of Scotland, he declined to accept, through attachment to the congregation among whom he laboured.

In 1871 Dr. Macduff resigned the laborious duties of a city clergyman, and has since resided in England, devoting himself to religious authorship. For many years no writer has been more popular in this department of literature. His *Memories of Patmos, Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains, Memories of Bethany,* and many other religious works, are highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and are stated to have attained a circulation of a million and a half. In 1875 he issued a volume of poetry entitled *The Gates of Praise,* from which we make the following selections, which fully establish his claim to a place in our Collection.

IN MEMORIAM:

THE PRINCE CONSORT. *Balmoral, 14th Dec. 1861.*

Go silence your pibrochs; go sound the wild coronach;
Wail loudest dirges o'er mountain and vale:
The Chief of our chieftains lies silent and shrouded,
The Prince of the land, and the pride of the Gael!

This morning our hill-tops were gloomy with mist-clouds,
They curtained each crag, and then melted in rain:
It was Nature attired in her garments of sackcloth,
And weeping for him she shall ne'er see again.

Ye dumb mountain mourners, how fondly he loved you!
In glory of sunshine or grandeur of gloom:
Your carpets of heather, your jungles of bracken,
The plumes of your rock-pines, the gold of your broom!

Begin the plaint moaning, ye forests of Athole!
For yours are the corries his eyes first beheld:
Let it sigh through the glens of the Garry and Tummel,
The straths of Breadalbane—the woods of Dunkeld.

Grampian heights echo it! Bold Ben-muich-dhui;
Ben Dearg, Ben-e-vrackie, and lone Ben-y-Gloe;
Schehallion, respond to the wail of Ben-Voir-lich,
Till it die far away in the wilds of Glencoe.

Come, Dee's gentle waters, and lend your soft music,
As plaintive ye flow through the forests of Mar;
While louder your dirges, ye torrents of Muick,
Your tribute-grief bringing from loved Loch-nagar.

Garrawalt, pour out your thunder of tear-drops;
The rainbow forbid to encircle your spray:
More fitting, by far, are the wrack and the driftwood,
Which chafe in each eddy and cauldron to-day!

Take up the coronach, cottage and clachan;
Shepherd's lone shieling on mountain or moor;
For he whom we mourn had alike ever ready
A word for the great and a smile for the poor.

Sad change! Oh, how lately these heights that surround me
Were silvered with birches or purple with bloom:
To-day the moist winds seem to sob all around me,
And load the bared tresses with tears for his tomb!

How recent the Castle halls rang with the bagpipe,
As mustered his gillies in pride to display,
By long autumn "gloamin'," or weird blaze of torchlight,
The spoils Balloch-buie had yielded each day!

The stag-hounds, unheeded, now bay in their kennels;
The torchlight no longer shall redden the hills;
The wild deer may slumber in peace in their corries,
Or drink undisturbed at their lone mountain rills.

He lived not in times when our bale-fires were lighted:
When yelled forth the war-pipes o'er moorland and glade;
The fiery cross carried from hamlet to hamlet,
And shieling and homestead in ashes were laid.

Not his were the lips that could sound the fierce slogan,
When claymore met broadsword in battle array;
When chieftain and clansmen stood shoulder to shoulder,
Impatient to join in the heat of the fray.

Far nobler his mission, far grander his triumphs;
Their glories unreckoned by booty and slain;
The battle with wrong, and the conquest of baseness,
The proudest of trophies—a life without stain.

We wail for the dead,—but we wail for the living;
Great God of the mourner! with Thee do we plead
For the heart that is broken with anguish unspoken;
Alone in her greatness,—"a widow indeed!"

For her are the dirges—for her the wild coronach—
For her we may weep till our eyes become dim:
But with our thoughts centred on the bliss he has entered,
All tears may be dried that are falling for HIM!

DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

CHITAMBO, *May 1st*, 1873;
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *April 18th*, 1874.

Now the end of all was nearing
Underneath the tattered awning;
Angels would relieve their vigils
Ere another morrow's dawning.
First they raised him from the mud-floor,
Leaves and grass his pallet only,
Then they smoothed a downless pillow
In that desert drear and lonely;
While the faithful boy Majwara
Lay close by his dying master,
Knowing well how helpless was he
To avert the dire disaster.
As the waves of life were ebbing,
Thoughts about the past were ever
Mingling in the feverish wanderings
Over mountain, lake, and river.
"Say, is this the Luapula?
This the chill Lofuko's water?"
"No, my Bwana,"[1] answered Susi,

[1] "Master"—the name by which they addressed him.

Nursing like a tender daughter;—
"We are near the Mulilamo,
We are in Chitambo's village,
You may sleep assured of safety,
Fearing neither blood nor pillage."

Then he sank in broken slumber;
Who can tell what he was dreaming?
Of his childhood days at Blantyre;
Of the golden sunlight gleaming
Through old Bothwell's storied castle,
Lighting its umbrageous meadows;
Or when in the silver moonlight
He had watched the tender shadows?
Or it may be of the mother
Who the mission torch first lighted,
Which her son had borne to regions
By the direst curse benighted?
Or, perchance, the sainted partner
Who in life had shared his dangers,
Dreaming she had closed his eyelids
In the far-off land of strangers?

Now his sight is quickly fading,—
"Susi—come and light the candle;
Fill my med'cine-cup with water,
Guide my fingers to the handle."
Promptly were his wishes answered,
Half were guessed from speech so broken;
"You can go," in feeble whispers,
Were the last words that were spoken.

It was four in summer morning,
When the herbs with dewdrops glisten,
That the wakeful negro rises,
Creeping to the couch to listen.
But all watchings now are needless,
Footsteps gliding soft and slowly;
For his fond, devoted master
Resteth with the good and holy!

Forth he speeds to faithful Susi,
Rousing him from fitful slumber;
"Come to Bwana—follow quickly,
Chumah, come with all our number!"
Hastily they ran together,
Entering the silent shieling,
There they gazed upon the dead man
To his God devoutly kneeling!
"Hush! our master still is praying,"
For they deemed they were mistaken,
Thinking he had slept from weakness,
And would by-and-by awaken.
"Yet, come, feel how cold his cheek is;
Matthew! can you hear no breathing?
Has the forehead ceased its throbbing?
And the chest its cruel heaving?"
Yes, indeed, it all was over;
Pain, unrest, and toil are ended;
He has gone to meet his kindred,
Spirit hath with spirit blended:
On Almighty strength, the hero
In the hour of death reposes;
Prayer began his noble warfare,
And with prayer the battle closes.
He has gone to get the welcome,
"Good and faithful servant enter;"
Summon in no hired minstrels,
AFRICA! be his lamenter.
As "All Israel" mourned for Samuel,
Let your millions, broken-hearted,
Gather round in tears and sackcloth,
And bewail the Great Departed!

. . . . . .

Within England's reverend minster,
Proud custodier of the ages,
Resting-place of kings and princes,
Poets, heroes, statesmen, sages;
Every head is bowed in silence
As the mourner's tread is sounding;
Strange, unwonted is the homage
Of the tear-dimmed crowd surrounding.
Who this honoured entrant? counted
Worthy of these precincts hoary;
Brotherhood assigned with sleepers
"Each one lying in his glory?"

'Tis the good man we have gazed on
On his desert bier reposing,
Tender children of his wanderings
Closing eyes and limbs composing.
When the burst of grief was over,
And the public days to mourn him,
Through a thousand miles of desert
These his faithful sons had borne him.
Only, first the clamant favour
AFRICA had made with weeping,
"If you will his dust to England,
Let his heart be in my keeping!"
It was done:—the lowly casket
Safe was laid beneath a mvula;[1]
Then the funeral cortege slowly
Wended towards the Luapula.
Over sandy wastes they traversed,
Scorning toil or leagues to measure;
Bating heart or hope no moment,
On they bore their priceless treasure.

In that ancient fane are gathered
Men of every clime and order,
Brothers from his native Clydesdale,
Clansmen from beyond the border:
Best and choicest sons of England

[1] A large tree standing by the place, and on which Jacob Wainwright carved the name and date of death.

In the common grief are sharing,
Peer and statesman—royal depute,
Each his *immortelle* is bearing:
Hushed the shibboleth of party,
"All the creeds" these aisles are thronging;
Champion he of no mean faction,
But to Christendom belonging.
Rise! ye warrior dead around him,
Solemn shades of the departed!
Rise! and give ungrudging welcome
To the true and noble-hearted.
Well may costliest rites be paid him,
Gush of song and organ pealing;
Wake to life your holiest echoes,
Fretted aisle and gilded ceiling!

. . . . . .

Now the obsequies are over:
Dust with kindred dust has blended;
But as Sabbath's sun is westering,
Multitudes anew have wended
To the shrine which holds his ashes:
Crowds again of every station
Throng within the spacious precincts
For the funeral oration.
Who among the favoured listeners
Can forget that music thrilling,
Like the voice of many waters,
Choir and nave and transept filling,
As the words of inspiration
Sweetly told the pilgrim's story,
Or portrayed his noble life-work
Haloed with prophetic glory;—
"When the wilderness shall blossom,
Fountains in the desert springing,
And like Lebanon and Carmel
Break forth into joy and singing."[1]
Or when rose "O God of Bethel,"[2]
Simple words, so dearly cherished,
By the great man from his childhood,
To the day he nobly perished.

Silent then the strains of music;
And amid a hush unbroken,
Lofty words of panegyric
By befitting lips were spoken.

. . . . . .

Rites are ended:—and the "Dead March,"
With a cadence slow and measured,
Wailed its dirges o'er the ashes
Which the nation's crypt had treasured.
Rest in peace, thou hero-martyr!
Grandly simple is thy story:
Scotland gave thee—England keeps thee,
And to God we give the glory.

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

Banias, Mount Hermon, April 3, 1867.

Though many be the shores and lands
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,
From Alpine heights to classic lands;—
Oh, never have I felt before

The effort, to pronounce farewell
To all those varied scenes of thine;
No other spot can share thy spell,
Unique, beloved Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim
This tribute-tear in parting now;
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,
As over mount and vale I trod,
"Is this indeed the angel-haunt,
The seraph-land—the home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I ween,
A thousand spots I can recall,
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene,
Of wood, and lake, and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock,
No herbage on your blighted hills,
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,
Which verdant meadows gently lave,
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam,
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

Or Kishon, by whose crimsoned tide
Confronting hosts their trumpets blew;
What is your scanty stream, beside
My own loved Con or Avondhu?

What are the hills of Ephraim bared,
What Moab's sombre mountain-chain,

---

[1] Isa. xxxi. 1, 2. The anthem selected.

[2] The well-known paraphrase, placed at the end of Scottish Bibles, and so peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.

. . . . . .

"O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace," &c.

What Judah's limestone heights, compared
With Grampians seen from Dunsinnane?

Grander Ben Nevis' rugged slope
Than Carmel's cliffs of sombre hue;
Tabor and Hermon vain can cope
With Cruachan or Ben-Venue.

No bosky dells with lichen gray,
No tresses wave on birchen-tree,
No limpid torrent sings its way
Mid copse and heather to the sea.

And as the golden daylight fades,
No antlered monarchs of the hill
Are seen to steal through forest glades
And slake their thirst at lake or rill.

. . . . . .

But hush!—the one absorbing thought
Transfigures all the passing scene,
And makes the present time forgot
In musing what the past has been:—

Here patriarchs lived, here prophets trod,
Here angels on their errands sped;
The home of sainted men of God,
The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still:—on these same hills
The eye of God incarnate fell;
He walked these paths, He drank these rills,
He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft by that Kedron brook He heard
The rustle of its olives gray,
Or carol of the matin-bird
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In Temple court or noisy street,
When wearied with the wrangling cry,
How oft he found a calm retreat
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany:

Watching the evening shadows fall,
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,
Transmuting Moab's mountain-wall
Into a blaze of amethyst.

Or thou, Gennesaret! favoured lake,
How fragrant with His presence still:
The deeds of love—the words He spake
Graved on thy shores indelible!

Thy green hills oft were altar-stairs
Up which his weary footsteps trod,
For morning praise and midnight prayers,
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed thy sea,
He trod thy groves of stately palm,
Thy carpets of anemone,
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.

. . . . . .

Enough.—With kindred interest teems
Each scene, where'er I gaze around:
The land throughout a Bethel seems,
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu! each shrine of holy thought.
Each ruined heap—each storied "Tel."
I pluck the last "Forget-me-not,"
And now I take a fond farewell!

To-night, on Hermon's northern brow,
The stars upon our tents shall shine;
Set up the stone! record the vow!
"Forget thee, never—Palestine!"

The lifelong wish and dream to see
Thy blessed acres, God has given:
A lingering tear I drop to thee,
Thou earthly vestibule of heaven!

NATURE'S HYMN.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psalm cl. 6.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye ministering seraphim!
Praise ye Jehovah enthronèd on high:
Awake every harp, ye archangels, and tell of Him
Shrouded in glory, yet graciously nigh.

Praise Him, bright sun, in the glow of thy splendour;
Praise Him, thou moon, silver queen of the night;
Ye stars, who like virgin retainers attend her,
O praise the great Lord who hath robed you with light!

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye soft-flowing fountains,
Amid the lone valleys go murmur your song;
Uplift the loud anthem, ye thunder-voiced mountains,
Let peak answer peak and re-echo the song!

Ye forests—ye need no cathedral of marble,
No Thurifer's censer to perfume your shrine;
Your own wingèd choirs will His praises best warble,
Your woodland flowers scatter sweet incense divine!

Praise Him, ye mists which on mountain tops hoary,
Like white wings of cherub the rock-clefts enfold;
Praise Him, ye sunset-clouds, piled in your glory,
Resplendent with amber, vermilion, and gold.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye deeps with your wonders,
Discourse of His glory to earth's farthest shore;
In lullaby ripples, in hoarse-booming thunders,
In stillness and storm, lend your voice and adore!

All nature arise! the great anthem intoning;
And from your vast store-house a tribute-lay bring:
No voice can be silent, let all join in owning
Jehovah as Maker, Redeemer, and King!

"THE CITY OF THE CRYSTAL SEA."

"I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 2.
"And he showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it," &c.—Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

"Come, father, mother, Elsie dear, I like you near me now,
For I feel the icy finger laid already on my brow;
Come near and sit beside me, as my strength is failing fast;
Could I only take you with me, then death's anguish would be past;
My Saviour-God is calling me—I know it is His voice,
For you I grieve, but for myself I only can rejoice:
Oh, do not weep—for short the time our parting is to be:
We shall meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I hoped to live for longer years, and even now I seem
At times to think this death-bed is but a passing dream:
I gladly would have lengthened out my childhood's sunny years,
I never liked to hear this earth miscalled a vale of tears.
As winter came and winter went, I never seemed to tire,
As merrily our voices rang around the parlour fire;
But round that winter hearth now, a vacant seat must be;
For I'm going to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had hoped that, as in years gone by, so still would I have been
A happy joyous playmate upon the village green:
I had hoped to go in spring-time with my basket and my hood,
To search for yellow primroses with Elsie in the wood.
Yes, when spring and early summer came, to pluck the hawthorn spray,
And roam o'er banks of wild flowers throughout the livelong day:
To listen to the singing birds and humming of the bee;
Far distant seemed the City of the Crystal Sea.

"It was this day, three months ago, I spoke of Christmas time,
When the bells above the snow-wreaths would ring their merry chime,
How busy then I thought would my fingers now have been,
In decking porch and lych-gate in their drapery of green;
In decking all the church too, till the short day's sunshine fails,
The pillars and the lectern and the pulpit's oaken rails;
But other and far better things are in reserve for me,
When I enter God's own City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had wished, I own, to serve Him some time longer here below,
And on little kindly errands now and then to come and go;
I had purposed, on next New Year's Day, to walk to Poynder's mill
With the book-stand and the flower-glass for Mabel's window-sill,
The cushion and the pillows I was working for her chair,
A bunch of holly berries, and my plant of maiden hair;
You can take her still these little things as keepsakes seat by me,
When I've left you for the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Oh! often have I thought, too, when not so strong as now,
When age would overtake you with wrinkles on your brow,

How happy it would make me to help you, parents dear,
And do the little best I could your closing days to cheer;
How nice for me and Elsie, in our turn to sit at night,
To smooth your ruffled pillows, and to watch you till daylight;
I had hoped to pay you back again for all you've been to me;
But we'll meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When you come to visit the spot, mother, where I shall silent lie,
The thought may sometimes startle you, 'How came she thus to die?
Why were the angels sent so soon to bear her far away?
Why did the sun of life go down while yet 'twas early day?'
Oh, trust God's love and wisdom, which though often now concealed,
Will one day in His own bright world come all to be revealed;
Yes, all that now is dark to us, we then shall clearly see,
In the light of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When first upon a couch of pain my throbbing head was laid,
That God might raise me up again, how fervently I prayed;
But He, perhaps, foresaw too well the briar and the thorn,
Which might, like other wand'ring sheep, my straying feet have torn;
Too surely would His wisdom know, that with a longer life
I might have proved unequal for the battle and the strife,
And therefore the unanswered prayer was all in love to me,
So He took me to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And when all this is over, and time has onward rolled;
O father, mother, Elsie, never think of me as old.
Never think of me but as I am, without an earthly care,
No wrinkle on my forehead—no white-lock in my hair;
Never think of me as dying—never think of me as dead,
But think of me only as by guardian angels led:
Yes, think of me, I pray you, as young as now I be,
A child still in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And if at any future time should sorrow be in store,
Should poverty or sickness come across your cottage door;
Accept of every trial as God's messenger of love
To raise your heart's affections to my better home above;
A few short years at farthest, and beyond this scene of woe
We shall meet where partings are unknown, and sorrow cannot go:
From all temptations 'clean escaped'—from all afflictions free,
Safe for ever in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Yes, I'm going to a region which is ever fair and bright,
Where all the blessed angels walk in fields of golden light,
Where the cherubim and seraphim surround the Great I AM,
And the armies of the ransomed sing the praises of the Lamb;
Oh, wondrous thought! this feeble tongue shall soon take up the strain,
And join in 'Worthy is the Lamb—the Lamb for sinners slain;'
My dearly loved Redeemer in His beauty I shall see,
The glory of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Come nearer, come yet nearer, I like you near me now,
For I feel Death's icy finger still colder on my brow;
The angels are all standing round, I hear my Saviour's voice,
The gates of glory stand ajar, I cannot but rejoice.
My eyesight fast is dimming—the lengthening shadows fall,
I dare not longer tarry and resist the Master's call;
Farewell!—I mayn't return to you: but you can come to me"—

. . . . . .

She entered then the City of the Crystal Sea.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, was born at Houstoun House, Linlithgowshire, July 30, 1819. He received his education at the Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and Balliol College, Oxford. After his graduation at the latter university he was appointed by Dr. Tait, now Archbishop of Canterbury, an assistant master of Rugby School, where he remained until 1857, when he undertook the duties of the Humanity chair in the University of St. Andrews, and soon afterwards was appointed to that professorship. In 1868 Professor Shairp was appointed Principal of his college, a position for which his talents and attainments admirably qualify him. His claim for a place in this Work rests chiefly upon a volume issued in 1864, entitled *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral, with other Poems.* The scene of Kilmahoe is laid on the western shores of Argyleshire, and the poem describes the life and manners of a laird's family in that region, as these existed towards the close of last and the opening of the present century. The other poems are short lyrics entitled "From the Highlands," "From the Borders," "From the Lowlands." Of these the two best known pieces are "The Moor of Rannoch" and "The Bush aboon Traquair." Besides these poems he has since contributed various pieces to *Good Words* and other periodicals. Principal Shairp is also the author of *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, 1868; *Lectures on Culture and Religion*, 1870; and the biographical part of the life of Principal James Forbes. An announcement has just appeared that he intends to contribute to the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* a poem of some length, entitled "The Clearing of the Glens."

A recent writer in *St. James's Magazine* remarks:—"Principal Shairp and Professor Blackie are two excellent instances of combined scholarship and independent originality. When Principal Shairp was professor of Humanity one of the points of his teaching most valued, next to his range and accuracy, was his extempore translation, into glowing English prose, of some flowing *ore rotundo* passage from one of the poets. Lucretius, Horace, and Juvenal were all thus covered with glory, but the charming metaphors and the tender descriptions of Virgil were treated with special sympathetic touch and delicate grace. As an instance, we may mention the simile in the fifth book of the Æneid, line 213, where a pigeon is described as fluttering out of a cave, and then skimming away through the air on outstretched noiseless wings:—

'Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapso quieto
Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.'

There is an echo of this passage in Principal Shairp's poem 'Kilmahoe,' in the lyrical division entitled 'The Glen'—

'With laughter and shout the rock-doves we will flout,
Till, flapping the loud cave-roof,
They 'scape overhead and their poised wings spread
To the calm heavens aloof.'

Prose translation has not yet by any means been overdone (except, of course, that kind of it which has been so ill done as not to be worth counting at all), and it would be for the advantage of literature were Principal Shairp, without abating his devotion to Wordsworth, or neglecting his other multifarious duties, to do some work in this sphere. Few could do it as well, and none could do it better."

THE SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

'Mid the folding mountains,
Old Kilcieran's lone kirkyard
Round its ruined chapel gathers,
Age by age, the gray hill-fathers
Underneath the heathery sward.
Centuries gone the saint from Erin

Hither came on Christ's behest,
Taught and toiled, and when was ended
Life's long labour, here found rest;
And all ages since have followed
To the ground his grave hath blessed.

Up the long glen narrowing
Inland from the eastern deep,
In the kirkyard o'er the river,
Where dead generations sleep,
Living men on summer Sabbaths
Worship long have loved to keep.

There o'er graves lean lichened crosses,
Placed long since by hands unknown,
Sleeps the ancient warrior under
The blue claymore-sculptured stone,
And the holy well still trickles
From rock basin, grass-o'ergrown.

Lulled the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveiled the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

And the folk are flowing
Both from near and far, enticed
By old wont and reverent feeling
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills, with Christ.

Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors,
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

Plaids were there that only Sabbath
Saw, and wives' best tartan hoods,
Grannies' white coifs, and bareheaded
Maidens with their silken snoods;
Many-hued, home-woven tartans,
Brightening these grave solitudes.

You might see on old white horses
Agèd farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.

There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er,
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor,

The bowed down, the lame, the palsied,
Those with panting breath opprest,
Widows poor, in mutch and tartan
Cloak, for one day lent them, drest,
And the young and ruddy mother,
With the bairnie at her breast.

And the western shores Atlantic,
All the rough side of Kintyre,
Send small bands since morn, far-travelled
O'er hill, river, moss, and mire,
Down the mountain shoulders moving
Toward this haven of their desire.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,
There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow,
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man,
Palsied, speaking to his son,
"See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done.
There long since I laid my father,
There his forebears lie, each one."

They too, all a kindly household
From morn-gladdened Kilmahoe,
Steek their door, and maid and mistress
Toward the Sabbath gathering go,
Lady lone, and four fair daughters,
By the lulled sea murmuring low.

Upward from the shingly sea-beach,
By the long glen's grassy road,
First the white-haired lady mother,
Then the elder sisters, trode,
Last came Moira fair, and Marion,
All their spirits overawed.

Meek and very lowly
Souls, bowed down with reverent fear,
This their first communion day!
To the awful presence holy
Dread it is to draw so near,
Pain it were to turn away.

So of old the Hebrew maiden,
'Mid the Galilean mountains
Leaving all her childhood time,
With her kinsfolk, incense-laden,
By Kedron's brook, Siloah's fountain,
Zion's hill awe-struck would climb.

As they pass within the kirkyard,
Some old eyes long used to stoop
Rose and brightened on these maidens,
Youngest of the family group,
Marion's flaxen ringlets, Moira's
Large soft eyes with downward droop.

Loved ones of the country people,
They had dandled them on their knees,
Watched them with their bairnies ranging
The shore coves and mountain leas;
Year by year beheld their beauty
Like a summer dawn increase:
Now on this their first communion
Those old eyes look blessing and peace.

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth; at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all:
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips, not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on gray-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chant,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want,
With the life and deep soul-healing
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet;
There in perfect reconcilement
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,
While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahanish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er.

Soon they go—but ere another
Day of hallowed bread and wine,
Some now here shall have ascended
To communion more divine,
Some have changed their old hill-dwellings,
Some have swept the tropic line.

THE CLEARANCE SONG.

From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the gray mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing;
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming,
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

To the green mountain shealings went up in old summers
From farm-town and clachan how mony blithe comers!
Though green the hill pastures lie, cloudless the heaven,
No milker is singing there, morning or even.

Where high Mam-clach-ard by the ballach is breasted,
Ye may see the gray cairns where old funerals rested,
They who built them have long in their green graves been sleeping,
And their sons gone to exile, or willing or weeping.

The chiefs, whom for ages our claymores defended,
Whom landless and exiled our fathers befriended,
From their homes drive their clansmen, when famine is sorest,
Cast out to make room for the deer of the forest.

Yet on far fields of fame, when the red ranks were reeling,
Who prest to the van like the men from the shealing?
Ye were fain in your need Highland broadswords to borrow,
Where, where are they now, should the foe come to-morrow?

Alas for the day of the mournful Culloden!
The clans from that hour down to dust have been trodden,
They were leal to their Prince, when red wrath was pursuing,
And have reaped in return but oppression and ruin.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining—
Ah! sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands.

THE MOOR OF RANNOCH.

O'er the dreary moor of Rannoch
Calm these hours of Sabbath shine;
But no kirk-bell here divideth
Week-day toil from rest divine.

Ages pass, but save the tempest,
Nothing here makes toil or haste;
Busy weeks nor restful Sabbath
Visit this abandoned waste.

Long ere prow of earliest savage
Grated on blank Albyn's shore,
Lay these drifts of granite boulders,
Weather-bleached and lichened o'er.

Beuchaille Etive's furrowed visage
To Schihallion looked sublime,
O'er a wide and wasted desert,
Old and unreclaimed as time.

Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
Washed by rain-floods to the bones;
League on league of heather blasted,
Storm-gashed moss, gray boulder-stones;

And along these dreary levels,
As by some stern destiny placed,
You sad lochs of black moss water
Grimly gleaming on the waste;

East and west, and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain:

Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
Ever screamed by dark Lochawe,
Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
Ere he touched Ben-Aulder's brow.

Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
To Schihallion calls aloud,
Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
He to Nevis crowned with cloud.

Cradled here old Highland rivers,
Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
Like the shout of clans to battle,
Down the gorges break away.

And the Atlantic sends his pipers
Up yon thunder-throated glen,
O'er the moor at midnight sounding
Pibrochs never heard by men.

Clouds, and mists, and rains before them
Crowding to the wild wind tune,
Here to wage their all-night battle,
Unbeheld by star and moon.

Loud the while down all his hollows,
Flashing with a hundred streams,
Corrie-bah from out the darkness
To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearly driven,
There o' nights the north wind raves
His long homeless lamentation,
As from Arctic seamen's graves,

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
Down hath blinded all the lift,
Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
Fathom-deep in mounded drift.

Such a time, while yells of slaughter
Burst at midnight on Glencoe,
Hither flying babes and mothers
Perished 'mid the waste of snow.

Countless storms have scrawled unheeded
Characters o'er these houseless moors;
But that night engraven forever
In all human hearts endures.

Yet the heaven denies not healing
To the darkest human things,
And to-day some kindlier feeling
Sunshine o'er the desert flings.

Though the long deer-grass is moveless,
And the corrie-burns are dry,
Music comes in gleams and shadows
Woven beneath the dreaming eye.

Desert not deserted wholly!
Where such calms as these can come,—
Never tempest more majestic
Than this boundless silence dumb.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Will ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Ower the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny summer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

And what would ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang driech road, ye had better let it be,
Save some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk,
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blithe lilt o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' sughin' frae auld time,
Sae tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the Vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood sward,
But lang hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun.
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' luvers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
But the blithe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

JOSEPH NOEL PATON.

Among the *dii minores* of Scottish poetry entitled to mention in this volume is SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., who was born at Dunfermline, Fifeshire, December 13, 1821. "My education," writes Sir Noel to the Editor, "which was of a very desultory kind, was

received at Dunfermline. In 1843 I was admitted a student at the Royal Academy of London, but did not subsequently study there. Indeed I may say I never *formally* studied anywhere." In 1845 he gained one of the three equal premiums awarded by the royal commissioners at the Westminster Hall competition of that year, and in a similar competition two years later he won a prize in the second class for his pictures of "Christ Bearing his Cross," and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1850 he became an academician of the Royal Scottish Academy; in 1858 he married, and the following year was senior officer of the first volunteer artillery corps in Scotland. In 1865 he was appointed limner to the Queen for Scotland, an office of ancient standing in the Scottish royal household; and two years later he received the honour of knighthood at Windsor Castle from the hand of the Queen. He is a commissioner of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures, and one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In 1876 he received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of LL.D.

Of Sir Noel's numerous works in various departments of art we are not here called upon to speak in detail. They comprise illustrations of classical and of northern mythology, of scriptural and of poetical subjects; and are almost all characterized more or less by an allegorical or didactic tendency. But it is not only as an artist that he has won reputation. A volume which he issued in 1861, entitled *Poems by a Painter*, was favourably received, and speedily won for him recognition as a worthy member of the literary guild. This was followed in 1867 by a second poetical volume, under the title of *Spindrift*. Sir Noel is an occasional contributor to the current periodical literature of the day, and has also, as he says, "*entombed* in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries profoundly uninteresting papers on antiquarian subjects."

THE TOMB IN THE CHANCEL.

TO W. H. P.

I.

Up from the willowy Wharfe the white haze crept,
  The yellow leaves were falling one by one;
When through the Priory nave we softly stept
  To where—his clangorous life-moil long since done—
Sir Everard Raby in his hauberk slept,
  In the still chancel corner, all alone.
Ah, time had used him roughly! Helm and shield,
All banged and battered, as in mortal field;
The knightly baldric brast, the brave sword gone,
That won his spurs at dusty Ascalon.
But broken harness or dishonoured crest
  Boots not to him so meekly slumbering there,
With stony feet crossed in eternal rest,
  And stony fingers locked in everlasting prayer.

II.

The autumn sunlight touched his carven mail
  With ghostly radiance—cyclas, belt, and lace;
  Scattered wan splendours all about the place,
And with fantastic necromancy played
Amongst the dust our quiet moving made;
  While o'er his suppliant hands and heavenward face
It hung a mournful glory, soft and pale,
  As if, through mist of half-remembered tears,
  It shone from far, the light of buried years!—
We leaned in silence on the oaken rail,
  And, 'mid the hush, this thought swelled like a psalm
In my heart's sanctuary: O that we, too, might bear
Our cross through life's stern conflict, as to wear
  In death, like him, the crown of everlasting calm.

SONG.

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
  She is coming, my belovèd, o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
  Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
    And my heart will not be quiet,
    But, in a "purple riot,"
    Keeps ever madly beating
    At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;
    All the sweetness of the south
    On the roses of her mouth,
    All the fervour of its skies
    In her gentle northern eyes,
As she cometh, my belovèd, home to me!

No more, o' nights, the shivering north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the southland up, and bringeth
A warm wind, odour-laden,
From the bowers of that fair Aden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses faint and sweet;
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture-fraught:
"I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!"

SIR LAUNCELOT.

"Had not Sir Launcelot been in his secret thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the Queen, as he was in seeming outward unto God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreall."—*La Mort d'Arthur.*

Past sleeping thorp and guarded tower,
By star-gleams and in moonlight pale,
By mount and mere, through shine and shower,
Flasht the wan lightning of his mail.

But loose the jewelled bridle hung,
And backward listless drooped the spear—
God's holy name was on his tongue,
Thine in his heart—Queen Guenivere.

Deep in a wood at dead of night
He felt the white wings winnowing by,
He saw the flood of mystic light,
He heard the chanting clear and high.

"O, heal me, blood of Christ!" he said—
A low voice murmured in his ear,
And all the saintly vision fled.
The voice was thine—Queen Guenivere.

Bravest of all the brave art thou—
Of guileless heart—of stainless name;
But, traitor to thy sacred vow,
Thou rid'st to ruin and to shame.

No joy on earth for evermore!
No rest for thee but on thy bier!—
Ah! blessed Lord, our sins who bore,
Save him—and sinful Guenivere!

ULYSSES IN OGYGIA.

Was it in very deed, or but in dream,
I, King Odysseus, girt with brazen spears,
Princes, and long-haired warriors of the Isles,
Sailed with the dawn from weeping Ithaca,
To battle round the God-built walls of Troy
For that fair, faithless Pest—so long ago?
So long ago! It seems as many lives
Had waxed and waned, since, bending to our oars,
And singing to our singing sails, we swept
From high Aëtos, down the echoing gulf
Towards the sunrise; while from many a fane
Rose the white smoke of sacrificial fires,
And the wild wail of women:—for they knew
We should return no more. Long years have past:
Long, weary years;—yet still, when daylight fades,
And Hesper from the purple heaven looks down,
And the dim wave moans on the shadowy shore,—
From out the awful darkness of the woods,
From out the silence of the twilight air,
In unforgotten accents, fond and low,
The voices of the dead seem calling me;
And through the mist of slowly gathering tears
The faces of the loved revisit me:
Thine, my Penelope, and his, our child,
Our fair Telemachus—wearing the dear home-smiles
They wore of old, ere yet the Atridæ came,
Breathing of Eris, to our peaceful shores,
And our bold hearts blazed up in quenchless fire
And irrepressible lust of glorious war.
Ai me! what recked we then the streaming tears
Of wife or virgin, and their clinging hands!
Exulting in our strength we scorned the lures
Of Aphroditè—scorned the ignoble ease
Of gray ancestral honours. Deathless names
We, too, the sons of Heroes, should achieve
Among the brass-mailed Greeks! A thousand deaths
Too slight a price for immortality!

O golden dreams! O god-like rage of youth!
Quenched in black blood, or the remorseless brine,
Alas! so soon. Yet ere They sorrowing went,
All-beauteous, to the shadowy realms of Death
And unsubstantial Hades, their young souls,
Amid the clang of shields and rush of spears,
Beneath the deep eyes of the watchful gods,
Drank the delirious wine of victory!
Thrice happy they, by whom the agony
Of withered hopes, of wasted life, of long
And vain endeavour after noble ends,
Was all unproved. What different doom is mine!
On barren seas a wanderer, growing old,
And full of bitter knowledge, best unknown.
Ah! comrades, would that in the exultant hour
Of triumph, when, our mighty travail o'er,
The towers of Ilion sank in roaring flame,
I, too, had perished;—or in that wild flash
Of vengeance for the herds of Phoibos slain,
When the black ship went down, and I alone
Of all was left. But the high Gods are just,
The Fates inscrutable; and I will bear
My portion unsubdued until the end.
Greatly to do is great, but greater still

Greatly to suffer. So with steadfast mind
I wait the issues. But the doom is hard:
Far from the councils of illustrious men,
Far from my sea-girt realm, and god-like toils
Of governance,—from noble uses far,
And wife, and child, and honourable rest,
To waste inglorious all these golden years;
Nursing one sickly hope—more like despair—
That the blest Gods will hear me, and restore
My life, thus dead to duty.—As he told,
The eyeless phantom, on that night of fear
In Orcus, when around the bloody trench,
From out the Stygian gloom, with shriek and groan,
Crowded the dim eidolons of the dead,
And with my naked sword I held them back,
Till each pale mouth, drinking the reeking gore,
Answered my quest, and vanished.
Shall it be?—
Or now, while yet my arm is strong to wield
The kingly sceptre and avenge its wrongs?
Or when, bowed down with years and many woes,
My deeds forgotten and my dear ones dead,
The children of my slaves shall jeer at me,
Mocking my powerless limbs, and strangers ask,
Is *this* the great Odysseus?—But I wait.

Man is the puppet of the Gods: they mould
His destiny, and mete him good or ill—
Lords of his fate, from whom, alas! in vain
He seeks escape. But he to whom nor good
Brings insolence, nor ill abasement, stands
Whole in himself—lord of his own firm heart.
The sword may drink his blood; the irascible sea
May whelm him; life bitterer than many deaths
May lead his steps to Hades; still his soul
Unconquered stands; and even among the shades
Shall win the reverence haply here denied.

Hark! from the myrtle-thickets on the height
Divine Calypso calls me; to her lute
Singing the low, sweet song I made for her—
A low, sweet song of passionate content—
When weary from the inexorable deep,
Weary and lone, I touched this woody isle,
And found a haven in her circling arms,
And all Elysium on her bounteous breast.
Cease, cease, Divine One! in my yearning ear
Another song is echoing: one more meet
For me to hearken. Out beneath the stars—
The old companions of my wanderings—
Far out at sea, amid the deepening dark
The winds are shouting, as a gathering host
Shouts on the eve of battle; and the gulls—
Lovers of tempest and my mates of old!
Flit, dive, and, screaming, summon me once more
To plough the unfruitful wastes of weltering brine—
The mid-sea's moaning solitudes,—to where,
Somewhere beyond the trackless waters, lie
The bights and bluffs and blue peaks of my home—
For my heart tells me that the hour draws near!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A CONCEIT.

Sweet! in the flowery garland of our love,
Where fancy, folly, frenzy interwove,
Our diverse destinies, not all unkind,
A secret strand of purest gold entwined.

While bloomed the magic flowers we scarcely knew,
The gold was there. But now their petals strew
Life's pathway; and instead, with scarce a sigh,
We see the cold but fadeless circlet lie.

With scarce a sigh!—and yet the flowers were fair,
Fed by youth's dew and love's enchanted air:
Ay, fair as youth and love; but doomed, alas!
Like these and all things beautiful, to pass.

But this bright thread of unadulterate ore—
Friendship—will last though Love exist no more;
And though it lack the fragrance of the wreath,—
Unlike the flowers, it hides no thorn beneath.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CORONACH.

EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

Far from his mountain-peaks and moorlands brown,
Far from the rushing thunder of the Spey,
Amid the din and turmoil of the town
A Highland Chieftain on his death-bed lay;
Dying in pride of manhood, ere to gray
One lock had turned, or from his eagle face
And stag-like form Time's touch of slow decay
Had reft the strength and beauty of his race:
And as the feverish night drew sadly on,
"Music!" they heard him breathe, in low beseeching tone.

From where beside his couch she weeping leant,
Uprose the fair-haired daughter of his love,
And touched with tremulous hand the instrument,
Singing, with tremulous voice that vainly strove
To still its faltering, songs that wont to move
His heart to mirth in many a dear home-hour;
But not to-night thy strains, sweet, sorrowing dove,
To fill the hungering of his heart have power!
And hark! he calls—aloud—with kindling eye,
"Ah! might I hear a pibroch once before I die!"

Was it the gathering silence of the grave
Lent ghostly prescience to his yearning ear?
Was it the pitying God who heard, and gave
Swift answer to his heart's wild cry?—For clear,
Though far, but swelling nearer and more near,
Sounded the mighty war-pipe of the Gaël
Upon the night-wind! In his eye a tear
Of sadness gleamed; but flusht his visage pale
With the old martial rapture. On his bed
They raised him. When it past—the Mountaineer
was dead!

Yet ere it past, ah! doubt not he was borne
Away in spirit to the ancestral home
Beyond the Grampians, where, in life's fresh
morn,
He scaled the crag and stemmed the torrent's
foam;
Where the lone corrie he was wont to roam,
A light-foot hunter of the deer! But where,
Alas! to-day, beneath the cloudless dome
Of this blue autumn heaven, the clansmen bear
His ashes, with the coronach's piercing knell,
To sleep amid the wilds he loved in life so well.

SONG.

There is a wail in the wind to-night,
A dirge in the plashing rain,
That brings old yearnings round my heart,
Old dreams into my brain,
As I gaze into the wintry dark
Through the blurred and blackened pane:
Far memories of golden hours
That will not come again,—
Alas!
That never will come again.

Wild woodland odours wander by—
Warm breath of new-mown hay—
I hear the broad, brown river's flow
Half-hid in bowering may;
While eyes of love look through my soul,
As on that last sweet day;
But a chilly shadow floats between
That will not pass away—
Ah, no!
That never will pass away.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

BORN 1822 — DIED 1869.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, the eighth of a family of fourteen children, was born in the Murraygate, Dundee, February 20, 1822. He was early deprived of his father, and after some years of widowhood his mother married Mr. Fleming of the "East Friarton" farm in Fife, and removed thither, taking with her, among her younger children, Robert, then in his twelfth year. It was at this period that he got the "wee, wee tasting o' the herdie's blithesome ways," embodied in his "Wee Herd Loon," but they were soon disturbed by the untimely death of his mother, when the farm was given up, and his step-father retired to a cottage of his own at East Newport. This pleasant spot on the banks of the Tay was ever open to Robert and his brothers and sisters; but having to finish his education at the Academy, his settled home was now with an elder brother in Dundee.

On leaving school Robert spent some time in mercantile pursuits in Dundee, and afterwards took a voyage round the world as a supercargo, going to Sydney and returning *via* Valparaiso. Shortly after his return in 1843, he entered the service of the London and North Western Railway Co. at Preston, as clerk in the locomotive department. After his settlement there he contributed upwards of a dozen poems to a small pamphlet entitled *A Feast of Literary Crumbs by Foo Foozle and Friends, ancient citizens of Dundee.* In 1855 he published a volume entitled *Rhymes and Poems by Robin,* containing "Records" one to nine, with Scotch and other poems, and in 1861 and 1866 successive volumes were published, the former containing fifteen "Records," the latter twenty-five.

While residing in Preston Leighton married Miss Elizabeth Jane Campbell of Liverpool, the "Eliza" of his poem "Reuben;" and throughout the "Records" and "Musings" he frequently alludes to the happiness of this union. In 1854 he accepted a responsible

position in Ayr, as manager of a branch of a Liverpool house, and removed there with his family. After four or five years the Ayrshire branch was amalgamated with the main business in Liverpool, and before deciding to remain in the same employment Mr. Leighton took advantage of some leisure time to visit his brother William, who had settled in America. After some months spent in pleasant travel he returned to England, and shortly resumed his connection with his former employers, travelling during a large portion of the year in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was on one of these journeys in 1867 that during a rough drive he met with an accident which brought on almost the only illness he had ever experienced, and which ultimately proved fatal. In quest of relief he passed some time in the Isle of Bute. During his residence there he produced his last two poems, the "Dandelion," and the "Bapteesement o' the Bairn," which has since become so popular. His case was pronounced incurable, and his sufferings became so severe that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to reach his home in Liverpool. His naturally robust constitution only prolonged his sufferings, and his patience under these no words can adequately express. Many friends visited him, bringing flowers, the most precious consolation to the invalid whose soul hungered for that sight of Nature of which he could only dream, or spy in glimpses from his window. A piece of the rich blossom of the whin roused him to an ecstasy by its sweet mountain odour, though he said in a regretful tone, "To think that I can never get out amongst the whins again!" During the winter of 1868-69, while able in the intervals of relief from pain to give attention to literary matters, he translated from a shorthand of his own poems which had been written on odd scraps of paper, many of which appear in the volume published in 1875. After a period of much suffering Mr. Leighton expired on May 10, 1869, aged forty-seven.

Leighton's poems have met with a hearty reception in America. The American Congress acknowledged his Sonnet on the Death of President Lincoln, by a copy of the *Tributes of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln*, a book which was always regarded by Leighton as one of his most valuable possessions. His habit of recording either in diary or poem the incidents and impressions of his life, was not only a pleasure to his friends, but occasionally brought him into pleasing communication with various celebrities. Thus Jenny Lind, upon receiving from a friend of its author a copy of the poem addressed to herself, writes, "That your 'bashful poet' has spoken words which even to my *worn-out* ears sounded fresh, perhaps you will kindly let him know, and that my highest ambition in life has been to give just such an impression as he seems to have received."

THE BAPTEESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.[1]

"Od, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's bapteesement aff sae lang.
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mischance,
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yoursel',
Or cock your head in heaven, wi' it in hell."
"Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the wicked place,
I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us grace.
I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thocht on't till my bowels begin to yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's bapteesement in his hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:
He veesits the haill pairish, rich and puir;
A worthier man, in warldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's me!
In doctrine points his head is all agley.
Wi' him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,
To comfort ane than a' your Bible faith:

[1] Hew Ainslie says of this poem: "It is excellent, and comes in good time to give record to a Scotch 'institution,' that like the Holy Fair and Halloween are now things of the past;" and another of Leighton's admirers remarks "that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humour more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns."—Ed.

And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lichtlies so,
It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,
And whether saved or damn'd we canna tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
'Wherefore,' says he, 'lie in your graves sae lang?
The speerit is the man, and it ascends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Though a' the horns in heaven should rowt and rair.'
Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's deil,
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard.
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts sae sma'
That it amounts to nae sic place ava.
O dear, to think our prayers and holy chaunts,
And all the self-denyings of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
'Twill never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and mine."
"Ye're richt, gudeman, rather than hands like his
Bapteese the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!"
"Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost lauchs to scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The curses of a veesionary fall—
Yes, 'veesionary,' was his very word!
Bapteese our bairn! it's morally absurd!"
"Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.
If Providence, for ends known to itsel',
Has ower us placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht."
"Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and wrang:
Trust Providence, but dinna sit ower lang
In idle hope that Providence will bring
Licht to your feet, or ony ither thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,
While idle faith gets naething but a crust.
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless the end;
And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth
Bearing the bairn along unto the north,
Like favoured ones of old, until we find
A man of upricht life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to bapteese a weel-born bairn like ours.—
Now then, the parritch—flesh maun e'en be fed—
And I'll wale out a chapter;—syne to bed."

"Eh, but the mornin's grand! that mottled gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, you're gettin' tired, I doot;
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time aboot."
"I'm no that tired, and yet the road looks lang;
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to gang?"
"No very far; just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I'se warrant there we'll see
A very saunt—the Reverend Maister Whyte—
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itsel';
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except original. Yon's the manse. Wi' him
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim
That veetiates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed.—
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knock—one knock, no more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's here.
Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir
If Maister Whyte—Braw day, my lass! we came
To see if Mr. Whyte—" "He's no at hame!
But he'll be back some time the nicht, belyve;
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five
This mornin', to the fishin'—" "Save us a'!
We're ower lang here—come, Meggie, come awa.
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign
That he should never touch your bairn and mine—
We'll just haud north to Forgan manse, and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most fit—
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and sound,
He'll no be at the fishin', I'll be bound.
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak' the least delight!"
"But, Andra, man, just hover for a blink,
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.
What do the Scriptures say? There we are told
Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,
Were fishermen—the chosen of the Lord."
"I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,
That when the apostles fished 'twas wi' the net.
They didna flee about like Hieland kerns,
Wi' hair lines and lang wands whuppin' the burns;

No, no, they fished i' the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.
They had their cobbles, too, wi' sails and oars,
And plied their usefu' trade beyond the shores.
Besides, though first their trade was catchin' fish—
An honest craft as ony ane could wish—
They gave it up when called upon, and then,
Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.
But this young Maister Whyte first got a call
To fish for men, and—oh, how sad his fall!—
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!
Now here comes Forgan manse amang the trees,
A cozy spot, weel skoogit frae the breeze.
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door,
And knock and do the same's we did before.
The doctor's been a bachelor a' his life;
Ye'd almost tak' the servant for his wife,
She's such command ower a' that's said and dune—
Hush! this maun be the cheepin' o' her shune—
How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,
And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way
Frae Edenside to get this bairn bapteesed
By doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased."
"We've no objections; but the Doctor's gone
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been."
"The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?
A shootin' minister! Think shame, auld wife!
Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;
Irreverent poachin', poother-an'-lead divine!
Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;
Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say
The shootin' minister—he's auld and gray,
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense.
Now let's consider, as we stap alang:
Doon to the Waterside we needna gang:
I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there
But cauld morality—new-fangled ware
That draps all faith and trusts to warks alone,
That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the bone.
We'll just haud ower—for troth it's wearin' late—
By Pickletillim, and then west the gate
To auld Kilmeny—it slants hafflins hame,
Which, for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,
I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,
I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule!
It plainly cowes all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun?"
"Od, Andra, as we've come alang the road
I've just been kirnin' through the Word o' God,
Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,
But not the least iota can I find.
That maks the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,
And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte."
"It does. The Word gives not the merest hint
O' guns, an' poother's never mentioned in't.
They had their bows and arrows, and their slings,
And implements o' war—auld-fashioned things,
I reckon—for the dingin' doon o' toons,
And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin' croons;
But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,
There's nae authority, look whaur ye will—
Losh, see! the sun's gaen red, and looks askance;
The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse."
"Hark, Andra! is that music that we hear,
Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?
It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon
The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon
Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!
The minister's awa—they've in their lads,
And turned the very manse into a barn,
Fiddlin' and dancin'—drinkin' too, I'se warran'!"
"Tod, Meggie, but ye're richt; I fear ye're richt;
And here's gray gloamin' sinkin' into nicht,
While we're as near our errand's end as whan
This mornin' wi' the sunrise we began.
We'll e'en gang roond upon the kitchen door,
And catch the ill-bred herpies at their splore!
Hush! saftly: 'od, I dinna hear their feet,
And yet the fiddle lilts fu' deft and sweet.
It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;
But ane that bums dowff in its wame and low.
They hear us speakin'—here's the lassie comin'.—
The minister's frae hame, I hear, my woman?"
"The minister frae hame! he's nae sic thing;
He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a spring."
"The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!
I'd sooner far that he had been frae hame.
Though he should live as lang's Methusalem,
I'll never bring anither bairn to him;
Nor will he get the ane we've brocht; na, na;
Come, Meggie, tak' the bairn and come awa;
I wadna let him look upon its face:
Young woman, you're in danger; leave this place!
Hear how the sinner rasps the rosiny strings!
And nocht but reels and ither warldly springs!
Let's shake the dust ance mair frae aff our shune,
And leave the pagan to his wicked tune."
"But, Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,
We canna now gang ony ither gate,
And as we're here we'll better just haud back
And get the bairn bapteesed. What does it mak'
Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then?
King David was preferred above all men,
And yet 'twas known he played upon the harp;
And stringèd instruments, baith flat and sharp,
Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.
I dinna think it signifees a bit—
The more especially since, as we hear,
It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer
That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths,
But the big gaucy fiddle that sae soothes
The speerit into holiness and calm,
That e'en some kirks hae thocht it mends the psalm."

"Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie, I say—
Get thee behind us, Satan!—come away!
For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht
Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.
He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that assail
Weak woman first, and maistly aye prevail;
Then she, of course, must try her wiles on man,
As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,
And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,
In spite of a' the kirks can do or say.
And what can we expect but sin and woe,
When manses are the hotbeds where they grow?
I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve
For Leuchars and for Forgan—yea, believe
For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be
A better chance than ony o' the three,
Especially Kilmeny. I maintain—
For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,
The minister that plays the fiddle's waur
Than either o' the ither twa, by far.
And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return
And get this fiddler to bapteese our bairn!
Na, na; we'll tak' the bairn to whence it came,
And get our ain brave minister at hame.
Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,
And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,
He lays it doon without the slightest fear,
And wins the heart because he's so sincere.
And he's a man that disna need to care
Wha looks into his life; there's naething there,
Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue
That ane can tak' and say, 'Thou doest wrong.'
His theologic veesion may be skew'd;
But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd
May let the water through it like a riddle,
He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the fiddle."

SCOTCH WORDS.

They speak in riddles north beyond the Tweed.
The plain, pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.

Their jaws are *chafts;* their hands, when closed, are *neives;*
Their bread's not cut in slices, but in *sheives;*
Their armpits are their *oxters;* palms are *luifs;*
Their men are *cheilds;* their timid fools are *cuiffs;*
Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers;*
Good lasses *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers.*
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they scratch;
And when they give a sample it's a *scratch.*
Scolding is *flytin'*, and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blether* or a *haver.*
This room they call the *butt*, and that the *ben;*
And what they do not know they *dinna ken.*
On keen cold days they say the wind *blaws snell.*
And when they wipe their nose they *dickt* their *byke;*
And they have words that Johnson could not spell,
As *umph'm*, which means—anything you like:
While some, though purely English, and well known,
Have yet a Scottish meaning of their own:—
To *prig's* to plead, beat down a thing in cost;
To *coff's* to purchase, and a cough's a *host;*
To *crack* is to converse; the *lift's* the sky;
And *bairns* are said to *greet* when children cry.
When lost, folk never ask the way they want—
They *speir* the *gate;* and when they yawn they *gaunt.*
Beetle with them is *clock;* a flame's a *lowe;*
Their straw is *strae;* chaff *cauff*, and hollow *howe;*
A *pickle* means a few; *muckle* is big,
And a piece of crockeryware is called a *pig.*

Speaking of pigs—when Lady Delacour
Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,
One night she made her quarters at the "Crown,"
The head inn of a well-known county town.
The chambermaid, on lighting her to bed,
Before withdrawing, curtsied low, and said—
"This nicht is cauld, my leddy, wad ye please,
To hae a pig i' the bed to warm your taes?"
"A pig in bed to tease! What's that you say?
You are impertinent—away, away!"
"Me impudent! no, mem—I meant nae harm,
But just the greybeard pig to keep ye warm."
"Insolent hussy, to confront me so!
This very instant shall your mistress know.
The bell—there's none, of course—go, send her here."
"My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear;
In sooth, it was hersel' that bade me speir.
Nae insult, mem; we thocht ye wad be gled,
On this cauld nicht, to hae a pig i' the bed."
"Stay, girl; your words are strangely out of place,
And yet I see no insult in your face.
Is it a custom in your country, then,
For ladies to have pigs in bed wi' them?"
"Oh, quite a custom wi' the gentles, mem—
Wi' gentle ladies, ay, and gentle men;
And, troth, if single, they wad sairly miss
Their het pig on a cauldrife nicht like this."
"I've seen strange countries—but this surely beats
Their rudest makeshift for a warming-pan.
Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You would not put the pig between the sheets?"
"Surely, my leddy, and nae itherwhere:
Please, mem, ye'll find it do the maist guid there."
"Fie, fie, 'twould dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that, you know, I shall not sleep."
"Ye'll sleep far better, mem. Tak' my advice;
The nicht blaws snell—the sheets are cauld as ice;

I'll fetch ye up a fine, warm, cozy pig;
I'll mak' ye sae comfortable and trig,
Wi' coortains, blankets, every kind o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as soond's a tap.
As for the fylin' o' the sheets—dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pig can be.
A weel-closed mooth's eneuch for ither folk,
But if ye like, I'll put it in a poke."
"But, Effie—that's your name, I think you said—
Do you, yourself, now, take a pig to bed?"
"Eh! na, mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather beds, and sit up late.
Feathers and pigs are no for puir riff-raff—
Me and my neibour lassie lies on cauff."
"What's that—a calf! If I your sense can gather,
You and the other lassie sleep together,—
Two in a bed, and with the calf between:
That, I suppose, my girl, is what you mean?"
"Na, na, my leddy—'od ye're jokin' noo—
We sleep thegither, that is very true—
But nocht between us: wi' our claes all aff,
Except our sarks, we lie *upon* the cauff."
"Well, well, my girl! I am surprised to hear
That we of English habits live so near
Such barbarous customs.—Effie, you may go:
As for the pig, I thank you, but—no, no—
Ha, ha! good night—excuse me if I laugh—
I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of Lady Delaccur,
She wrote a book about her northern tour,
Wherein the facts are graphically told,
That Scottish gentlefolks, when nights are cold,
Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm;
While common folk, who share their beds in halves—
Denied the richer comforts of the farm—
Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

INCENSE OF FLOWERS.

This rich abundance of the rose, its breath
On which I almost think my soul could live,
This sweet ambrosia, which even in death
Its leaves hold on to give.

Whence is it? From dank earth or scentless air?
Or from the inner sanctuaries of heaven?
We probe the branch, the root—no incense there—
O God, whence is it given?

Is it the essence of the morning dew,
Or distillation of a purer sphere—
The breath of the immortals coming through
To us immortals here?

Exquisite mystery, my heart devours
The living inspiration, and I know
Sweet revelations with the breath of flowers
Into our beings flow.

JAMES D. BURNS.

BORN 1823 — DIED 1864.

REV. JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS, M.A., the author of many admired poems, chiefly of a sacred character, was born in Edinburgh, Feb. 18, 1823. He was educated at Heriot's Hospital and the High School, and afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated with honours. On completing his theological studies at the Free Church College, he was ordained in 1845 to the ministry at Dunblane.

Never of a robust constitution, his assiduous labours soon broke down his health and obliged him in 1847 to seek a more genial climate in the island of Madeira. He came home during the following summer, but only, to the sorrow of all, to resign his much-loved charge at Dunblane; the state of his health not permitting him to continue his labours in Scotland. He was appointed to the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Funchal, Madeira, and carried on his ministrations there, almost without interruption, for the next five years. Before returning to Britain in 1853, he made a tour through Spain and Italy, the records of which were expanded into a goodly sized MS. volume, which, however, was not published. After a few months' ministration at Brighton and in Jersey, he accepted the call presented to him by the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead, near London. In this quiet sphere he laboured for eight years, with much acceptance to a devoted flock. In 1864 his rapidly failing

health compelled him once more to seek a milder climate, and he proceeded to Mentone on the Mediterranean, where, after a short sojourn in Switzerland, he returned to die, Nov. 27, 1864.

In 1854 Mr. Burns published his volume of poetry under the title of *The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems*, which was well received and has passed through two editions. He also published two small books, *The Evening Hymn* and *The Heavenly Jerusalem*, both of which have been highly appreciated. He contributed a good many articles both in prose and verse to the *Family Treasury*, and wrote occasionally in other periodicals. But to his highly strung and sensitive temperament, authorship was a somewhat exhausting task, and during his later years he was obliged to lay the pen aside almost entirely—except for his ministerial work. The last work written by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London was a memoir of Mr. Burns.

Hugh Miller says:—"We are greatly mistaken if Mr. Burns be not a genuine poet, skilled, as becomes a scholar and a student of classic lore, in giving to his verse the true artistic form, but not the less born to inherit the 'vision and the faculty' which cannot be acquired. . . . The vein of strong sense which runs through all the poetry of Mr. Burns, and imparts to it solidity and coherency, is, we think, not less admirable than the poetry itself, and is, we are sure, quite as little common. . . . There runs through Mr. Burns's volume a rich vein of scriptural imagery and allusion, and much oriental description—rather quiet, however, than gorgeous—that bears in its unexaggerated sobriety the impress of truth."

PORTO SANTO,

AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH OF MADEIRA.[1]

The sun is dim,—upon the sea
A sultry mist hangs heavily,—
  The water, air, and sky
Wear each the same dull, sober gleam;
So that one element they seem,
  Confused upon the eye.

Beyond these dusky clumps of pine
The sea slopes upward to the line
  Of light that streaks the west;
The waves are murmuring faint and far,
And heaving languidly,—they are
  The very type of rest.

Glance northward through the haze, and mark
That shadowy island floating dark
  Amidst the seas serene;
It seems some fair enchanted isle,
Like that which saw Miranda smile
  When Ariel sung unseen.

O happy, after all their fears,
Were those old Lusian mariners
  Who hailed that land the first,—
Upon whose seared and aching eyes,
With an enrapturing surprise,
  Its bloom of verdure burst!

Their anchor in a creek, shell-paven,
They dropped—and hence the "Holy Haven"
  They named the welcome land;
The breezes strained their masts no more,—
And all around the sunny shore
  Was summer, laughing bland.

They wandered on through green arcades,
Where fruits were hanging in the shades,
  And blossoms clustering fair;
Strange gorgeous insects shimmered by,
And from the brakes sweet minstrelsy
  Entranced the woodland air.

Years passed, and to the island came
A mariner of unknown name,
  And grave Castilian speech;
The spirit of a great emprise
Aroused him, and with flashing eyes
  He paced the pebbled beach.

What time the sun was sinking slow,
And twilight spread a rosy glow
  Around its single star,
His eye the western sea's expanse
Would search, creating by its glance
  Some cloudy land afar.

---

[1] Written in Madeira, and suggested by the view of the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, one of the first colonized by the Portuguese adventurers of the fifteenth century. Columbus married a daughter of Bartolomeo Perestrello, the first governor of this island, and after his marriage lived in it for some time with his father-in-law.—Ed.

He saw it when translucent even
Shed mystic light o'er earth and heaven,
  Dim shadowed on the deep;
His fancy tinged each passing cloud
With the fine phantom, and he bowed
  Before it in his sleep.

He hears gray-bearded sailors tell
How the discoveries befel
  That glorify their time;
"And forth I go, my friends," he cries,
"To a severer enterprise
  Than tasked your glorious prime.

"Time was when these green isles, that stud
The expanse of this familiar flood,
  Lived but in fancy fond.
Earth's limits,—think you here they are?
Here has the Almighty fixed his bar,
  Forbidding glance beyond?

"Each shell is murmuring on the shore,
And wild sea-voices evermore
  Are sounding in my ear;
I long to meet the eastern gale,
And with a free and stretching sail
  Through virgin seas to steer.

"Two galleys trim, some comrades stanch,
And I with hopeful heart would launch
  Upon this shoreless sea.
Till I have searched it through and through
And seen some far land looming blue,
  My heart will not play free."

Forth fared he through the deep to rove,—
For months with angry winds he strove,
  And passions fiercer still,
Until he found the long-sought land,
And leaped upon the savage strand
  With an exulting thrill.

The tide of life now eddies strong
Through that broad wilderness, where long
  The eagle fearless flew;
Where forests waved, fair cities rise,
And science, art, and enterprise
  Their restless aims pursue.

There dwells a people, at whose birth
The shout of freedom shook the earth,—
  Whose fame through all the lands
Has travelled,—and before whose eyes,
Bright with their glorious destinies,
  A proud career expands.

I see their life by passion wrought
To intense endeavour, and my thought
  Stoops backward in its reach
To him who, in that early time,
Revolved his enterprise sublime
  On Porto Santo's beach.

Methinks that solitary soul
Held, in its ark, this radiant roll
  Of human hopes upfurled,—
That there in germ this vigorous life
Was sheathed, which now in earnest strife
  Is working through the world.

Still on our way, with care-worn face,
Abstracted eye, and sauntering pace,
  May pass one such as he,
Whose mind heaves with a secret force,
That shall be felt along the course
  Of far futurity.

Call him not fanatic or fool,
Thou Stoic of the modern school;
  Columbus-like, his aim
Points forward with a true presage,
And nations of a later age
  May rise to bless his name.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Strait of Ill Hope! thy frozen lips at last
  Unclose, to teach our seamen how to sift
  A passage where blue icebergs clash and drift,
And the shore loosely rattles in the blast.
We hold the secret thou hast clenched so fast
  For ages,—our best blood has earned the gift,—
  Blood spilt, or hoarded up in patient thrift,
Through sunless months in ceaseless peril passed.
But what of daring Franklin? Who may know
  The pangs that wrung that heart so proud and brave,
In secret wrestling with its deadly woe,
  And no kind voice to reach him o'er the wave?
Now he sleeps fast beneath his shroud of snow,
  And the cold Pole-star only knows his grave.

Alone, on some sharp cliff I see him strain,
  O'er the white waste, his keen, sagacious eye,
  Or scan the signs of the snow-muffled sky,
In hope of quick deliverance,—but in vain;
Then, faring to his icy tent again,
  To cheer his mates with his familiar smile,
  And talk of home and kinsfolk, to beguile
Slow hours, which freeze the blood and numb the brain.
Long let our hero's memory be enshrined
  In all true British hearts! He calmly stood
In danger's foremost rank, nor looked behind.
  He did his work, not with the fevered blood

Of battle, but with hard-tried fortitude,
In peril dauntless, and in death resigned.

Despond not, Britain! Should this sacred hold
Of freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold.
Men are still in thee of heroic mould,—
Men whom thy grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerably mailed,
Because by duty's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet wilt rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the unrusted armour of thy youth;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of freedom, justice, and eternal truth!

THE WANDERER.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tend'rest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still through absence grows
The memory of the past.

Though nature on another shore
Her softest smile may wear,
The vales, the hills he loved before
To him are far more fair.
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,
All clouded though they be,
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,
Still turns its eye above;
The child of an immortal birth
Seeks more than mortal love.
The scenes of earth, though very fair,
Want home's endearing spell;
And all his heart and hope are where
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh,
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he will come,
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

RISE, LITTLE STAR!

Rise, little star!
O'er the dusky hill,—
See the bright course open
Thou hast to fulfil.

Climb, little star!
Higher still and higher,
With a silent swiftness,
And a pulse of fire.

Stand, little star!
On the peak of heaven;
But for one brief moment
Is the triumph given.

Sink, little star!
Yet make heaven bright,
Even while thou art sinking,
With thy gentle light.

Set, little star!
Gladly fade and die,
With the blush of morning
Coming up the sky.

Each little star
Crieth, Life, O man!
Should have one clear purpose
Shining round its span.

FRIENDS I LOVE.

Friends I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.
Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art!

On the cross, love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory Thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye,
And 'mid angels' songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?

From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This, Thy love, will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.
Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
O my Saviour! from Thy love.

CHASTENING.

O Thou whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gain'd
The blessing which it bears;
And learn, though late, I entertain'd
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

Acts xii.

The apostle sleeps,—a light shines in the prison,—
An angel touched his side,
"Arise!" he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,—
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

William Murdoch, the son of a Paisley shoemaker, was born in that town, February 24, 1823. By the side of his father's bench in their humble home at the "Townhead" of Paisley, he learned to read, and he says in a note to the Editor, "I remember the rapturous

delight I experienced while reading, beside my father's bench in the evenings, my first novel, *Roderick Random*, spelling the *muckle words* to have the assistance of his pronunciation." Among the first uses to which William put his pen after learning to write was to indite rhymes; and in his fourteenth year he was gratified by hearing a hymn of his own composition sung in the Sabbath-school, and by being told by one of the teachers that "it was a bonnie and a godly composition." He pursued his father's vocation of a *souter*, attending at the same time an evening school, and occupying any leisure moments he could command in his favourite amusement of rhyming. In his twenty-first year he married, and at the same time his father became blind and could no longer work at his trade, in which helpless condition he remained for eight years, and had nothing to depend upon but the exertions of his son. "Our circumstances during these years," writes Murdoch, "were pretty tight-laced, but we 'warsled and toiled thro' the fair and the foul,' to the best of our ability, and finally succeeded in laying his honoured head in the grave free of debt, on Nov. 19, 1852."

Two years after Murdoch emigrated to New Brunswick. Before leaving Paisley he was entertained in public and received a handsome sum of money from his fellow-townsmen. In April, 1855, he was appointed to take charge of the gas-work on Partridge Island, which supplies the lighthouse. Here he remained for three years, during which he had considerable leisure time, and composed "The Bagpipes," and many other of his best known poems and songs. In 1860 he returned to St. John, and published a small volume, entitled *Poems and Songs, by William Murdoch.* A second edition, enlarged and improved, appeared in 1872. He again resumed his old vocation, at which he continued until the summer of 1865, when he obtained a place on the editorial staff of the *Morning News*, published at St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. Murdoch has recently completed a Scottish poem of some three thousand lines, entitled "A Fireside Drama," which he proposes to publish at an early day.

THE BAGPIPES.

Let ither poets rave and rant,
How fiddles can the saul enchant,
How harps and organs lift the sant
To heaven aboon;
For me, my lugs I winna grant
To siclike din.

The swelling horn, and sounding drum,
Yield pleasing notes nae doubt to some,
And chields wha at pianos thrum,
Think nought's sae braw;
But Scotland's skirling bagpipes' bum
Is worth them a'.

O, weel I lo'e the martial strains,
That swell'd our forbears' hearts and veins,
And led them on thro' reeking plains
O' death and gore,
To drive oppression, and its chains,
Frae Scotia's shore.

Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
Can tamely sit, while Donald plays
A pibroch peal;
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze
O' patriot zeal.

In yore, when Roman lads were boun'
To rieve us o' our royal crown,
Frae Highland hills our sires came doun
To deadly gripes;
Fir'd by the bauld inspiring soun'
O' Scotland's pipes.

And weel the Dane and Roman chiels
Ken'd when they heard the bagpipe's peals,
That Donald was upon their heels
In martial raw;
Sae faith they took to southern fiel's
And were na slaw.

The Saxon thocht he micht afford
To reign supreme, as Scotland's lord;
Sae pour'd his troops, horde after horde,
On Scottish plains;
And claim'd dominion by the sword,
O'er our domains.

His flags were waving on ilk height,
When stern, undaunted, Wallace wight,
His claymore wav'd for freedom's right
And Scotland's weal;
And dar'd proud Edward's vaunted might
In mony a fiel'.

He led his men to battle's brunt,
The pipers marching at the front,
Wi' stirring peal and solemn grunt
They cheer'd the way,
Nor tarried, be't for brose or strunt,
Till bang'd the fae.

And syne, when Bruce display'd his ranks
For battle on red Bannock's banks,
He plac'd the pipers at the flanks,
Wha blew sae weel,
That trembling seiz'd the southron shanks,
And play'd the deil.

They couldna bide the clours, and paicks,
That shower'd frae our Lochaber aix;
They shook, as coward only shakes
When touch'd by steel.
Then curs'd our land o' hills and cakes,
And fled the fiel'.

And when that shout o' victory rose,
Which rent the veil o' Scottish woes,
The swelling pibroch spurr'd our foes
To quicker bound,
And stamp'd the land where Bannock flows
As sacred ground.

Thy bagpipes, Scotland, lang hae been
Thy vera best and truest frien',
On bluidy field or dewy green,
At gloamings gray,
When lads and lasses wad convene
To dance and play.

When charm'd by our dear bagpipes' din,
What ither race beneath the sun
Can match our hardy Highland kin
At reel or jig?
They loup, and fling, and jink, and rin,
Nor ever lig.

But change the tune to martial air,
Their shouts will mak' the mountains rair;
Their courage danger ne'er could scare,
When Scotland's guid
Requir'd their helps, or aiblins mair,
Their very bluid.

Just sound one swelling pibroch peal,
And say Victoria needs their steel,
Nae twa ways then; ilk hardy chiel
His kilt puts on,
And bids his native hills fareweel
Without a groan.

And when they meet their country's faes,
Their courage kindles to a blaze;
See Scotland's gallant, daring "Grays"
And Forty-twa,
Lead on the charge, that wing'd the days
O' Bonna's fa'.

"These kilted savages," he swore,
"That came from Scotland's rocky shore—
Stern, as their fathers were in yore,
With dirk and plaid—
Have grieved my gallant heroes more
Than ought beside."

And see them on the Crimean plains,
Where slavery still eternal reigns;
Nae odds could cool their boiling veins,
Nor quench their zeal;
The rust of cowardice ne'er stains
The Scottish steel.

My country's pipes! while life is mine
I'll love thy strains, as air divine;
Link'd as ye are wi' auld langsyne,
My Scottish heart,
Tho' frae you sunder'd by the brine,
Will never part.

And when on death's cold bier I'm laid,
Let pipers round me serenade;
And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
For sheet and shroud;
And o'er my grave be tribute paid
One PIBROCH LOUD.

ADDRESS TO MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

Let fools wi' muckle purses haver
'Bout hats o' silk, or costly beaver,
And flirts o' beaux and menseless chaps
Brag o'er their one-pound-four light naps;
But nane o' them deserves a sonnet
Sae much as you, my auld blue bonnet.
For mony years noo past and gane
Ye've happ'd my pow frae wind and rain;
The equinoxial gales micht blaw,
The lammas tide in torrents fa';
Auld winter too micht show his form,
Deep wrapp'd in clouds, and cloth'd in storm,
Wi' frost, hail, snaw, and blashy sleet,
Shroud nature like a winding sheet,
But capp'd by thee, my bonnet blue,
His storms as yet I've wudd'led thro',
Nor car'd I for his wrath a bodle,
Ye lent sic comfort to my noddle.
Since first ye left thy native toon,
Sae fam'd for nicht-caps and for shoon,
Richt mony ups and downs I've seen,
Wi' pleasant blinks at times between;
I've tasted bliss, I've shed saut tears,
I've sprung frae youth to manhood's years,
I've wander'd far, I've wander'd wide,
Frae hame, and a' I lov'd beside;
But thanks to fate, I'm here again,
Snug seated by my ain hearthstane.

Dear comrade of my youthful glee,
What memories fond are link'd wi' thee!
What joyous transports have I felt
When at the shrine of love I knelt,
And sued, nor did I sue in vain,
For Meg's love in return again.
O happy, mair than happy days,
When 'mang fair Cart's green banks and braes,
On gloamings gray I wont to stroll,
Wi' her whose love enwrapt my soul.
I sigh'd a' day, and dream'd a' nicht,
And she, poor thing, was never richt,
Till baith grew tir'd o' living single,
And bairns noo ramp around our ingle.
An' still I bless the page o' life
That gied me Peggy for a wife.
My guid auld frien', it mak's me wae,
That fashions should be changing sae;
In youth ye was my very pride,
Ye was sae braw, sae blue, and wide;
Gang whar I micht, be't up, be't down,
Ye was my comforter an' crown.
Ilk height and howe, ilk moss and moor,
'Tween this and Scotland's southern shore,
And far awa 'mong Highland shiels,
I've trod wi' thee and blister'd heels;
But noo, alake! my guid auld frien',
Nae gate wi' thee daur I be seen,
Or modern folks will jibe and joke,
And ca' thee beggar's aumos pock.
Ochon-a-nee! and lack-a-day!
That e'er we should grow auld or gray;
Poor worn-out men, and threadbare claes,
Are no the things for noo-a-days;
When young, and strong, and fit for use,
They're aye made welcome in the house,
But ance turn auld, be't man or bonnet,
The fire or hook, they're taught to shun it.
By youthful pomp, and youthful pride,
Like auld worn boots they're cast aside,
Or aiblins sent, for guid or ill,
To almshouse or the carding mill:
Sae gae your wa's, ye're out o' date,
And e'en maun just submit to fate:
My conscience winna let me steer ye,
And fashion says I maunna wear ye,
Sae we maun part! and nae remeid,
But buy a beaver in your stead,
And swap you wi' some gangrel body,
For tea-cup, or a dish for crowdy:
But aye whene'er I glance upon it,
I'll mind o' you—MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, an' creep close to the fire,
This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread;
The snaw's driftin' sair o'er the hill, an' the win'
Like a demon rairs at the lum head.
The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,
God sen' him a beild dry an' warm;
And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—
O! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face of the sky,
That us'd sae to cheer me at e'en,
For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinney days,
When wi' Donald I stray'd 'neath their sheen.
But he's noo far awa' amidst danger an' strife,
Whaur bluid flows in torrents like rain,
I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife;
But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,
Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en;
Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms.
An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.
He spak' na a word; but O! sairly I fear
His heart-strings are cut by the glaive;
Wer't no for my bairns I could rush to my dear
Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn—
'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae;
But aiblins I'm wrang, for God wha can haud
The vast sea in the howe o' his han',
Can shield him frae scaith, an' may yet sen' him back
To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God! what did I hear? 'twas my Donald's sin voice,
Borne alang on the wings o' the blast—
He said—"Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye,
Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."
O Heavens! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,
The bluid's gushing out frae his broo;
I'm coming, dear Donald—fareweel my lov'd bairns!
I'm coming to Heaven an' you.

Thus wail'd the brave Highlander's heart-stricken wife,
In her cot 'mang the heather-clad cairns,
Then frantic arose, clasp'd her hands o'er her heart,
Swoon'd and died in the arms of her bairns.
Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe
That Donald, the flower of his clan,
Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow,
Fell, fighting for freedom and man.

JAMES SMITH.

There have been literary printers from the days of Benjamin Franklin down to our own time, which has produced among others JAMES SMITH, the author of numerous tender and touching poems in the Scottish dialect. He was born in Edinburgh, March 2, 1824, and in early life was apprenticed to a printer, a business which, together with proof-reading, he pursued in his native city until 1869, when he was appointed librarian to the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library, a position which he still continues to fill.

In 1865 Mr. Smith's poems appeared in a quarto volume, a few copies of which were set up and pulled at the press by the author, when manager of a law-printing establishment, during one of the long vacations. "There is," says Cowper, "a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know," and only printers, it may be supposed, can experience the joy of setting up "copy" of their own composition. In 1866 the first published edition of his poems appeared, entitled *Poems, Songs, and Ballads,* which has since passed through three editions. Alluding to his poetical efforts the author says: "They are for the most part children of impulse—verses prompted by the immediate influence of whatever feeling happened to predominate at the time, and having little or no pretension to elaborate study,—that being rendered well-nigh impossible by the exigencies of a life of incessant toil, and by the anxieties that harass, more or less, every man struggling for those dependent on him. The author would not have it inferred that he craves the reader's indulgence on this ground, or that he advances it as a plea for mollifying the impartial verdict of criticism. He only mentions it as a fact, which it is but fair any one who may peruse these pages should know."

Mr. Smith is also the author of *Humorous Scotch Stories, Jenny Blair's Maunderings, Habbie and Madge, Peggy Pinkerton's Recollections,* and *Archie and Bess,* five amusing little volumes containing graphic descriptions of the customs and conversations of the Scottish peasantry. On May-day, 1875, a number of the poet's friends and admirers, including the Earl of Rosebery, presented him with a handsome silver salver and two hundred sovereigns as a tribute of their esteem.

A critic has truthfully said that "James Smith is unmistakably a poet—musical, tender, and true. With a sense of humour which, from Carlyle downwards, is almost universally seen bound up with a great sadness, he combines a pathetic sweetness and a command of wailing melody sure to find its way to the popular heart, and to make him a household favourite."

WEE COCKIELORUM.

There's the spunkie o' the toun;
  Tak my word, he's worth the seein';
Was there ever sic a loun,
  A' his duds in tatters fleein'?
On he darts, like lichtnin' flashin',
Swift his dumpy bare feet splashin',
Through the rain in torrents dashin'—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Turnin' on the water crans;
  Breakin' windows; cowpin' shutters;
Up amang the chimley cans;
  Doun amang the dubs an' gutters;
Never oot o' fechts an' quarrels;
Plague o' wives an' nervous carles;
Ranger o' the sugar barrels—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Kippin' frae the schule, the rogue,
  Carritch sailin' doun the syver;
Linkin' ower the Hunter's Bog,
  Fleein' high his ha'p'ny diver;
Whiles at Leith, in harbour nookies,
Sprauchlin' wi' his worms an' hookies,
Catchin' podlies, eels, an' flookies—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Rinnin', jumpin', stottin' ba's,
  Playin' shinty, wha can match him?
Firin' whins, an' frichtnin' craws;
  Rangers tryin' sair to catch him;
Riever dire o' neeps an' berries,
Pears an' apples, plooms an' cherries,
Paips an' bools, an' taps an' peeries—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Blithe when Queen's birth-day comes roun',
  Liltin' on his bawbee-whistle;
Kilties, fogies, braw dragoons,
  Makin' sic a joyfu' bustle;
Bauld at nicht wi' jinglin' pockets,
Firin' crackers, squeebs, an' rockets;
Black wi' pouther to the sockets—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Speelin' trees, an' herryin' nests
  (Fine the auld birds ken his habits);
Cats the birkie aye molests;
  Fond o' duggies, doos, an' rabbits;
Kind to bits o' weanies tottin';
Keen o' soomin', divin', floatin';
Aft on seaside cuddies trottin'—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Proud when stormy tempests blaw;
  Winter haps wi' scorn deridin';
Strampin' cheery through the snaw;
  Owre the Loch wi' ardour slidin'.
Cauld an' hunger tame the roguie;
Hame through closes dark an' foggy,
Thinkin' on his parritch-coggie—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Puir wee man! 'tis hard for thee,
  Reckless faither, feckless mither;
Laddie wi' the sparklin' e'e—
  Sturdy, stuffy little brither!
Soon may thou, true wisdom learnin',
Ca' thy girr wi' mair discernin',
Manhood's noblest honours earnin'—
    Wee Cockielorum.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles,
  Toddlin' oot an' in;
Oh, but she's a cuttie,
  Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou o' mischief,
  An' minds nae what I say:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
  Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Where's the stumpie noo?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie,
  An' lauchin' to the soo!
Noo she sees my angry e'e,
  An' aff she's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
  I'll scud ye till I'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
  Catchin' little fishes;
Noo she's i' the barnyard,
  Playin' wi' the fouls—
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
  Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Oh, my heart it's broke!
She's torn my braw new wincey,
  To mak' a dolly's frock.
There's the goblet owre the fire!
  The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
  An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Wha's sae tired as me!
See! the kettle's doun at last!
  Wae's me for my tea!
Oh! it's angersome, atweel,
  An' sune'll mak' me gray;
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
  Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Where's the smoukie noo?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
  Cryin' "Keekybo!"
Noo she's at the fireside,
  Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl
  Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she's at the windy!
  Haud her, or she's owre!
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht:
  Where's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
  Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  For a' ye gi'e me pain,
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
  My ain wee wean!

An' gin I'm spared to ither days—
Oh, may they come to pass—
I'll see my bonnie bairnie
A braw, braw lass!

BURD AILIE.

Burd Ailie sat doun by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
As her heart throbbed fast and sair.
An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,
She murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,
An' the ship sae far frae hame!

The robin flew hie owre the gowden broom,
An' he warbled fu' cheerilie.
"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Will I ever my true luve see?"
Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang:
"Puir Ailie! I'm laith to tell;
For the ship's i' the howe o' a roaring wave,
An' thy luve's i' the merlin's cell!"

"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,
When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree?
Was his heart aye true to mine?"
"Oh, fond an' true," the sweet robin sang;
"But the merlin he noo maun wed;
For the sea-weed's twined in his yellow hair,
An' the coral's his bridal bed!"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
An' the robin sang nae mair.
For an ángel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,
As she murmur'd her true luve's name;
An' took her awa' frae a broken heart,
And the ship that wad ne'er come hame!

DOUN FAIR DALMENY'S ROSY DELLS.

Doun fair Dalmeny's[1] rosy dells,
Sweet Mary wander'd, sad an' wae;
The sunlicht faded owre the lea,
An' cheerless fell the simmer day.
The warblin' mavis sang nae mair,
As aft she sighed, in heavy sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"By yonder hoary castle wa',[2]
Where murmurs deep the dark blue sea,
I wearied sair the langsome nicht,
Till tears bedimm'd my sleepless e'e.
The boat gaed doun by Cramond's isle—
O weary fa' that nicht o' sorrow!
For lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"O foaming waves, that took my luve—
My ain true luve, beyond compare!
O will I see his winsome form,
And hear his dear lo'ed voice nae mair?"
Fu' deep the snaw-white surges moaned:
"O sair's the burden o' thy sorrow;
For lanely, lanely lies thy luve,
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

She wander'd weary by the shore,
An' murmur'd aft his name sae dear;
Till owre Dalmeny's dewy dells
The silver moon shone sweet an' clear.
An' saft the trembling breezes sigh'd,
As far she strayed, in hopeless sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

THE LINTWHITE.

A lintwhite sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring,
An' lang she look'd at the cauld gray lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit, wi' shiverin' breist,
Sae waesomely she sang:
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?

"I've socht him doun i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

"O waly!" the norland breezes moan'd;
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair;
For the hawk's awa' wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair!
Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang!
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang?"

---

[1] The estate of the Earl of Rosebery, a few miles from Edinburgh.

[2] The ruins of Barnbougle Castle.

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd west,
Till she droukit her downy wing;
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang:
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

LILLY LORN.

Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw,
Far frae her minnie's dwellin';
An' lang she stray'd wi' restless e'e,
Till curfew bells were knellin';
An' aye the warblers blithely sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

She socht her lordly lover's ha',
An' moan'd in vain her sorrow;
Till dew lay on her silken hair,
An' cheerless dawn'd the morrow.
Then twinin' sad a rowan wreath,
She sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"
Syne wander'd through the gowden mist,
As westlin' winds were sighin'!

"Gae hame, gae hame, sweet Lilly Lorn!"
She heard the cushet wailin';
"Ye're cauld an' lanely i' the shaw,
Far frae yer minnie's dwellin'."
The tears ran doun her bonnie face,
To hear the cushet cryin';
But aye she twin'd the rowan wreath,
An' sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"

She laid her doun beneath a birk,
Wi' cauld an' deidly shiver;
An' sigh'd ance mair Glenlyon's name,
Syne clos'd her e'en for ever.
An' saft an' wae the warblers sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

CLAP, CLAP HANDIES.

Clap, clap handies!
Clap hands again;
Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
Mammy's bonnie wean!

I'll buy ye a fishie,
In a little dishie:
Clap, clap handies,
My wee wean!

Clap, clap handies!
Deddy's comin' ben
Wi' siller bells an' coral shells,
Three score an' ten;
A' to gie his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie:
Clap, clap handies,
Deddy's comin' ben!

Clap, clap handies!
Craw, cocky, craw,
Blithely to my wee bird,
Cockyleerielaw!
Craw awa' sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie;
Clap, clap handies!
Cockyleerielaw!

Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man:
I'll buy ye a coachy
To ride thro' a' the lan'!
Wi' a mappie an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie:
Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man!

Clap, clap handies,
Kissy mammy noo!
Eh! where's my sugar-ploom!
Eh! where's my doo!
Cuddle in, my trootie—
Mammy's tootie-lootie!
Clap, clap handies!
Kissy mammy noo!

Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!
May ye never grieve my heart,
Or dim yer deddy's e'e!
Lauch awa', my petty—
Mammy's pretty pretty:
Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!

THE HAREBELL BLOSSOMED RARELY.

Bonnie Jeanie sleepit in a lanesome rushy dell,
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' she dreamt she saw her dearie in the lanesome rushy dell,

Wi' a lassie by his side, but her name she
 couldna tell;
For her hame was in yon bonnie land where
 happy spirits dwell—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Sair her heart was thrabbin' as she lookit at
 the twa—
 Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' aye at ilka fond word her buirdly luve
 let fa',
A gowden ray o' glory stream'd in beauty owre
 them a';
While the siller-bells were chimin' thro' the
 lanely leafy shaw—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"Now, by Our Lady's benison, dear maiden,
 ye'll be mine!"—
 Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
She waved her angel wings an' sigh'd, wi'
 glance o' love divine,
Then clasp'd her lily hands, an' said, "I
 daurna weel be thine;
For I'm a bride in heaven, an' my love I
 winna tyne"—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"'Mang myrtle groves my lover dwells in yon
 dear land sae fair"—
 Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
"Where the radiant beams o' glory kiss the
 balmy simmer air;
Where the crystal seas o' emerald are shinin'
 evermair;
Where the birds are warblin' bonnily, for nocht
 o' sorrow's there"—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Saft sigh'd the wind amang the shady bowers
 sae green—
 Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
Her sunny locks were waved aside—a rosy face
 was seen;
'Twas the face o' bonnie Jeanie, wi' her spark-
 lin' lauchin' een;
Syne she faded frae his bosom in a cloud o'
 siller sheen—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Lichtly Jeanie waukent as the dewy gloamin'
 fell—
 Hush'd was the mavis on the birken tree—
Oh the joy that filled her tender breast nae
 tongue could ever tell,
For the bonnie angel o' her dream was Jeanie's
 bonnie sel';
Sae she wander'd blithely singin' owre the
 lanesome rushy dell—
 An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

George Mac Donald, one of the most popular of living Scottish poets and novelists, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, December 10, 1824. He early gave tokens of his future literary distinction, for we are told that when a boy at school he would sometimes attract a circle of listeners to his improvised tales. On leaving school he entered King's College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of A.M. He was educated for the Congregational Church, of which his father was a stanch supporter, but he afterwards became a member of the Church of England.

Mr. Mac Donald first became known to the literary world by the publication of "Within and Without," a dramatic poem with a dedicatory sonnet to the author's wife, which appeared in 1855, and was received with almost universal favour. It is a thrilling story in verse, interspersed with many sweet and tender songs, such as "Love me, Beloved." It was followed in 1857 by *A Hidden Life, and other Poems*, containing a number of exquisite lyrics; and in 1867 by *The Disciple, and other Poems*. These collections, with some other poems and prose writings, have been published in ten handsome pocket volumes, entitled *Works of Fancy and Imagination*. Some of Mac Donald's poems, as the "Disciple," "The Gospel Women," and the "Organ Songs," will, should he write no more, long keep his memory green. *Alec Forbes of Howglen, David Elginbrod, Robert Falconer*, and his other numerous prose works, have been extremely popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

He is especially successful in his writings for the young. He is also favourably known as a lecturer on literary topics, and in the winter of 1872-73 he visited the United States for the purpose of lecturing in the principal cities of the North. A few years since Mr. Mac Donald received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. Occasionally he appears in the pulpit.

It has been truthfully said that in all his writings, both prose and verse, Mr. Mac Donald's powers of mind and heart are consecrated to the service of humanity. "His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and foremost evidently in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure spiritual life."

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

The thousand streets of London gray
  Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
  In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
  Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
  They call the place a park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
  God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
  Or crop the grass amain.

And from dark alley, yard, and den,
  In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
  The little human goats.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day,
  An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
  A panting woollen heap.

But help is nearer than we know
  For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
  A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
  Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
  Its rents were small—good hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
  Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
  The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
  Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
  In London dry and lorn.

And let priests say the thing they please,
  My hope, though very dim,
Thinks he will say who alway sees,
In doing it to one of these
  Thou didst it unto him.

AN OLD SERMON WITH A NEW TEXT.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
  Her husband to infold,
For 'tis the pride of woman still,
  To cover from the cold:
My daughter made it a new text
  For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
  Ready with bootless aid:
"Lily will make one for papa,"
  The tiny woman said:
Her mother gave the needful things,
  With a knot upon the thread.

"The knot, mamma!—it won't come through.
  Mamma! mamma!" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
  And she was satisfied,
Pulling the long thread through and through,
  In fabricating pride.

Her mother told me this: I caught
  A glimpse of something more:

Great meanings often hide themselves
  With little words before;
And I brooded over the new text,
  Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
  A little sermon, low:
Is it not thus a thousand times,
  As through the world we go,
When we pull, murmur, fret, and cry,
  Instead of "Yes, Lord," "No"?

For all the rough things that we meet,
  Which will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
  The Crook in every Lot—
What mean they, but that children's threads
  Have at the end a knot?

For *circumstance* is God's great web—
  He gives it free of cost,
But we must make it into clothes
  To shield our hearts from frost:
Shall we, because the thread holds fast,
  Count all our labour lost?

If he should cut away the knot,
  And yield each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
  His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
  From the needle of my child.

For as the cordage to the sail;
  As to my verse the rhyme;
As mountains to the low green earth—
  So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
  The quiet flow of time;

As sculptor's mallet to the birth
  Of the slow-dawning face;
As knot upon my Lily's thread,
  When she would work apace;
God's *Nay* is such, and worketh so
  For his children's coming grace.

Who knowing his ideal end,
  Such birthright would refuse?
What makes us what we have to be
  Is the only thing to choose:
We neither know his end nor means,
  And yet his will accuse!

This is my sermon. It is preached
  Against all fretful strife.
Chafe not with anything that is,
  Nor cut it with thy knife.
Ah! be not angry with the knot
  That holdeth fast thy life.

WHAT MAKES SUMMER?

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Winter froze the brook and well;
Fast and fast the snow-flakes fell:
Children gathered round the hearth,
Made a summer of their mirth.
One—a child so lately come
That his life was yet one sum
Of delights—all games and rambles,
Nights of dreams, and days of gambols—
Thought aloud: "I wish I knew
What makes summer—that I do!"
And the answer to his question
Held the truth, half in suggestion.

'Tis the sun that rises early,
Shining, shining all day rarely;
Drawing up the larks to meet him,
Earth's bird-angels, wild to greet him;
Drawing up the clouds, to pour
Down again a shining shower;
Drawing out the grass and clover—
Blossoms breaking out all over;
Drawing out the flowers to stare
At their father in the air—
He all light, they how much duller!
Yet son-suns of every colour;
Drawing out the flying things—
Out of eggs, fast flapping wings;
Out of lumps like frozen snails,
Butterflies with splendid sails;
Drawing buds from all the trees;
From their hives the busy bees;
Living gold from earthy cracks—
Beetles with their burnished backs;
Drawing laughter out of water,
Smiling small suns as he taught her;
Sending winds to every nook,
That no creature be forsook;
Drawing children out of doors,
On two legs, or on all fours;
Drawing out of gloom and sadness,
Hope and blessing, peace and gladness;
Making man's heart sing and shine
With his brilliancy divine.

Slow at length, adown the west,
Lingering, he goes to rest;
Like a child, who, blissful yet,
Is unwilling to forget,
And, though sleepy, heels and head,
Thinks he cannot go to bed.
Even when down behind the hill,
Back his bright look shineth still,
Whose keen glory with the night
Makes the lovely gray twilight,

Drawing out the downy owl,
With his musical bird-howl;
Drawing out the leathery bats—
Mice they are, turned airy cats—
Noiseless, sly, and slippery things,
Swimming through the air on wings;
Drawing out the feathery moth,
Lazy, drowsy, very loath:
She by daylight never flits—
Sleeps and nurses her five wits;
Drawing light from glow-worms' tails,
Glimmering green in grassy dales;
Drawing children to the door,
For one goodnight-frolic more.

Then the moon comes up the hill,
Wide awake, but dreaming still;
Soft and slow, as if in fear
Lest her path should not be clear,
Like a timid lady she
Looks around her daintily,
Begs the clouds to come about her,
Tells the stars to shine without her;
But when we are lying like dead,
Sleeping in God's summer-bed,
She unveiled and bolder grown
Climbs the steps of her blue throne,
Stately in a calm delight,
Mistress of a whole fair night,
Drawing dreams, lovely and wild,
Out of father, mother, child.

But what fun is all about,
When the humans are shut out!
Night is then a dream opaque,
Full of creatures wide awake!
Noiseless then on feet or wings,
Out they come, all moon-eyed things'
Mice creep out of cracks in boles;
I don't know—but mayn't the moles
Come up stairs to open their eyes?
Stars peep from their holes in the skies;—
There they sparkle, pop, and play—
Have it all their own wild way;
Fly and frolic, scamper, glow—
Treat the moon, for all her show,
State, and opal diadem,
Like a nursemaid watching them.

'Tis the sun both day and night,
Shining here, or out of sight—
'Tis, I say, that fire of his
Makes the summer what it is.
He, across dividing fate
Seeks the moon disconsolate,
Like a lonely lady high
In a turret of the sky;
Comforts her with comfort such
That she gives us her too-much.
Even when all his light is gone,
Still his warmth is working on,
With a hidden gentle might
Stretching summer through the night.—

But the nightingale—ah, rare!
Turns it all, mighty and fair,
To a diamond hoop of song,
Which he trundles all night long.—

When I heard him last, he sang
That the woody echoes rang—
Loud the secret out did call
In a wordless madrigal:
Through the early summer wood,
All the creatures understood.

What without a word he spoke,
I will tell the older folk,
Making it articulate,
Less divine and more sedate:
Here's the song the creatures heard
From the tiny, mighty bird:

Beautiful mother is busy all day—
So busy she neither can sing nor say;
But lovely thoughts, in a ceaseless flow,
Through her eyes, and her ears, and her bosom go—
Motion, sight, and sound, and scent,
Weaving a royal, rich content.—

But when night is come, and her children sleep,
And beautiful mother her watch would keep—
With glowing stars in her dusky hair,
Down she sits to her music rare;
And her instrument that never fails,
Is the hearts and the throats of her nightingales.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL!

O lassie ayont the hill,
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body cud be a thocht o' grace,
  And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid and my han's and my face,
  O my thochts and mysel' an' a'.
  I'm sick o' the warl' an' a';
The win' gangs by wi' a hiss;
  Throu my starin' een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary hert they miss.
  O lassie ayont the hill!
    Come ower the tap o' the hill,
  Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill;
    Bidena ayont the hill.

For gin I but saw yer bonnie heid,
  And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid,
  I wad be mysel' nae mair.
  I wad be mysel' nae mair,
Filled o' the sole remeid—
  Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

Mysel' micht wauk up at the saft fitfa'
  O' my bonnie depairtin' dame;
But gin she lo'ed me ever sae sma',
  I micht bide it—the weary same;
  Noo, sick o' my body and name,
Whan it lifts its upsettin' heid,
  I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
  I wad ring my ain deid knell;
The spectre wad melt, shot through and through
  Wi' the shine o' your sunny sel'.—
  By the shine o' yer sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
  I wad dee to mysel', ring my ain deid-bell,
And live for ever in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

THE WAESOME CARL.

There cam a man to our toon-en',
  An' a waesome carl was he;
Snipie-nebbit, and crookit-mou'd,
  And gleyt o' ae blinterin ee.
Muckle he spied, and muckle he spak,
  But the owercome o' his sang,
Whatever the tune, was aye the same:—
  There's nane o' ye a' but's wrang.
    Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
    And a'thegither a' wrang;
    There's no a man aboot the toon
    But's a'thegither a' wrang.

That's no the gait to fire the breid,
  Nor yet to brew the yill;
That's no the gait to haud the pleuch,
  Nor yet to ca' the mill;
That's no the gait to milk the coo,
  Nor yet to spean the calf;
Nor yet to tramp the girnel-meal—
  Ye kenna yer wark by half!
    Ye're a' wrang, &c.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
  And lat alane to preach;
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
  Nor yet the gift o' speech.

He mind't him o' Balaäm's ass,
  Wi' a differ ye may ken:
The Lord he opened the ass's mou',
  The minister opened's ain.
    He's a' wrang, &c.

The puir precentor cudna sing,
  He gruntit like a swine;
The verra elders cudna pass
  The ladles till his min'.
And for the rulin'-elder's grace,
  It wasna worth a horn;
He didna half uncurse the meat,
  Nor pray for mair the morn.
    He's a' wrang, &c.

And aye he gied his nose a thraw,
  And aye he crook't his mou';
And aye he cockit up his ee,
  And said—Tak tent the noo.
We snichert hint oor loof, man,
  But never said him nay;
As gin he had been a prophet, man,
  We loot him say his say:
    Ye're a' wrang, &c.

Quo' oor gudeman: The crater's daft!—
  Heard ye ever sic a claik?
Lat's see gin he can turn a han',
  Or only luik and craik.
It's true we maunna lippen till him—
  He's fairly crack wi' pride;
But he maun live—we canna kill him—
  Gin he can work, he s' bide.
    He was a' wrang, &c.

It's true it's but a laddie's turn,
  But we'll begin wi' a sma' thing:
There's a' thae weyds to gaither and burn—
  And he's the man for a' thing!—
We yokit for yon heich peat-moss—
  There was peats to cast and ca'—
Weel rid, we reckon, o' him and his
  Lang tongue till gloamin'-fa';
    But we're a' wrang, &c.

For, losh! or it was denner-time,
  The toon was in a low!
The reek rase up as it had been
  Frae Sodom-flames, I vow.
We lowst and rade like mad, for byre
  And ruck war blazin' fell,
As gin the deil had brocht the fire
  To mak anither hell!
    'Twas a' wrang, &c.

And there, on-luikin', the carl stude,
  Wi' 's han's aneath his tails;
To see him maisthan' drave us wud,
  We ill could haud oorsels.
It's a' your wite; I tauld ye sae;
  Ye're a' wrang to the last:
What gart ye burn thae deevilich weyds
  Whan the win' blew frae the wast?
    Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
    And a'thegither a' wrang;
    There's no a man in a' the warl'
    But's a'thegither a' wrang.

TIME AND TIDE.

As I was walkin' on the strand,
  I spied ane auld man sit
On ane auld black rock; and aye the waves
  Cam washin' up its fit;
His lips they gaed as gin they wad lilt,
  But his sang he cud only say:
An' it was but an owercome, waesome and dreigh—
  O' the words he had nae mae:
Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns:
  They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
  And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"What can the auld man mean," quo' I,
  "Sittin' o' the auld black rock?
The tide creeps up wi' a moan an' a cry,
  And a hiss 'maist like a mock.
The words he mutters maun be the en'
  O' some weary dreary sang—
A deid thing floatin' aboot in his brain,
  'At the tide will no lat gang."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns:
  They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
  And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Hoo pairtit it them, auld man?" I said:
  "Was't the sea cam up ower strang?
But gin thegither the twa' o' them gaed,
  Their pairtin' wasna lang.
Or was ane ta'en, and the ither left—
  Ane to sing, ane to greit?
It's unco sair to be sae bereft—
  But there's ither tides at yer feet."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
  And they played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
  And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Was't the sea o' space wi' its tide o' time?
  Sic droonin' 's waur to bide;

But Death's a diver, seekin' ye
Aneath its chokin' tide;
And ye'll gaze again in ither's ee,
Far abune space and time."
Never ae word he answered me,
But he changed a word in his rhyme:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa for evermore."

"May be, auld man, 'twas the tide o' change
That crap atween the twa?
Hech! that's a droonin' awfu' strange,
And waur than ane an' a!"
He said nae mair. I luikit, and saw
The lips nae mair cud gang;
Ane o' the tides had ta'en him awa'—
An' ower him I croont his ain sang:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And souft them awa' throu a mirksome door!"

ANNIE SHE'S DOWIE.

Annie she's dowie, and Willie he's wae.
What can be the maitter wi' siccan a twae—
For Annie she's fair as the first o' the day,
And Willie he's honest and stalwart and gay?

Oh! the tane has a daddy is poor and is proud,
And the tither a minnie that cleiks at the goud:
They lo'ed ane anither, and said their say—
But the daddy and minnie they pairtit the twae.

A PARABLE: TELL ME.

"Traveller, what lies over the hill?
Traveller, tell to me:
Tiptoe-high on the window-sill,
Over I cannot see."

"My child, a valley green lies there,
Lovely with trees, and shy;
And a tiny brook that says—'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by-and-by.'"

"And what comes next?"—"A little town,
And a towering hill again;
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?"—"A lonely moor,
Without one beaten way;
And slow clouds drifting dull before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
Blue sea and a moaning tide."
And then?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
With rivers deep and wide."

"And then?"—"Oh—rock and mountain and vale,
Ocean and shores and men,
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again!"

"And is that all? From day to day—
As with a long chain bound—
Oh! never to get right away,
But go round and round and round?"

"No, no; I have not told the best—
Neither the best nor the end:
On summer eves, away in the west,
You may see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colours of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"Is it far away?" "I do not know.
You must fix your eyes thereon,
And travel, travel, through thunder and snow,
Till the weary way is gone.

"All day, though you never see it shine,
You must travel, nor turn aside,
Through blinding sunlight and moonbeams fine,
And mist and darkness wide."

"When I am older." "Nay, not so."
"I have hardly opened my eyes!"
"He who to the old sunset would go,
Starts best with the young sunrise."

"But the stair—is it very very steep?"
"Too steep for you to climb;
You must lie at the foot of the glorious heap,
And patient wait your time."

"How long?" "Nay, that I cannot tell."
"In wind, and rain, and frost?"
"It may be." "Ah!—ah!" "It is well
That you should count the cost.

"Yea, travellers many on you will stand."
"That will be hard to bear."
"But One with wounded foot and hand
Will carry you up the stair."

ANDREW J. SYMINGTON.

ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON was born in Paisley, July 27, 1825. His father, Robert Brown Symington, was a merchant, and three of his father's brothers were clergymen. His mother's name was Margaret Macalaster, a woman of sterling worth and refined taste. On leaving the grammar school where he was educated Andrew joined the firm of his father, which business he and an elder brother conducted in Glasgow until recently, when he retired from the firm.

From an early period Mr. Symington has been devoted to literary and artistic studies, and during leisure hours has enjoyed the personal intercourse and correspondence of many eminent scientific men, artists, and men of letters. In 1848 he published a volume of poems entitled *Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings.* In 1855 a volume entitled *Genevieve and other Poems* was printed for private circulation. This was followed in 1857 by two volumes entitled *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life,* on which the author was engaged for the greater part of ten years. In 1859, induced by an ardent love of northern literature and antiquities, he visited Iceland, and afterwards published the results of his travels in "*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faröe and Iceland,* with an appendix containing translations from the Icelandic, and fifty-one illustrations by Linton, from drawings by the author." In 1862 a second edition of *Harebell Chimes* appeared, containing many additional poems; and in 1870 his latest volume was issued, entitled "The Reasonableness of Faith: with an Appendix containing Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope."

In 1851 Mr. Symington travelled in France, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. He also spent some time in the United States during the years 1874–75, when he contributed to some of the leading magazines and journals. In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen. His poetry has found many admirers. *Harebell Chimes,* when first published, was highly praised by Samuel Rogers; and another eminent critic has said, "Every line in the volume is in fullest sympathy with what is lovely and honest, and of good report."

ON HEARING JESSICA PLAY SWEET MUSIC.

Shapes of loveliness, like angel-dreams,
  Float before my all-entrancèd sense:
List'ning to sweet melody that streams,
  With a deep and soul-like influence,

From thy fingers; as they, o'er the keys,
  Run thro' mazes intricate and wild;
Now, evolving mystic harmonies—
  Now, a simple air for laughing child.

Every passion o'er the heart doth sweep,
  Calling forth, as from a spirit lyre,
Sympathetic tones of meaning deep,
  Love—Hope—Fear—or Patriotic fire.

Hark! Beethoven wields his potent wand—
  Floods of wild unearthly melody
Roll, in mighty waves—majestic—grand,—
  Now, in ripples, o'er a moonlit sea!

Sweet andante! passionate and low,
  Wail of saddest, plaintive loveliness:
Hearts are melted, tears of pity flow
  For a gentle love-lorn maid's distress.

Now, a dazzling wild chromatic run
  Modulates into a dulcet air,
Starry minors melting every one
  In a murmuring cadence, rich and rare!

Cheerful scenes before the fancy spread;
  Weary pilgrim—sun-changed sailor boy—
Home returneth, long given up as dead;
  Sorrow merging into tears of joy.

Lowering, gathers fast the thunder cloud—
  Murky vapours on the tempest flee—
Peal on peal reverberating loud;
  Lightnings glimmer on the darkling sea.

Now, in lonely depth of forest drear,
  Branches creak—oak trees uprooted lie:
Dirge-like wailings fall upon the ear,
  Storm-blasts winging thro' a troubled sky.

Weird-like—horrible—witch, kobold, sprite;
  Goblin, fiend, and imp of every kind
Whirlwind-mingled—changing in moonlight,
  Troop, fantasque, before my wondering mind!

Strange sonata! with thy varied tone,
  Dream-like riseth many a changeful scene—
Boundless waste of sand, in desert lone,
  With an island-like oásis green.

Now, I hear brave Körner's prayer rise,
  'Mid the cannon's roar, from thickest fray:
Wafted, like sweet incense, to the skies,
  In th' empyrian blue, it fades away!

Harmonies! how gorgeous—massive—bold!
  Falling worlds, like hail, are tempest driven—
Wonders thicken—giant strains unfold—
  Panting—are we now in earth or heaven?

Weary sun sinks slowly in the west;
  Through the boles shoot gleams of crimson light:
Glowing all, with gold and amethyst,
  Like a minster-window stainèd bright:

Seemeth all, like old cathedral pile
  Shook by sound of mighty instrument
Pealing hallelujahs: through each aisle
  Rolls the murmuring accompaniment.

Dying now, in wild Æolian swells,
  Gently floating, on the fitful breeze,
Like a faery chime of blue harebells,
  Heard in dreams, beneath the forest trees.

When, in robe of sheeny gossamer,
  Cometh forth the gentle faery Queen:
Rainbow of sweet sounds o'er-arching her:
  Dapper elves light tripping o'er the green.

Sparkling notes, a brilliant starry shower!
  Now, a gentle fall of golden rain—
Dewy fragrance breathes from every flower—
  Joyous birds are carolling again!

Child-like, here, the laughing dancing brook
  Gurgles, flowing clear and musical:
There, o'er shelving rock in shady nook,
  Leaps a silvery tinkling waterfall.

Music! how the witching spell doth sweep
  O'er my soul with more than magic sway:
Waking thoughts, long hid in memory deep,
  Urging now towards the far away!

Lost in deep "abyssinal agonies:"
  Yearning ever—ah! it is not given
Here to fathom soul-like harmonies—
  Music's power shall be revealed in Heaven!

THE DREAM HARP.

Methought I was alone, and feelings strange
Of utter dreariness weighed on my spirit.
The stars were sparkling clear, but they on me
Shed no sweet influence. Nature's secrets all
Were locked from me, and sealed as with seven seals;
Nor inner light was there whereby to read
Her mysteries. I sadly wandered on
In silence, questioning the universe
And my own soul: impenetrable clouds,
Heavy and dark, seemed resting upon both,
Which even the stars—the beauteous friendly stars
Now quivering in the brook which crossed my path—
Could no-wise dissipate.
  Now, dreamy sounds,
As from Æolian harp, faint, sweet and low,
From the far distance, trembled into being,
Aye waxing nearer, clearer, in the air,
Swelling in dulcet, breezy, murmuring chords.
  Angels, descending, bore with them a harp—
The waving of their pinions pulsing waves
Of sound in ripples through the summer air—
And, to my trancèd ear its heavenly tones
Were tones of peace. The nearing harp itself
Was of rare beauty—the device was this:—
On either side, an alabaster cross
Of snowy whiteness twined with dew-sprent flowers,
Roses of Sharon—Lilies of the vale:
Above—a rainbow spanned from cross to cross,
From whose seven colours, seven golden chords
Stretched downwards to a circle, embleming
Eternity—each chord from its own colour—
And through the circle, in the azure sky,
A white dove with an olive branch was seen
Descending. Through the golden chords there shone,
As if through furnace bars, a dull blood-red
Apocalyptic sun, shorn of its rays.
Above the rainbow, in the deep serene—
As 'twere the key-note of the whole device—
The morning-star shed lambent peaceful light.
  The dream I felt to be symbolical
Of the great universal harmonies,
(For in the music these expressed themselves)
All cent'ring in pure Christianity;
And of that time, when Love's great tidal wave
Shall sweep the world, and bring its Sabbath rest.
  Melodious strains of penetrating sweetness
Now waxèd louder, richer, till—o'erpowered,
Dissolving in luxurious pain, delight
Ineffable—I should have died, had they
Not then, all but insensibly, become
Softer and fainter; angels and the harp
In distance dimming gradually away;

Its tones all fading in ethereal beauty,
Till lost in dreamy *moriendos.*
Rapt,
I there stood gazing upward, after it
Had long ceased to be heard: The heavy cloud
Was lifted from my spirit; all shone clear,
For, through the chords and colours Seven, had streamed
Into my trancèd soul one ray of light
From the Seventh Heavens: and therein vibrate still
The echoes of that heavenly harmony,
Even though the dream has long since passed away!

SUMMER EVENING.

How sweet this summer eve,
To sit amidst the golden furze and broom,
Sister, with thee!
To hear at once the insects' drowsy hum,
And murmur of the sea!

Shore-like those purple hills
Seem to that boundless flood of golden light
Which fires the west:
Yon roseate clouds, so pure, so peaceful, might
Be islands of the blest.

The butterfly and the bee
Still light upon the flowers; that mellow note
Is sweet to hear,
Which floateth warbled from the mavis' throat
In tones wild, rich, and clear.

The sun-glare falling on
The sea, then streams along this fragrant bank
Where tufted stems
Of spiry sorrel-seed, translucent, rank,
Show bright as ruby gems.

Wild Goatfell's rocky peaks
Rise clear-defined against the glowing sky,
Though dim and gray:
A vapour, floating from its summits high,
De-films, and melts away!

On Kelburne's woody heights,
The sunbeams slant their parting golden rays
Of mellow light:
Around, now falls a thin empurpled haze—
The spirit veil of night—

Through which one star alone,
O'er Bute's fair isle, is trembling on the deep—
The star of love;—
All nature seemeth lulled in balmy sleep,
While spirits watch above!

And, sister, spirits may,
For aught we know, surround us everywhere,
In heavenly sheen;
Sphere-music-like, with presence pure and rare,
Aye watching though unseen.

Yon dream-like moon becomes,
Upsailing in the blue, more bright and clear;
And mark the wake
Left by that little boat, whose oar we hear,
As in a placid lake.

Sweet, even the double call
Of corn-craik, in the green-eared fields behind,
When joy intense,
From every sound, or flower, on summer wind
Floats, filling heart and sense.

In scenes thus bright and fair,
Some read the glory of the type alone,
And have no eye
For deep and spirit meanings, traced thereon,
All pointing to the sky.

The beauty of the star,
Or dew-drop, twinkling on the open flower,
In clear sunshine,
Is but the impress of a higher power,
Beneficent—Divine!

Night stealeth on apace;
And, sister, homewards wending, let us pray
That there be given
Us hearts to love God's beauteous works alway;
With pure high thoughts of heaven!

BERTRAM'S LAST PICTURE.

A youth lay prisoned in a cavern dark
Which bordered on the desert: near there passed,
With wild flowers in her hair, a radiant maiden
Surrounded with bright glory, like a saint,
Which falling through the bars in chequered light
Revealed his woe-worn face. Heart, brain, and soul
Were in that wistful look; and yet his eyes,
Though sad, were calm. In them one read that love,
Pure and intense, which gladly would have given
All things, even life itself, for her sweet sake.
He knew she saw him not, yet strangely spelled
As night-mared, he could neither move, speak, cry;
Nay, almost seemed as if he would have feared
To startle her, by words, in that lone place,
Though free to speak, and speaking would have brought
Light, peace, and joy—so reverent was his love.

Lilies and pansies sprung beneath her feet;
Stars trembled o'er her; rainbow-vistas arched
Her opening path, evanishing where'er
She, passing, left all in the gloom behind her.
Leaning his weary head upon his hand
The youth saw only her—and she was passing by,
Passing from him, like music all too sweet
E'er to be heard by mortal ears again.
Such was the picture—Bertram's last; first seen
Upon his easel that bright autumn morn,
We trembling forced his studio door and found
Him lying dead, with eyes still fixed upon
The radiant vision he had conjured up.
A golden sunbeam touched his dreamless brow:
Some white moss-roses, dropping in a glass,
Had shed their fragrant leaves upon his breast,
And all was peace. They say the canvas told
The story of his life: it may be so,
For many lives are sad:—But who can tell?

HOW MUCH OW'ST THOU?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Is said to each, by the great Lord of earth and heaven;
For all of good we have is only lent, not given.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The children of this world are prudent in their day,
And gather wealth, from which they soon must pass away.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Should'st thou, with hopes beyond the grave—a child of light—
Less eager strive than they whose only goal is night?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Be here a good and faithful steward, just and wise,
So shalt thou lay up lasting treasure in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Though poor thy earthly lot, yet seek thou, in His sight,
The blessing of the "inasmuch," or widow's mite.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Master's time is not thine own to waste or spend;
Work while 'tis called to-day:—the longest day must end.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The influence He gives thee, be it great or small,
In thy good Master's service seek to use it all.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Each talent—genius, intellect, or gift—of thine,
If consecrated, star-like, will the brighter shine.

"How much ow'st thou?"
O'er all thou hast and art, a faithful steward be,
That, when the Lord appears, "well done" may welcome thee!

"How much ow'st thou?"
Some trench on sleep and health to gain an earthly goal:
As earnest be, to lay up treasure for thy soul.

"How much ow'st thou?"
So live, that, when clay dwellings fall, the soul may rise
And soar to everlasting mansions in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Lord from heaven, who spake this parable, is He
Who "shall appear" as Judge,—who gave His life for thee.

DAVID WINGATE.

DAVID WINGATE was born at Cowglen, in the parish of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, January 4, 1828. His father, who was employed in the colliery at Cowglen, was killed there when David was in his fifth year. In his sixth year he was sent to the parish school, and was put to work in the coal-pit at nine! In 1850 he was married, and the same year he first had the honour of public notice, when a few of his pieces appeared, with a flattering notice by the author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, in the *Glasgow Citizen*. In 1862 Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh published a volume of Wingate's poems, which were favourably received. In his preface the poet says: "I confess that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary. What can I say? Shall I tell you

I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, 'Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?' No, indeed! On the contrary I say, Weigh the book alone: my peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly, or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year. Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought, If any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him. If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die."

The profits derived from the sale of this book enabled its author to attend the School of Mining at Glasgow for a year and a half, and for many years he has occupied the responsible position of a colliery manager. In 1866 he issued a second volume, entitled *Annie Weir, and other Poems.* Of this collection the *Athenæum* spoke in high commendation, and in alluding to the author said, "The earnestness with which he has cherished his sense of beauty through a life of severe and perilous toil demands from us sympathy and respect." Mr. Wingate has been a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Good Words.*

THE STREAMLET.

Lately in the songless gloaming
  Of a sunny winter day,
Stroll'd I by a stream that, nameless,
Free from finny tribes and fameless,
  Wander'd on its Clyde-ward way.

Vacantly its windings tracing,
  From its freshness nought I sought—
Nothing wish'd in verse to treasure;
Love, or hate, or care, or pleasure,
  Craved or won no passing thought.

Like a lullaby its music
  Rose beside me, and my soul,
To resist its spell unarmour'd,
Scarcely hearing what it murmur'd—
  Yielded to its soft control.

Like a dreamless midnight slumber,
  Pass'd away the fruitless hour;
Memory kept her lamp extinguished;
Fancy for the time relinquished
  All her world-creating power.

Nought I of the young moon's presence,
  Nor the first star's rising knew,
Till a robin—like a spirit—
I could less observe than hear it,
  Close before me flitting flew.

Suddenly the darkness deepen'd—
  Presence to the moon was given;
Night's first star was twinkling o'er me;
Burning mine-heaps glared before me,
  On the knowes like Mars in heaven.

Trees that slept as erst I pass'd them
  Now to graceful wavings stirr'd;
For my reverie was broken,—
Some all-potent charm was spoken
  In the flitting of that bird.

And the stream itself, how alter'd!
  Full of life it onward dash'd:
Music mingled with its wimple,
Moons and stars in every dimple
  Broke and shimmer'd, danced and flash'd.

"In its babble there's a sermon,"
  Mutter'd I, and straight began,
Nothing of my folly weening,
Something of its hidden meaning
  To interpret as it ran.

Pausing oft, intently listening,
  All my wits to work were thrown;
But the language of its streaming,
Though of most familiar seeming,
  Was, to me, a tongue unknown.

Yet the low and dreamy murmur
  Of its dimly rippling flow,
And the whisper of its laving
Round the last year's rushes, waving
  In the shadow to and fro,

Would not from my thoughts be driven—
  Would like human sayings seem;
Though the language of its streaming
Did not seem so much the dreaming
  As the reading of a dream.

"Yes," I said, "there is a sermon
  Utter'd in its gentle roll;
But I must interpret poorly,

For the strange-tongued talker surely
  Speaks the promptings of my soul."

All at once my memory wander'd
  Backward far along the past;
Boyhood's ventures and achievements,
Manhood's troubles and bereavements,
  Came before me crowding fast.

And the while my memory travell'd
  Early love and joys among,
Lo! the stream a lyric quoted,
Syllables and rhymes I noted,
  And I knew the song it sung.

Never was there such a preacher!
  Now my soul was filled with glee;
Smitten now with fear and wonder,
When aloud it seem'd to thunder
  Things but known to Heaven and me.

Now, 'tis an accusing spirit,
  Torturing while it holds in thrall;
Like an angry eye it glistens,
No delightful reminiscence
  Suffering memory to recall.

Now a flattering nymph, my merits
  Telling o'er with siren art,
Could a meed so sweetly number'd
Leave asleep the pride that slumber'd,
  Cloak'd and hidden in my heart?

Now, while round its boulders rushing,
  Witch-like, in my ears it dinn'd
Thoughts of suicide once utter'd,
Curses deep in madness mutter'd;
  Tales of sins in secret sinn'd.

Feelings nourish'd in the struggle
  For existence, o'er it conn'd,
"Mine's a care that has no waning,
Sin is not in my complaining,"
  Like a wearied slave it groan'd.

Then, while with an almost voiceless
  Motion gliding underneath,
Budless brambles o'er it bending,
From its breast there seem'd ascending
  Wailings of decay and death.

Lispings of long silent voices
  Thrill'd me, and four names most dear,
Whisper'd low in anguish'd falter—
Agnes, Mary, Cath'rine, Walter,
  In its murmur I could hear.

Then where rounded pebbles glisten'd,
  Scarcely cover'd in the stream,
All its sweetly murmur'd story
Was of love, and hope, and glory,
  Brighter than the brightest dream.

Musing as I homeward hasted
  Through Garscadden's flowerless vales,
This appear'd a truth the surest—
They whose hearts and lives are purest
  Hear from streams the sweetest tales.

OCTOBER.

A song for dun October,
  That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
  The wooded dells aroun';
While lintie, merle, and mavis
  Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
  On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are now beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thocht o' sinning
  Lairds death are scatterin' wide;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely;
But nature yet looks rarely
  On the green hill-side.

What though our posie borders
  In waefu' plight are seen,
Though stocks and staring dahlias
  Hae tint their summer sheen?
Thy hoary dawns, October,
  They ne'er were meant to bide,—
Unlike the halesome clover
  On the green hill-side.
Though robin's town-notes swelling
O' summer's flight are telling,
A sober thought compelling
  That nane would seek to hide,
Shall we at hame sit chaunnering,
O' frost and famine maundering,
While wiser folks are wandering
  On the green hill-side?

We'll see the souchin' peesweeps
  In gatherin' flocks prepared,
To leave the glens and meadows,
  Whare love's delights they shared;
Their cheerfu' cries we'll hear nae
  As ower our heads they glide,
Poor birds! they part in silence
  Wi' the green hill-side.
And though nae lambkins' gambols
May cheer us on our rambles,

O' hips, and haws, and brambles
  Ilk brake we'll reive wi' pride,
And pu' the lingering gowan,
Whare, late, the cluster'd rowan,
In scarlet grandeur glowin',
  Graced the green hill-side.

When streams the gouden sunset
  Frae 'tween the hills and cluds;
While hangs the double rainbow
  Aboon the sparkling woods,
In the herald lull that tells us
  The storm-king by will ride,
Oh! wha would haste in terror
  Frae the green hill-side?
What though the cluds close o'er us,
And glens grow dark before us,
Sume bush frae blustering Boreas
  Will ample beil' provide;
While thoughts we lang shall treasure—
The bairns o' purest pleasure—
Shall leap in canty measure
  On the green hill-side.

Oh ye wha life are wearin'
  Amid the city's smeek—
It's no' in noisy taverns
  Ye pleasure's face should seek.
'Mang "social tankards foamin'"
  She cares nae lang to bide;
But weel she lo'es the freshness
  O' the green hill-side.
For summer's flight she cares nae;
And winter's frown she fears nae;
To slight poor toil she dares nae,
  Nor frae him seeks to hide;
By burnies murmuring sweetly,
At morn or e'en she'll meet ye,
And wi' a smile will greet ye
  On the green hill-side.

THE DEEIN' FISHER.

Gang, Jenny, bring my fishing-book,
  And lay't doon by my side,
That I ance mair may view the lines
  And flees that were my pride;
I'll spread them out upon the mat,
  And sort them ane by ane,
And think I'm on some burnie's bank,
  Some cloudy day in June.

And have I on ye spent, my flees,
  Sae mony hours in vain?
And will ye ne'er in haun's o' mine
  Deceive a trout again?
Maun I ne'er mair in Avon drook
  Your wings, my bonnie flees,
Nor fin' the caller water plash
  Sae kindly ower my knees?

There, Jenny, lay them by again,
  I'm jist like ony wean,
Wi' trifles for a moment pleased,
  Wi' trifles filled wi' pain.
Oh, sirs! but they've a weary time
  On creeping doom wha wait,
Expectin' morn and e'en to hear
  His trumpet at the gate.

Dear Jenny, we in wedlock's yoke
  Hae drawn thegither weel;
Though ae trout meltit[1] frae a tak',
  Ye didna often squeel.
Ye ne'er wi' gloomy leuks against
  My only pleasure stood,
Nor grudged an antrin idle day
  When streams were in the tid.

In vain the shirra warn't me, Jen',
  In vain he fin't me sair;
To hae our hard-won siller back
  I us't my rod the mair.
I ken I should the salmon spared
  That socht oor streams to spawn;
But them that law forbids to fish
  Maun tak' jist when they can.

But, Jenny, noo it's ower; nae mair
  I'll paidle in the Clyde,
Nae mair my rod ower Avon wave
  Wi' a' a fisher's pride.
Thy stream, Carbarns, I'll roop nae mair,
  Nor up the water steer,
And frae thy dark deep pools, Dalserf,
  The pike in triumph bear.

This worl' is jist a river, Jen',
  Wi' human shoals aye thrang;
Some strugglin' aye against the stream,
  Some cannie borne alang.
And Death stauns ower't wi' otter-line,
  Oot liftin' ten by ten,
Syne whare we're taen, or hoo we're us't,
  We guess, but naething ken.

And I am jist a puir lean trout
  That in the pan wad burn,
And, strugglin' past the otter-line,
  Am liftit in my turn.
Oh! but to leeve and shield the bairns,
  When want or winter ca's,

---

[1] *Meltit*—was exchanged for whisky.

I wad gie a' that ever swam
  'Tween Ailsa and the Fa's.

Ay, Jenny, weel the tear o' grief
  May shimmer in thy e'e;
Though wee and feckless, I hae been
  A kin' guidman to thee.
He's coming fast, that creditor
  Wha maun hae a' that's awn;
I see the settin' sun, but when
  Or whare will come the dawn?

Oh, Jenny, when the time comes roun'
  To lay me 'neath the swaird,
Say will ye try and get me laid
  In auld Cam'nethan yaird?
For when the last lood trumpet note
  Frae death's grip sets me free,
I like to think I'll rise and hae
  The water in my e'e.

A DAY AMANG THE HAWS.

When the beech-nuts fast are drappin',
  And the days are creepin' in,
When ilk carefu' mither's thinkin'
  O' the winter's hose and shoon;
When the mornin' bells loud ringin'
  To the Fast-day worship ca's,
Out comes the city callan'
  For his day amang the haws.
O' the dangers that await him
  Ne'er a troublous thought has he,
Nought cares he for the tearin'
  He his claes is sure to gie;
But the light o' comin' pleasure
  On his heart like sunshine fa's,
For dear as stolen waters
  Is a day amang the haws.

Frae the mill where stourie "jennies"
  Round him aye are whirrin' thrang;
Or the forge where pondrous "Condies"
  Dunt and dirl the hale day lang;
Or the press-room's inky regions,
  And the gaffer's cuff and ire;
Or the needle, or the lingle,
  On he plods through mud and mire.
Frae the lane where Vice holds revel,
  Where beneath fair Virtue's shield,
Like birds escaped the snarer,
  Aye a gratefu' few find beild;
Frae the stench that kens nae sweetenin',
  And the din that has nae pause,
To the freshness and the freedom
  O' a day amang the haws.

Think ye thus?—"The graceless callan'
  To the kirk should rather gang;
Does his mither never warn him
  That sic Fast-day traikin's wrang?
If her heart is for him pleadin',
  Kennin' weel how sair he's wrought,
For the customs o' her faithers
  Has she ne'er a reverend thought?"
Oh, rather thus excuse her:
  "She was born amang the hills,
And she minds the autumn grandeur
  O' the thorns beside the rills;
There are memories fresh frae girlhood
  Crowdin' fast to plead his cause,
And she canna keep the callan'
  Frae his day amang the haws."

Like a flood the rain's been pourin',
  But the sun beams through at last,
As amang a host o' ithers
  Frae the toun he hastens fast;
On the whinny slopes o' Cathkin,
  Or on Pollock's woody knowes,
He already roams in fancy
  Where he kens the haw-tree grows.
On the bitter blast that's brewin'
  He looks west wi' hopefu' e'e,
For he kens the woods frae keepers
  In sic weather will be free.
If the bells around him ringin'
  Whisper whiles o' broken laws,
"Oh!" he thinks, "there's surely pardon
  For ae day amang the haws."

Fu' boldly has he ventured,
  And in darin' weel has thriven;
He the ripest, richest branches
  Frae the sweetest trees has riven.
See his jacket hangs in tatters,
  Ower his hands the bluid-draps steal;
But his mither mends fu' neatly,
  And his scarts again will heal.
Frae his hair the rain is dreepin',
  But he never thinks o' harm,
For pleasure, wanderin' wi' him,
  Wi' her mantle keeps him warm.
How his heart wi' pride is swellin',
  As he near the city draws,
For he kens he comes joy-laden
  Frae his days amang the haws.

Wha thinks he frae his ramble
  Winna better come, but worse,
Wi' its memory hangin' ower him
  Like an angry father's curse?
In nature's face what is there
  That a city bairn should fear?
In the woodland's autumn whisper
  Is there ought he shouldna hear?

Wha kens what heavenly music
May be stirred his breast within,
As the sapless leaf's faint rustlin'
Turns the sparklin' e'e aboon,
While his fancy paints the Painter
O' the million-tainted shaws,
And the poet-spark is kindled
In his soul, amang the haws?

Oh! keepers, spare the callan'—
And sweet dreams ye shall not lack—
For the wee things' sake that weary
Wait the wanderer's coming back;
They hae shared the city's hardships,
And o' plenty little ken—
Let them taste in rich abundance
O' the spoils o' hill and glen.
Owre the priceless feast they'll linger,
Till their lips and teeth grow brown;
Or wi' the ruddy treasure
In their bosoms cuddle down.
Oh, there's nane the joy can measure,
That a boon sae sma' may cause!
Tears are dried and sorrow's lightened
Wi' a day amang the haws.

And ye wha's lot is coosten
Aye amang the caller air,
Wha on a gift sae common
May a thought but seldom wair,
Oh! think if Heaven had placed ye
Far frae glen and mountain stream,
Where the woods are things o' fancy,
And the yorlin's sang a dream—
Oh! think how ye would weary
But to hear ae laverock sing,
And to watch the matron peesweep
Chase the hawk with daring wing—
How wild would be your longin'
For the breeze on hills that blaws!
How muckle would ye venture
For ae day amang the haws!

JOHN FROST.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PRATTLE OF A CHILD.)

Oh, mither, John Frost cam' yestreen,
And ower a' the garden he's been,
He's on the kail-stocks,
And my twa printed frocks
That Mary left out on the green,
Yestreen,
John Frost foun' them out on the green.

And he's been on the trees, the auld loon,
And heaps o' brown leaves shooken doon;
He's been fleein' a' nicht,
Frae the dark to the licht,
And missed nae a house in the toun,
The auld loon—
He's missed nae a house in the toun.

And, mither, he's killed every flee—
Noo ane on the wa's ye'll no see;
On the windows there's nane,
For the last leevin' ane
Fell doun frae the rape in oor tea,
Puir thing!—
Just drappit doun dead in oor tea.

And, mither, the path's frostit a';
If ye gang the least fast ye jist fa'.
Oh, ye ne'er saw sic fun!
I got ae curran'-bun,
And wee Annie Kenzie got twa,
Daft wee thing;
She jist slade a wee bit and got twa.

And my auntie her een couldnae close,
For she said her auld bluid he just froze.
He cam' in below the claes,
And he nippit oor taes—
And he maist taen awa Bobby's nose,
Puir wee man;
Sure, he couldnae dae wantin' his nose.

And my uncle was chitterin' to death,
And John Frost wadna let him get breath:
And the fire wadna heat
Uncle's twa starvin' feet,
Till the soles o' his socks were burned baith,
Birslet brown,
And the reek comin' oot o' them baith.

But what brings John Frost here ava,
Wi' his frost and his cranreugh and snaw?
It's a bonnie-like thing!
He just waff't his lang wing,
And a' oor wee flowers flew awa',
Every ane;
And Ross's red dawlies and a'.

And, mither, he gangs through the street,
Just looking for weans wi' bare feet;
And he nips at their heels,
And the skin aff them peels,
And thinks it's fine fun when they greet,
The auld loon;
He nips them the mair when they greet.

Wi' his capers the folk shouldna thole.
D'ye ken?—He breathed in through a bole
Whare a wee lassie lay,

And she dee't the next day,
And they laid her doun in the kirk-hole,
Puir wee lamb—
And covered her in the kirk-hole.

But guess what my auntie tell't me?
She says the wee weans, when they dee,
Flee awa' ower the moon,
And need nae claes nor shoon,
To a place whare John Frost they'll ne'er see,
Far awa'—
To a place whare John Frost daurna be.

And she says our wee Katie gaed there,
And she'll never be hoastin' nae mair.
Sure, we'll gang there ana'—
We'll flee up and no fa'—
And we'll see her jist in her wee chair—
And she'll lauch
In her bonnie wee red cushioned chair.

JOHN VEITCH.

JOHN VEITCH, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow, was born at Peebles, Oct. 24, 1829. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and in 1845 entered the University of Edinburgh, where he completed the Arts curriculum, and distinguished himself especially as a student in logic and moral philosophy. Shortly after the completion of his course the university presented him with the honorary degree of M.A., and afterwards that of LL.D.

At the request of the Stewart trustees, Mr. Veitch wrote the memoir of Dugald Stewart for the new edition of that author's Collected Works, published in 1858. On the death of Sir W. Hamilton in 1856, he acted as joint editor with Dean Mansel in superintending the publication of the "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart.," published in 1859–60; and in 1869 he published a "Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton," whose assistant he had been. He is also the author of a translation of the "Works of Descartes, with an Introductory Essay," and of "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory." In 1860 Dr. Veitch was appointed to the chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of St. Andrews, and in 1864 he received the same appointment in the University of Glasgow, which he now holds.

Besides the above-mentioned works, which testify to his ripe scholarship, Professor Veitch has won a place among the poetic brotherhood by the publication in 1872 of a volume entitled *Hillside Rhymes*, followed in 1875 by another entitled *The Tweed, and other Poems*. Of the former volume a critic says:—"Let any one who cares for fine reflective poetry read for himself and judge. Besides the solid substance of thought which pervades it, he will find here and there those quick insights, those spontaneous felicities of language, which distinguish the man of natural power from the man of mere cultivation. . . . Next to an autumn day among the hills themselves, commend us to poems like these, in which so much of the finer breath and spirit of those pathetic hills is distilled into melody."

CADEMUIR.

(FROM THE TWEED.)

Dear hill! of ever-changing light and shade,
And faded battle-fame in by-gone time,
'Tis thine to charm as thou canst awe the soul.
Let me but speak thee as I've seen thee oft
On a sweet day in early June; o'erhead,
White streaks of wind-slashed clouds calmed on the blue;
Around, the hill spring-green, save where the sod
Is pranked with tiny tormentil that loves
The mountain slopes, and yellow violets

Of nunlike mien, that groupe themselves afield
In gentle sisterhoods; rock-rose, dear child
Of sun-smote heights, unfolds its fluttering flowers
Of gold beside the heather dark and slow
To greet the sun; in watered hollows green
The slender cardamine, first lilac hued,
Then growing white and pure 'neath influence
Of heaven, a welcome waves to gentle winds
Now vocal with the cuckoo's echoing note.

Frail passing flowers, soft-tinted things of spring,
Sweet dawn of colour, simple grace of form!
Prelude ye are of richer bolder hues,
Of flowering thyme, the heather-bell and bloom,
And ferns of broad green leafage; yet no charm
Have these like yours, first risen from the grave
Of winter, when the spirit at your heart
Slept calm, not doubting that in sunny hours
To come, ye'd make a joy on barëd steeps,
Where ceaseless winds were raving day and night,
And all was lone despair; nor any more,
As flows th' unwavering order of the world,
And autumn draws you back within the veil,
Has that same God-born spirit e'er a dread
Lest ye shall triumph o'er earth's elements,
And live your simple graceful life again,—
Symbols of faith, of innocence, and love,
By doubt unshaken and by fear unpaled!

THE CLOUD-BERRY.

(FROM ON THE SCRAPE.)

Around me cluster quaint cloud-berry flowers,
That love the moist slopes of the highest tops,
Pale white, and delicate, and beautiful,
Yet lowly growing 'mid the black peat moss,—
No life with darker root and fairer bloom:
As if the hand of God had secret wrought
Amid the peaty chaos and decay
Of long deep buried years, and from the moss
Entombed, unshaped, unsunned, and colourless,
Set free a form of beauty rare and bright,
To typify the glory and the grace
Which from the dust of death He will awake,
In course of time, on Resurrection morn!

THE HART OF MOSSFENNAN.

"They hunted it up, they hunted it doun,
They hunted it in by Mossfennan toun,
And aye they gie'd it another turn,
Round by the links of the Logan Burn."
Old Ballad.

'Neath Powmood Craig the hart was born,
And thence in the dawn of a summer morn,
By startled mother's side as it lay,
'Twas brought by a youth for his sweetheart's play.

She was a blue-eyed maiden fair,
Of stately mien and flaxen hair,
The daughter meet of an olden race,
Remote as a flower in a moorland place,
That blooms to all the great world lost,
And yet once seen is prized the most,—
Pure wood nymph she of Caledon,
Who loved all creatures wild and lone.

The gift to her was priceless, dear,
Since the giver, laid on a plaited bier,
Was borne away from a far-off field,
With a spotless name, with a blood-stained shield.

To her of an eve the creature bent,
While to him a simple grace she lent,
As she comely wreathed his noble head,
And decked his brow with the heather red.
Fond she gazed on those lustrous eyes
That met her look with a sweet surprise
At a face so tender, sad, and fair;
She thought they read her soul's despair;
And through her frame strange thrill would go,
As she caught the chequer'd pass and flow
Of trembling motions in their great deeps,
As light and shade o'er the mountain-steeps.

Far o'er the moors on a summer's day
He'd pass and roam and freely stray;
But ever, as shade of evening fell,
He turned to the home he loved so well.
His heart yearned aye to the lonely wild,
While his love was that of a human child,—
That set a bound to his nature free,—
For the maiden's face on Mossfennan Lee.

The hunters are out this summer morn,
They sweep the moors by hag and burn,
By rock and crag, each high resort,
For dear they love their noble sport.
They started a fee at Stanhope Head,
And down the glen the raches sped,
Fire-flauchts lanced up from each horse's side,
For the galling spur was prompt to chide.

Round he ran by Hopcarton Stell,
The spotted hounds pressed on him fell;
I' the haugh he took the Tweed at the wide,
Then tossed his horns on Mossfennan side.
Still the cruel hounds are on his track,
In his ear the yell of the hurrying pack,
Fain to Mossfennan Tower he would turn,
But the chace is hot,—to the hill by the burn.

They hunted him high, they hunted him low,
They hunted him up by the mossy flow;
The lee-long day, from early morn,
The Hopes rung loud with bouts of the horn.

No bloom of heather brae them stayed,
No birk-tree quiver or sheen of glade,
No touch of nature bent their will,
In hot blood onward, onward still.

Powmood, that ever in clear or mist,
In fray or hunt the foremost pressed,
Now speeding keen as north-west wind,
Late i' the day left all behind;
Save Dreva's Laird, ne'er boding good,
Wide was he famed for a reiver rude,—
And hand that took kindly aye to blood,—
Left blacken'd walls where the homestead stood.

They hunted the hart these two alone,
Till the shadows lay in the afternoon;
Where brae was stey and bank was steep,
The noble fee fell in a gallant leap.
They blew the mort on the Wormhill Head,
Where sore he sighed and then lay dead!
Oh! why not let the creature be,
Bear his noble head o'er hill and lee,—
That ate but the wild roots, drank o' the spring,
And roamed the moor a seemly thing,—
Joyed in the sun, flashed fleet in the storm,
Free in the grace of his God-given form!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
I' the gloamin' at the old tower door,
No gentle creature is there to greet
Her eyes that seek him, sad and sweet,—
Oh! with love's last link 'tis sore to part,
And feel but the void of the aching heart!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
Rose the creature's sigh its God before?
Hearts harder growing through breach of ruth,
I ween this is eternal truth:
That gloamin', after words of strife,
Saw Powmood's blood on Dreva's knife!

AMONG THE HILLS! AWAY!

Far along the empurpled heights,
Where dews have wreathed the green,
The mists transfigured pass, sun-smit,
In folds of radiant sheen.
The north-west wind is up in might,
With clouds for speeding wings;
His gentle bride, the blue clear morn,
High o'er the hills he brings.
Lo! strength and beauty rare are wed,
Wed in the sky to-day;
There's hurrying joy in heaven o'erhead;
Among the hills! Away!

High on the moors the sportive wind
Kisses the blooming heath;
He plays with the harebell's graceful form,
Steals the thyme's fragrant breath!
He speeds in gleam, he glides in shade,
Joy and grief are at play;
The blue clear morn looks loving on;
Among the hills! Away!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

BORN 1830 — DIED 1867.

ALEXANDER SMITH was a native of Kilmarnock, where he was born December 31, 1830. His father was by trade a pattern-designer; his mother, whose name was Murray, came of a good Highland family. His early education was received at a Kilmarnock school, and he so distinguished himself for zeal and efficiency in his studies that it was decided he should be trained for the ministry. A severe illness, however, rendered it advisable that this idea should be abandoned; and so Alexander became a pattern-designer, obtaining with his father employment from a lace manufacturer in Glasgow, to which city the family had removed. While patiently working at his business, he felt the promptings of genius, and for a time lived a life of divided allegiance to his profession on the one hand, and literature on the other.

> "He was one
> Who could not help it, for it was his nature
> To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
> To leaf itself in April."

Some of his sweetest lyrics were composed while he was employed designing patterns for lace collars. These pieces first saw the light in the *Glasgow Citizen*, where so many young Scottish poets have been developed.

In 1853 Smith issued a volume of poems,

the principal portion of which was a series of thirteen dramatic scenes entitled "A Life Drama." The manuscript of this volume had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan, who laid portions of it before the public, accompanied by glowing eulogiums of the author as a poet of a high order. The publication of the volume marked him out for higher things, and he was appointed, through the influence of Robert Chambers and James Hedderwick, secretary to the Edinburgh University, on the principle that the land that had neglected Burns should not again be guilty of such misconduct toward a native poet. So in 1854 Mr. Smith appeared in Edinburgh, was duly installed in his honourable position, and soon became the centre of a band of congenial and devoted friends. Thus placed in a congenial position (with a salary latterly of £200 per annum), and one most favourable for the cultivation of his talents, he was enabled to continue his literary pursuits.

In 1855, in conjunction with a brother poet, Sidney Dobell, he produced *Sonnets on the (Crimean) War;* and two years later published a volume entitled *City Poems.* Some passages in this collection contain a richness and warmth of colour which few living poets could surpass, and gained for Smith the compliment from Gerald Massey of being the "Rubens among poets." The finest poem in either volume, and the best we think which he produced, is "Squire Maurice."

Edwin of Deira, a poem on which he was engaged for four years, appeared in 1861. Unfortunately for this work it appeared subsequently to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* by which many thought it had been suggested. It is, however, in the knowledge of the writer that it was begun two years before any intimation of the laureate's idylls reached the public ear. Mr. Smith for his four years' work received less than twenty pounds; so like Scott, when he found himself overshadowed by a greater poet, he took to prose, writing articles for *Blackwood* and other serials, and contributing to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Chambers's Encyclopedia. Dreamthorp,* a volume of essays, appeared in 1863; two years later his edition of Burns, with an admirable memoir, was published; and the same year *A Summer in Skye,* where he spent his summer vacations. In 1866 *Alfred Hagart's Household* was produced, followed by a sequel entitled *Miss Dona M'Quarrie,* both simple and touching stories of Scottish domestic life. Shortly after the opening of the winter session of the university Mr. Smith exhibited signs of ill-health and exhaustion. On the 20th of November he took to bed, and died January 5, 1867. His remains were laid in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, and a monument, 16 feet in height, in the form of an Iona cross, was erected by a few personal friends over his grave. In the centre of the shaft is a bronze medallion containing a profile likeness of the poet by the sculptor Brodie.

In 1868 appeared a volume, *Last Leaves: Sketches and Criticisms by Alexander Smith; edited, with a Memoir, by P. P. Alexander, A.M.* We conclude our brief notice of the young poet who passed away so early, to renew his songs in those temples not made with hands, with a self-descriptive extract from the *Life Drama,*[1] a poem remarkable for wealth of imagery and a certain *curiosa felicitas* which in places recalls some of the Elizabethan poets:—

"Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom—
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum the boy clomb up

[1] "On the whole," remarks the *North British Review,* "we think Mr. Smith a true poet;" while the *Edinburgh Review,* in noticing the *Life Drama,* says, "though it abounds with remarkable verbal beauties, it surpasses anything we have met with in its display of ignorance of that kind of reality which it is a poet's first duty to seize." An American critic, writing in 1876 (*Stedman's Victorian Poets*), remarks: "Alexander Smith years afterwards seized Bailey's mantle and flaunted it bravely for a while, gaining by *A Life Drama* as sudden and extensive a reputation as that of his master. This poet wrote of

'A poem round and perfect as a star.'

but the work from which the line is taken is not of that sort. With much impressiveness of imagery and extravagant diction that caught the easily, but not long tricked public ear, it was vicious in style, loose in thought, and devoid of real vigour or beauty. In after years, through honest study, Smith acquired better taste and worked after a more becoming purpose. His prose essays were charming, and his *City Poems,* marked by sins of omission only, may be rated as negatively good; 'Glasgow' and 'The Night before the Wedding' really are excellent. The poet became a genuine man of letters, but died young, when he was doing his best work."—ED.

Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows; oft to tears
He was moved, he knew not why; when he has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feelings overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain tops of death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come,
Alchymist Memory turned his past to gold."

SQUIRE MAURICE.

I threw from off me yesterday
The dull life I am doomed to wear—
A worn-out garment dim and bare,
And left it in my chambers gray:
The salt breeze wanders in my hair
Beside the splendour of the main:
Ere on the deep three sunsets burn,
To the old chambers I return,
And put it on again.
An old coat, worn for many a year,
No wonder it is something dear!

Ah, year by year life's fire burns out,
And year by year life's stream runs dry:
The wild deer dies within the blood,
The falcon in the eye.
And Hope, who sang miraculous songs
Of what should be, like one inspired,
How she should right the ancient wrongs,
(The generous fool!) grows hoarse and tired;
And turns from visions of a world renewed,
To dream of tripled rents, fair miles of stream
and wood.
The savage horse, that leads
His tameless herd across the endless plain,
Is taught at last, with sullen heart, to strain
Beneath his load, nor quiver when he bleeds.
We cheat ourselves with our own lying eyes,
We chase a fleeting mirage o'er the sand,
Across a grave the smiling phantom flies,
O'er which we fall with a vain-clutching hand.
What matter—if we heave laborious breath,
And crack our hearts and sinews, groan and weep,
The pain of life but sweetens death,
The hardest labour brings the soundest sleep.

On bank and brae how thick they grow,
The self-same clumps, the self-same dyes,
The primroses of long ago—
But ah! the altered eyes!
I dream they are the very flowers,
Warm with the sun, wet with the showers,
Which, years ago, I used to pull
Returning from the murmuring school.
Sweet Nature is a mother evermore;
A thousand tribes are breathing on the shore;
The pansy blows beside the rock,
The globe-flower where the eddy swirls;
And on this withered human stock
Burst rosy boys and girls.
Sets Nature little store
On that which once she bore?
Does she forget the old, in rapture bear the new?
Are ye the flowers that grew
In other seasons? Do they e'er return,
The men who build the cities on the plain?—
Or must my tearless eyeballs burn
For ever o'er that early urn,
Ne'er to be cool'd by a delicious dew?
Let me take back my pain
Unto my heart again;
Before I can recover that I lack
The world must be rolled back.

Inland I wander slow,
Mute with the power the earth and heaven wield:
A black spot sails across the golden field,
And through the air a crow.
Before me wavers spring's first butterfly;
From out the sunny noon there starts the cuckoo's
cry;
The daisied meads are musical with lambs;
Some play, some feed, some, white as snow-
flakes, lie
In the deep sunshine, by their silent dams.
The road grows wide and level to the feet;
The wandering woodbine through the hedge is
drawn,
Unblown its streaky bugles dim and sweet;
Knee-deep in fern stand startled doe and fawn,
And lo! there gleams upon a spacious lawn
An earl's marine retreat.
A little footpath quivers up the height,
And what a vision for a townsman's sight!
A village, peeping from its orchard bloom,
With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke,
O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white.
I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke;
A steed is at the door; the rustics talk,
Proud of the notice of the gaitered groom;
A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls.
Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill
The lusty miller bawls;
The parson listens in his garden walk,
The red-cloaked woman pauses on the hill.
This is a place, you say, exempt from ill,
A paradise where, all the loitering day,
Enamoured pigeons coo upon the roof,

Where children ever play.—
Alas! time's webs are rotten, warp and woof;
Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear:
Here black-eyed Richard ruins red-cheeked Moll,
Indifferent as a lord to her despair.
The broken barrow hates the prosperous dray;
And for a padded pew in which to pray
The grocer sells his soul.

This cosy hostelry a visit craves;
Here will I sit awhile,
And watch the heavenly sunshine smile
Upon the village graves.
Strange is this little room in which I wait,
With its old table, rough with rustic names.
'Tis summer now; instead of blinking flames,
Sweet-smelling ferns are hanging o'er the grate.
With curious eyes I pore
Upon the mantelpiece, its precious wares,
Glazed Scripture prints in black lugubrious frames,
Filled with old Bible lore:
The whale is casting Jonah on the shore;
Pharaoh is drowning in the curly wave;
And to Elijah sitting at his cave,
The hospitable ravens fly in pairs,
Celestial food within their horny beaks;
On a slim David, with great pinky cheeks,
A towered Goliath stares.
Here will I sit at peace:
While, piercing through the window's ivy-veil,
A slip of sunshine smites the amber ale;
And as the wreaths of fragrant smoke increase,
I'll read the letter which came down to-day.
Ah, happy Maurice! while in chambers dun,
I pore o'er deeds and parchments growing gray,
Each glowing realm that spreads beneath the sun
Is but a paradise where you may play.
I am a bonded workman, you are free;
In your blood's hey-day—mine is early cold.
Life is rude furze at best; the sea breeze wrings
And eats my branches on the bitter lea;
But you have root in dingle fat and old,
Fat with decayings of a hundred springs,
And blaze all splendid in your points of gold,
And in your heart a linnet sits and sings.

"Unstable as the wind, infirm as foam,
I envy, Charles, your calmness and your peace;
The eye that marks its quarry from afar,
The heart that stoops on it and smites it down.
I, struggling in a dim and obscure net,
Am but enmeshed the more. When you were here
My spirit often burned to tell you all;
I urged the horse up to the leap, it shied
At something in the hedge. This must not last;
In shame and sorrow, ere I sleep to-night,
I'll shrive my inmost soul.
I have knelt, and sworn
By the sweet heavens—I have madly prayed
To be by them forsaken, when I forsake
A girl whose lot should be to sleep content
Upon a peasant's breast, and toil all day
'Mong flaxen-headed children. She sits to-night,
When all the little town is lost in dream,
Her lax hands sunk in her neglected work,
Thinking of me. Smile not, my man of law,
Who, with a peering candle, walkest through
Black places in men's hearts, which only hear
The foot of conscience at the dead of night!
Her name might slip into my holiest prayer;
Her breath has come and gone upon my cheek,
Yet I dare stand before my mother's face,
Dare look into the heavenly eyes that yearn
For ever through a mist of golden hair,
With no shame on my brow. 'Tis not that way
My trouble looks. Yet, friend, in simple truth,
Could this thing be obliterated quite,
Expunged for ever, like a useless cloak
I'd fling off my possessions, and go forth,
My roof the weeping heaven.
Though I would die
Rather than give her pain, I grimly smile
To think, were I assured this horrid dream
Which poisons day to me, would only prove
A breath upon the mirror of her mind—
A moment dim, then gone (an issue which,
Could *I* have blotted out all memory,
Would let me freely breathe)—this love would turn
To bitterest gall of hate. O vanity,
Thou god who on the altar thou hast built
Pilest myrrh and frankincense, appliest the flame,
Then snuff'st the smoky incense, high and calm!
Thou nimble Proteus of all human shapes!
Malvolio, cross-gartered in the sun,
The dying martyr, gazing from his fire
Upon the opened heavens, filled with crowds
Of glorious angel-faces:—thou art all
We smile at, all we hymn! For thee we blush,
For thee shed noble tears! The glowing coal,
O'er which the frozen beggar spreads his hands,
Is of one essence with the diamond,
That on the haughty forehead of a queen
Trembles with dewy light. Could *I*, through pain,
Give back the peace I stole, my heart would leap;
Could *she* forget me and regain content—
How deeply I am wronged!

"Is it the ancient trouble of my house
That makes the hour so terrible? Other men
Live to more purpose than those monstrous weeds
That drink a breadth of sunshine, and give back
Nor hue nor fragrance; but my spirit droops,
A dead and idle banner from its staff,
Unstirred by any wind. Within a cell,
Without a straw to play with, or a nail
To carve my sorrow on the gloomy stone,
I sit and watch, from stagnant day to day,
The bloated spider hanging on its thread,
The dull fly on the wall. The blessed sleep

For which none are too poor; the sleep that comes
So sweetly to the weary labouring man,
The march-worn soldier on the naked ground,
The martyr in the pauses of the rack,
Drives me through forests full of dreadful eyes,
Flings me o'er precipices, makes me kneel,
A sentenced man, before the dark platoon,
Or lays me helpless in the dim embrace
Of formless horror. Long ago, two foes
Lay in the yellow evening in their gore:
Like a malignant fury, that wild hour
Threw madness in the river of our blood:
Though it has run for thrice a century,
Been sweetened all the way by mothers' tears,
'Tis poisoned until now.
See how I stand
Delaying on the brink, like one who fears
And yet would meet the chill! When you were here
You saw a smoking-cap among my books;
A fond and fluttering letter badly spelt,
Each sentence headed with a little *i*,
Came with it, read with a blush, tossed in the fire,
Nor answered yet. Can you not now detect
The snail's slime on the rose?
This miserable thing
Grew round me like the ivy round the oak;
Sweet were its early creeping rings, though now
I choke, from knotted root to highest bough.
In those too happy days I could not name
This strange new thing which came upon my youth,
But yielded to its sweetness. Fling it off?
Trample it down? Bid me pluck out the eye
In which the sweet world dwells!—One night she wept;
It seemed so strange that *I* could make her weep:
Kisses may lie, but tears are surely true.
Then unbelief came back in solitude,
And love grew cruel; and to be assured
Cried out for tears, and with a shaking hand
And a wild heart that could have almost burst
With utter tenderness, yet would not spare,
He clutched her heart, and at the starting tears
Grew soft with all remorse. For those mad hours
Remembrance frets my heart in solitude,
As the lone mouse when all the house is still
Gnaws at the wainscot.
'Tis a haunting face,
Yet oftentimes I think I love her not;
Love's white hand flutters o'er my spirit's keys
Unkissed by grateful music. Oft I think
The Lady Florence at the county ball,
Quenching the beauties as the lightning dims
The candles in a room, scarce smiles so sweet.
The one oppresses like a crown of gold,
The other gladdens like a beam in spring,
Stealing across a dim field, making blithe
Its daisies one by one.—I deemed that I
Had broke my house of bondage, when one night
The memory of her face came back so sweet,
And stood between me and the printed page;
And phantoms of a thousand happy looks
Smiled from the dark. It was the old weak tale
Which time has told from Adam till this hour:
The slave comes back, takes up his broken chain.
I rode through storm toward the little town;
The minster, gleamed on by the flying moon,
Tolled midnight as I passed. I only sought
To see the line of light beneath her door,
The knowledge of her nearness was so sweet.
Hid in the darkness of the church, I watched
Her window like a shrine: a light came in,
And a soft shadow broke along the roof;
She raised the window and leaned forth awhile.
I could have fallen down and kissed her feet;
The poor dear heart, I knew it could not rest;
I stood between her and the light—my shade
Fell 'cross her silver sphere. The window closed.
When morn with cold bleak crimson laced the east,
Against a stream of raw and rainy wind
I rode back to the Hall.
The play-book tells
How Fortune's slippery wheel in Syracuse
Flung prosperous lordship to the chilly shades,
Heaved serfdom to the sun: in precious silks
Charwomen flounced, and scullions sat and laughed
In golden chairs, to see their fellows play
At football with a crown. Within my heart
In this old house, when all the fiends are here,
The story is renewed. Peace only comes
With a wild ride across the barren downs,
One look upon her face. She ne'er complains
Of my long absences, my hasty speech,—
'Crumbs from thy table are enough for me.'
She only asks to be allowed to lean
Her head against my breast a little while,
And she is paid for all. I choke with tears,
And think myself a devil from the pit
Loved by an angel. O that she would change
This tenderness and drooping-lily look,
The flutter when I come, the unblaming voice,
Wet eyes held up to kiss—one flash of fire,
A moment's start of keen and crimson scorn,
Would make me hers for ever!
I draw my birth
From a long line of gallant gentlemen,
Who only feared a lie—but what is this?
I dare not slight the daughter of a peer;
Her kindred could avenge. Yet I dare play
And palter with the pure soul of a girl
Without a friend, who, smitten, speaks no word,
But with a helpless face sinks in the grave
And takes her wrongs to God. Thou dark Sir Ralph,
Who lay with broken brand on Marston Moor,
What think you of this son?

"This prison that I dwell in hath two doors—
Desertion, marriage; both are shut by shame,

And barred by cowardice. A stronger man
Would screw his heart up to the bitter wrench,
And break through either and regain the air.
I cannot give myself or others pain.
I wear a conscience nice and scrupulous,
Which, while it hesitates to draw a tear,
Lets a heart break. Conscience should be clear-eyed,
And look through years: conscience is tenderest oft
When clad in sternness, when it smites to-day,
To stay the ruin which it hears afar
Upon the wind. Pure womanhood is meek—
But which is nobler, the hysterical girl
Weeping o'er flies huddling in slips of sun
On autumn sills, who has not heart enough
To crush a wounded grasshopper and end
Torture at once; or she, with flashing eyes,
Among the cannon, a heroic foot
Upon a fallen breast? My nerveless will
Is like a traitorous second, and deserts
My purpose in the very gap of need.
I groan beneath this cowardice of heart,
Which rolls the evil to be borne to-day
Upon to-morrow, loading it with gloom.
The man who clothes the stony moor with green,
In virtue of the beauty he creates,
Has there a right to dwell. And he who stands
Firm in the shifting sand and drift of things,
And roars from out the wasteful elements
An ordered home, in which the awful Gods,
The lighter Graces, serene Muses, dwell,
Holds in that masterdom the chartered right
To his demesne of time. But I hold none;
I live by sufferance, am weak and vain
As a shed leaf upon a turbid stream,
Or an abandoned boat which can but drift
Whither the currents draw—to maelstrom or
To green delicious shores. I should have had
My pendant cradle rocked by laughing winds
Within some innocent and idle isle
Where the sweet bread-fruit ripens and falls down,
Where the swollen pumpkin lolls upon the ground,
The lithe and slippery savage, drenched with oil,
Sleeps in the sun, and life is lazy ease.
But lamentation and complaint are vain:
The skies are stern and serious as doom;
The avalanche is loosened by a laugh;
And he who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking hand,
Must bide the issue, be it life or death.
One path is clear before me. It may lead
O'er perilous rock, 'cross sands without a well,
Through deep and difficult chasms, but therein
The whiteness of the soul is kept, and that,
Not joy nor happiness, is victory.

"Ah, she is not the creature who I dreamed
Should one day walk beside me dearly loved:
No fair majestic woman, void of fear,
And unabashed from purity of heart;
No girl with liquid eyes and shadowy hair,
To sing at twilight like a nightingale,
Or fill the silence with her glimmering smiles,
Deeper than speech or song. She has no birth,
No dowry, graces; no accomplishments,
Save a pure cheek, a fearless innocent brow,
And a true beating heart. She is no bank
Of rare exotics which o'ercome the sense
With perfumes—only fresh uncultured soil
With a wild-violet grace and sweetness born
Of Nature's teeming foison. Is this not
Enough to sweeten life? Could one not live
On brown bread, clearest water? Is this love
(What idle poets feign in fabling songs)
An unseen god, whose voice is heard but once
In youth's green valleys, ever dead and mute
'Mong manhood's iron hills? A power that comes
On the instant, whelming, like the light that smote
Saul from his horse; never a thing that draws
Its exquisite being from the light of smiles
And low sweet tones and fond companionship?
Brothers and sisters grow up by our sides,
Unfelt and silently are knit to us,
And one flesh with our hearts; would love not grow
In the communion of long-wedded years,
Sweet as the dawning light, the greening spring?
Would not an infant be the marriage priest,
To stand between us and unite our hands,
And bid us love and be obeyed? its life,
A fountain, with a cooling fringe of green
Amid the arid sands, by which we twain
Could dwell in deep content? My sunshine drew
This odorous blossom from the bough; why then
With frosty fingers wither it, and seal up
Sun-ripened fruit within its barren rind,
Killing all sweet delights? I drew it forth:
If there is suffering, let me bear it all.

"A very little goodness goes for much.
Walk 'mong my peasants—every urchin's face
Lights at my coming; girls at cottage-doors
Rise from their work and curtsey as I pass,
And old men bless me with their silent tears!
What have I done for this? I'm kind, they say,
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick,
And once a fortnight stroke a curly head
Which hides half-frightened in a russet gown.
'Tis easy for the sun to shine. My alms
Are to my riches like a beam to him.
They love me, these poor hinds, though I have ne'er
Resigned a pleasure, let a whim be crossed,
Pinched for an hour the stomach of desire
For one of them. Good Heaven! what am I
To be thus servitored? Am I to range
Like the discourseless creatures of the wood,
Without the common dignity of pain,
Without a pale or limit? To take up love
For its strange sweetness, and whene'er it tires,

Fling it aside as careless as I brush
A gnat from off my arm, and go my way
Untwinged with keen remorse? All this must end.
Firm land at last begins to peer above
The ebbing waves of hesitance and doubt.
Throughout this deepening spring my purpose grows
To flee with her to those young morning lands—
Australia, where the earth is gold, or where
The prairies roll toward the setting sun.
Not Lady Florence with her coronet,
Flinging white arms around me, murmuring
'Husband' upon my breast—not even that
Could make me happy, if I left a grave
On which the shadow of the village spire
Should rest at eve. The pain, if pain there be,
I'll keep locked up within my secret heart,
And wear what joy I have upon my face;
And she shall live and laugh, and never know.

"Come, brother, at your earliest, down to me.
To-morrow night I sleep at Ferny-Chase:
There, shadowed by the memory of the dead,
We'll talk of this. My thought, mayhap, will take
A different hue, seen in your purer light,
Free from all stain of passion. Ere you come,
Break that false mirror of your ridicule,
Looking in which, the holiest saint beholds
A grinning jackanapes, and hates himself.
More men hath laughter driven from the right
Than terror clad with fire. You have been young,
And know the mystery, that when we love,
We love the thing, not only for itself,
But somewhat also for the love we give.
Think of the genial season of your youth
When you dwelt here, and come with serious heart."

So, in that bitter quarter sits the wind:
The village fool could tell, unless it shifts
'Twill bring the rain in fiercest flaws and drifts!
How wise we are, yet blind,
Judging the wood's grain from the outer rind;
Wrapt in the twilight of this prison dim,
He envies me, I envy him!

The stream of my existence boils and leaps
Through broken rainbows 'mong the purple fells,
And breaks its heart 'mid rocks, close jammed, confined,
And plunges in a chasm black and blind,
To rage in hollow gulfs and iron hells,
And thence escaping, tamed and broken, creeps
Away in a wild sweat of beads and bells.
Though *his* slides lazy through the milky meads,
And once a week the sleepy slow-trailed barge
Rocks the broad water-lilies on its marge,
A dead face wavers from the oozy weeds.
It is but little matter where we dwell,
In fortune's centre, on her utter verge;
Whether to death our weary steps we urge,
Or ride with ringing bridle, golden selle.
Life is one pattern wrought in different hues,
And there is nought to choose
Between its sad and gay—'tis but to groan
Upon a rainy common or a throne,
Bleed 'neath the purple or the peasant's serge.

At his call I will go,
Though it is very little love can do;
In spite of all affection tried and true,
Each man alone must struggle with his woe.
He pities her, for he has done her wrong,
And would repair the evil—noble deed,
To flash and tingle in a minstrel's song,
To move the laughter of our modern breed!
And yet the world is wise; each curve and round
Of custom's road is no result of chance;
It curves but to avoid some treacherous ground,
Some quagmire in the wilds of circumstance;
Nor safely left. The long-drawn caravan
Wavers through heat, then files o'er Mecca's stones;
Far in the blinding desert lie the bones
Of the proud-hearted solitary man.
He marries her, but ere the year has died,—
'Tis an old tale,—they wander to the grave
With hot revolting hearts, yet lashed and tied
Like galley-slave to slave.
Love should not stoop to love, like prince to lord:
While o'er their heads proud Cupid claps his wings,
Love should meet love upon the marriage sward,
And kiss, like crowned kings.
If both are hurt, then let them bear the pain
Upon their separate paths; 'twill die at last:
The deed of one rash moment may remain
To darken all the future with the past.
And yet I cannot tell,—the beam that kills
The gipsy's fire kindles the desert flower;
Where he plucks blessings I may gather ills,
And in his sweetest sweet find sourest sour.
If what of wisdom and experience
My years have brought, be either guide or aid,
They shall be his, though to my mournful sense
The lights will steal away from wood and glade;
The garden will be sad with all its glows,
And I shall hear the glistening laurels talk
Of her, as I pass under in the walk,
And my light step will thrill each conscious rose.

The lark hangs high o'er Ferny-Chase
In slant of sun, in twinkle of rain;
Though loud and clear, the song I hear
Is half of joy and half of pain.
I know by heart the dear old place,
The place where spring and summer meet—
By heart, like those old ballad rhymes
O'er which I brood a million times,
And sink from sweet to deeper sweet.
I know the changes of the idle skies,
The idle shapes in which the clouds are blown;

The dear old place is now before my eyes,
Yea, to the daisy's shadow on the stone.
When through the golden furnace of the heat
The far-off landscape seems to shake and beat,
Within the lake I see old Hodge's cows
Stand in their shadows in a tranquil drowse,
While o'er them hangs a restless steam of flies.
I see the clustered chimneys of the Hall
Stretch o'er the lawn toward the blazing lake;
And in the dewy even-fall
I hear the mellow thrushes call
From tree to tree, from brake to brake.
Ah! when I thither go
I know that my joy-emptied eyes shall see
A white ghost wandering where the lilies blow,
A sorrow sitting by the trysting tree.
I kiss this soft curl of her living hair,
'Tis full of light as when she did unbind
Her sudden ringlets, making bright the wind:
'Tis here, but she is—where?
Why do I, like a child impatient, weep?
Delight dies like a wreath of frosted breath;
Though here I toil upon the barren deep,
I see the sunshine yonder lie asleep,
Upon the calm and beauteous shores of death.
Ah, Maurice, let thy human heart decide,
The first best pilot through distracting jars.
The lowliest roof of love at least will hide
The desolation of the lonely stars.
Stretched on the painful rack of forty years,
I've learned at last the sad philosophy
Of the unhoping heart, unshrinking eye—
God knows; my icy wisdom and my sneers
Are frozen tears!

The day wears, and I go.
Farewell, Elijah! may you heartily dine!
I cannot, David, see your fingers twine
In the long hair of your foe.
Housewife, adieu, Heaven keep your ample form,
May custom never fail;
And may your heart, as sound as your own ale,
Be soured by never a storm!

Though I have travelled now for twice an hour
I have not heard a bird or seen a flower.
This wild road has a little mountain rill
To sing to it, ah! happier than I.
How desolate the region, and how still
The idle earth looks on the idle sky!
I trace the river by its wandering green;
The vale contracts to a steep pass of fear,
And through the midnight of the pines I hear
The torrent raging down the long ravine.
At last I've reached the summit high and bare;
I fling myself on heather dry and brown:
As silent as a picture lies the town,
Its peaceful smokes are curling in the air;
The bay is one delicious sheet of rose,
And round the far point of the tinted cliffs
I see the long strings of the fishing skiffs
Come home to roost like lines of evening crows.
I can be idle only one day more
As the nets drying on the sunny shore;
Thereafter, chambers, still 'mid thronged resorts,
Strewn books and littered parchments, nought to see,
Save a charwoman's face, a dingy tree,
A fountain plashing in the empty courts.

But let me hasten down this shepherd's track,
The night is at my back.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like autumn mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour,—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart fill'd with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past,—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Will love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm!

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,

Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done.—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blacken'd ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuff'd with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Fill'd with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lighten'd is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,—
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendours, set,
And die into my wedding-day.

GLASGOW.

Sing, poet, 'tis a merry world;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curled
In sport, that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil;—
Before *me* runs a road of toil
With my grave cut across.
Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs—
I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black labour draws his weary waves
Into their secret-moaning caves;
But with the morning light
That sea again will overflow
With a long weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which night and morning ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill

Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers, I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapours of the morn,
I heard the hills of sheep:
I trod with a wild ecstacy
The bright fringe of the living sea:
And on a ruined keep
I sat, and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced!
O fair the April shoots!
O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O city, I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
Down to the harbour-bars;
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square
Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, terror! dream!
While the blue night crept up the stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires;
And on the moorlands bare,
He sees afar a crown of light
Hung o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noon-day sky,
When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain-ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black disdainful stream;
All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts—
'Tween lamps in streaming rows.
O wondrous sight! O stream of dread!
O long dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare:
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone;
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the shower
Is burnished; on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange:
Then wherefore from thee should I range?
Thou hast my kith and kin:
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave:
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.

ISA CRAIG KNOX.

Isa Craig was born at Edinburgh, October 17, 1831. She is the only child of parents that belonged to a middle-class family in Aberdeenshire. When only a few months old her mother died; her father afterwards removed to Aberdeen, leaving his daughter to the care of her grandmother, who brought up her young charge in a very simple and secluded manner. Isa's school education did not extend beyond three years, and was concluded in her tenth year. After assisting in the various household duties she diligently devoted every spare hour to books, and these not of the newest or lightest kind—Gibbon, Addison and his contemporaries, Shakspere, Milton, Cowper, and Burns being her teachers.

When about sixteen Miss Craig ventured to write a short poem now and then, and was amply rewarded by seeing her nameless effusions in print. In 1851 she began to contribute to the *Scotsman* newspaper under the signature "Isa." Her verses attracted considerable attention, and in 1853 the proprietor of the paper called on his unknown contributor and proposed that she should undertake regular literary work for its columns. In the summer of 1857 she visited a lady friend in London, by whom she was introduced to Mr. G. W. Hastings, who was then engaged in organizing the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and was greatly in need of an efficient assistant. Miss Craig at his request undertook the task of assisting him for the three months preceding the first meeting of the Association, which was held at Birmingham. After the meeting she was appointed by the council his assistant in the secretarial work of the society—a position which she held for nearly nine years, and only relinquished in May, 1866, when she was married to her cousin Mr. John Knox. In 1858 she sent in a competitive poem "On the Centenary of Burns," which gained the prize of £50 over six hundred and twenty competitors. It was written at a single sitting, and was read at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, to a vast audience collected to celebrate the centenary of the Scottish poet's birth. The poem was dictated more by love for the poet than eagerness for the prize, for on the day of the award Miss Craig was absent, and being busily occupied had forgotten it altogether.

Going on steadily with her work in the Association, editing under Mr. Hastings its weighty volumes, and conducting its extensive correspondence, Miss Craig took no advantage of the popularity which the prize obtained for her. She had published a volume of poems in 1856, and in 1864 she brought out another volume entitled *Duchess Agnes, &c.*, the fruits of her scanty leisure. It is written in the dramatic form, and contains numerous fine passages. Her latest volume, entitled *Songs of Consolation*, and dedicated to the memory of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, is of a purely religious character. Mrs. Knox has contributed prose and verse to *Fraser's Magazine*, to *Good Words*, and various other periodicals, and has recently written an excellent *Little Folks' History of England*. Her poetry, particularly in her shorter pieces, is characterized by much pathos and deep religious sentiment. A distinguished critic says her poems "are far above the average, and possess such kindly qualities as will carry them home to many who do not live by the sensational alone, but appreciate true feeling, however shy—beauty, however subdued."

ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

We hail, this morn,
A century's noblest birth;
A poet peasant born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet;

So through the past far-reaching night,
Only the star-souls keep their light.

A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark-searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathize,
Hid in her heart she bears.

At early morn,
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain, and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn,
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield;
To what else was he born?

The God-made king
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand!—
Knew it and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the East
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure-joy wines
For him the poet-souled.
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love warble, from the linnet's throat.

But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast, and lead the fight;
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And Fame her trumpet blew
Before him; wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of Fate,
That henceforth round him flew.

Though he may yield
Hard pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field;
His regal vestments soiled;
His crown of half its jewels spoiled;
He is a king for all.

Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good; so those the world calls wise,
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralize.

Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver cords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew.

Regretful love
His country fain would prove,
By grateful honours lavished on his grave;
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage;
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung,—
All, all are dear!

The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister lands have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

For doth not song
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?

THE WAY IN THE WOOD.

A wood lies on the shore,
Fill'd with murmurs, as each tree
Learn'd the music of the sea,
Which it heareth all the day,
Ever growing more and more,
Or fading far away.

And standing on that shore,
The past comes back to me,
In that music of the sea,
And that murmur of the wood,
Ever fading far away,
Yet evermore renewed.

In the weird and ancient wood,
There are fairy lights that fall,
Never by the sunshine made;
And a flicker and a shade,
Where no substance is at all;
There are thrilling touches laid
By no hand on head and shoulder;
Things that peep from leaf and blade
And blossom, when there's no beholder;
And we walk as in a story
Through the gloom and through the glory
Of the weird and ancient wood.

Through the gloom and through the glory
Of the ancient wood beheld,
Comes in glimpses, like her story,
A maiden of the times of Eld;
Like a young fawn, unafraid,
Straying through its own green glade.
Now a little rill she crosses,
Stealing through the velvet mosses,
From the hollow, where the trees
Stand in groups of twos and threes,
Wide-armed, bountiful, and spread
As for blessing overhead;
While the thick grass underfoot
Shelters violets round each root,
And on tender lap receives
Soft the fall of dying leaves.

All along the maiden's way,
Glades are opening, glad and green,
Ever tempting her to stray
From the bare brown path between.
Some one surely called her name!
Was it but the wood-dove cooing?
And that beck'ning, was't the same
As the plumy ferns are doing?
In each foxglove bell the bee
Swings himself right merrily,
Every bell by turns he tries,
He is buried head and thighs!
Now on that side, now on this,
Does a bird his song repeat,
Quivering at its close with bliss
Far too full and far too sweet
For the little throat to utter;
Here a whirr, and there a flutter,
Here a coo, and there a call,
Here a dart, and there a spring,
Token'd happy creatures all.
Now and then awhile she stood,
Wishful that they might come near her,
Wistful half that they should fear her,
Silence in her attitude.

Now the sunny noon is high,
And upon a bank she sits,
Shade on shade around her flits—
On the bank's embroidery—
Star and heart of leaf inwrought,
Mazy as a poet's thought—
One doth rest beside the maid
In the mystic light and shade.
Into silence sweet subdued,
In the dim heart of the wood
Many paths together meet,
And companionship is sweet.

Sounds as of a river flowing
Through the forest depths are going,
And the distant murmurs seem
Like a river in a dream,
For the path is carried far
Over precipice and scaur,
And beneath it runs the river,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
Drawing down the little rills
From the rocks and from the hills,
To the bosom of the sea.
Here the daisies disappear,
Shadows on the pathway brown
Falling ever thicklier down,
Something like a thrill of fear
Touches trembling lip and limb,
And the violets in her eyes,
Blue beneath the open skies,
Seem to grow more large and dim.
Round and round, for rood on rood,
Trees are growing, trees are throwing
Shades of ill and shades of good,
Arms of shelter fondly flinging,
Arms of murder fiercely clinging,
Stifling in their close embraces,
Throes of terror and affright,
While some meekly in their places
Die of pining for the light.

Closely heart to heart will beat,
Closely lip with lip will meet,

Where the branch and bow embraces,
And the light and shade enlaces;
Hands of trust in his she places,
And her heaven is in his eyes,
Link'd together as they rise
To go forward, but he chooses
Smoother than he would, refuses
Peril for her sake;—thus may
He be guarded still in guarding,
And be guided still in guiding,
Ill from the belovèd warding,
Blessing to himself betiding.

In mid-forest oaks and beeches,
Thick and tow'ring, hold the ground;
By the river's winding reaches
Trees of every leaf are found;
Here the ash with arms all knotted,
Into anguish'd writhings grew;
Here the sickly alder rotted;
On a mound an ancient yew;
And the willows in the water
Trail'd their tresses silver gray;
Aspen, when the low wind caught her,
Sigh'd through every trembling spray;
Lady birch so light and gay,
Something sad that wind had taught her,
For each slender limb would quiver:
While upon the moaning river,
Flags of drownèd lilies lay.

In the forest depths unknown,
Once more is the maid alone;
And she hears the moaning river,
Hears the ivy near her shiver,
Hears the rain upon the leaves,
Beating with a sound that grieves;
On the path her feet are slipping,
'Tween the river and the rock,
All the adder's-tongues are dripping,
Wet is every ruddy lock
Of her hair, and when she lays
Her small lily hand, and stays
Trembling steps, the worm is crawling,
Toads beneath her feet are sprawling,
And her very soul is faint
With the dank air's deathly taint.

She hath reach'd a tree whose head
Still is green, whose heart is dead;
Her wet robe about her clings,
And she sinks upon the ground,
Heedless of the loathly things,
Where her slain knight she hath found,
Lying white among the green
Of the ferns that strive to screen,
From the staring of the light,
Those dead eyes, a ghastly sight.

By the river sat the maiden,
With the burden of her pain:
Downward flow'd the river laden
With the burden of the rain:
In that dark and swollen flood,
Who had known the little rill
At the entrance of the wood?
Who had known that maiden still?
When the dismal pall of night
Came and wrapt her grief from sight;
And there rose upon the blast,
In the dark hours wailing past,
Mingled groan and shriek and sigh—
More than mortal agony.

Ere long in that solitude
Rose the forest sanctuary,
Where the holy dead they bury,
'Tween the murmur of the river,
And the murmur of the wood,
Fill'd with pleading sound for ever;
And a slain knight's mouldering bones
Rest beneath its chancel stones.

Yellow, yellow leaves
All grown pale with sighing!—
For the sweet days dead,
For the sad days dying,
Yellow, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

Yellow, yellow leaves,
Falling, falling, falling!
Death is best, when hope
There is no recalling;
Yet O, yellow leaves,
How the parting grieves!

A SONG OF SUMMER.

I will sing a song of summer,
  Of bright summer as it dwells,
Amid leaves, and flowers, and sunshine,
  In lone haunts and grassy dells.
Lo! the hill-encircled valley
  Is like an emerald cup,
To its inmost depths all glowing,
  With sunlight brimming up.
Here I'd dream away the day-time,
  And let happy thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but glory,
  Aught but beauty on the earth.

Not a speck of cloud is floating
  In the deep blue overhead,

'Neath the trees the daisied verdure
  Like a broidered couch is spread.
The rustling leaves are dancing
  With the light wind's music stirr'd,
And in gushes through the stillness
  Comes the song of woodland bird.
Here I'd dream away the day-time,
  And let gentlest thoughts have birth,
And forget there's aught but gladness,
  Aught but peace upon the earth.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

In that home was joy and sorrow
  Where an infant first drew birth,
While an aged sire was drawing
  Near unto the gate of death.
His feeble pulse was failing,
  And his eye was growing dim;
He was standing on the threshold
  When they brought the babe to him.

While to murmur forth a blessing
  On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
  Press'd it to his lips and died.
An awful darkness resteth
  On the path they both begin,
Who thus meet upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
  Coming in unto the fight—
Coming in unto the darkness,
  Going out into the light;
Although the shadow deepen'd
  In the moment of eclipse,
When he pass'd through the dread portal
  With the blessing on his lips.

And to him who bravely conquers,
  As he conquer'd in the strife,
Life is but a way of dying—
  Death is but the gate of life:
Yet awful darkness resteth
  On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold,
  Going out and coming in.

MY MARY AN' ME.

We were baith neebor bairns, thegither we play'd,
We loved our first love, an' our hearts never stray'd;
When I got my young lassie her first vow to gie,
We promised to wait for each ither a wee.

My mither was widow'd when we should hae wed,
An' the nicht when we stood roun' my faither's death-bed,
He charged me a husband and father to be,
While my young orphan sisters clung weeping to me.

I kent nae, my Mary, what high heart was thine,
Nor how brightly thy love in a dark hour wad shine,
Till in doubt and in sorrow, ye whisper'd to me,
"Win the blessing o' Heaven for thy Mary and thee."

An' years hae flown by deeply laden wi' care,
But Mary has help'd me their burden to bear,
She gave me my shield in misfortune and wrong,
'Twas she that aye bade me be steadfast and strong.

Her meek an' quiet spirit is aye smooth as now,
Her saft shinin' hair meekly shades her white brow,
A few silver threads 'mang its dark faulds I see,
They tell me how lang she has waited on me.

Her cheek has grown paler, for she too maun toil,
Her sma' hands are thinner, less mirthfu' her smile;
She aft speaks o' heaven, and if she should dee,
She tells me that there she'll be waitin' on me.

"OUR FATHER."[1]

Among the little ones,
  "Our Father," let me say,
I learn the holy childhood thus,
  And am a child as they.

Among the servants, Lord,
  I breathe the prayer divine,
A servant among servants, so
  A servant—theirs and thine.

"Our Father," among men—
  The evil and the good—
Daily for all on thee I call,
  And own their brotherhood.

Child, servant, brother, thus
  Alone can I be one
With Him by whom in perfectness
  The Father's will was done.

[1] This beautiful lyric is the first of a series on the Lord's Prayer, from the author's volume *Songs of Consolation*, 1874.—Ed.

JAMES MACFARLAN.

BORN 1832—DIED 1862.

JAMES MACFARLAN—a gifted but almost forgotten Scottish poet, who died at the early age of thirty—was born in Glasgow, April 9, 1832. To his mother he was indebted for his first lessons, and was far advanced in reading when sent to school in his eighth year. His schoolmaster describes him "as one of those boys a teacher takes a pride in—always obedient, assiduous, and attentive; causing him little trouble, and realizing to him what the poet is pleased to describe as 'The Delightful Task!'" In this school he remained for about two years, and made good progress in his education, giving evidence even thus early of the poetic power he displayed in after life. On leaving school James began to accompany his father in excursions which he at that time took among the towns and villages in the west of Scotland for the sale of his goods; and thus, travelling up and down the country, was the boy-poet for years made familiar with the magnificent scenery of nature, and fitted to produce that rich legacy of song which he has bequeathed to us.

In August, 1855, Macfarlan married Agnes Miller, whom he had known from earliest life. She was the poet's first love, and proved a suitable partner for him; but the youthful pair had to contend with the trials of straitened circumstances, for the largest wage the husband ever received was fifteen shillings a week, and that only for a very brief period. Yet, in spite of this adverse fortune, we find him in 1854 issuing a volume entitled "Poems: Pictures of the Past," &c., published in London by Robert Hardwicke; and in rapid succession followed in book form "City Songs," "Lyrics of Life," "Wanderer of the West," "The Attic Study, or Brief Notes on Nature, Men, and Books;" while in the course of his brief career he was engaged from day to day contributing to the periodical press the following among other writings:—"Tales and Sketches," "One of a Million," "Wayside Thoughts," and composing poems for *All the Year Round*. His last production in verse, written a few months before his death, was the thrilling lines entitled "The Drunkard's Doom."

This literary work extended over a period of about eight years, but before its close a pulmonary disease had attacked the poet, and his recovery became doubtful. For the last two years of his life he was the daily companion and guest of Mr. H. Buchanan MacPhail, who took him on an excursion to Ireland and to various places on the Scottish coast. But all efforts for his recovery proved in vain, and he expired in Glasgow, Nov. 6, 1862. By his own desire his remains were interred in Mr. MacPhail's burying-ground, Cheapside Street, Anderston. Four children were the issue of the poet's marriage, one of whom, his second-born and favourite child Ann, alone survived him for some two years. A complete edition of his poems, with a memoir of the poet, is now (July, 1876) in preparation by Mr. MacPhail.

Of Macfarlan's poetic talent Dr. Rogers eloquently says:—"His muse taught philosophy, and dealt with the spiritual properties of things. Like the ancient enraptured prophet, his lofty conceptions impart breadth and compass to his imagery. Unlike the bards of the spasmodic school, he keeps a rein upon his fancy; his flights are never beyond the comprehension or the patience of his reader. His language is chaste, ornate, and exact; he concentrates rather than expands his sentiments; in the graceful flow of numbers, he never betrays a point of weakness. He has celebrated the nobler affections and instincts of the human heart—and painted with master hand the scenes of civic activity and rustic gladness. He writes hopefully of human progress, deprecates the revival of ancient feuds, and rejoices in a high-souled patriotism. He is the poet of that species of chivalry which cannot stoop to dishonour, and rejoices to upraise and support the weak. He has written not a single line which in the heart of another will awaken unpleasing emotions."

THE LORDS OF LABOUR.

They come, they come, in a glorious march,
  You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
  Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
  Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
  And their thunders shake the hill.
    Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
      The heroes who wield no sabre;
    But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
      That is borne by the lords of labour.

Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
  Through the mists of commerce shine,
And souls flash out, like stars of God,
  From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
  No princely pillar'd hall,
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state,
  'Neath the heaven which is over all.
    Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
      The heroes who wield no sabre;
    But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
      Which is borne by the lords of labour.

Each bares his arm for the ringing strife
  That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
  Are gems in the crown of Toil.
And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
  Than laurels with life-blood wet;
And nobler the arch of a bare bold brow,
  Than the clasp of a coronet.
    Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
      Be unblown by the trump or tabor,
    For holier, happier far is the meed
      That crowneth the lords of labour.

BOOKWORLD.

When the dim presence of the awful night
  Clasps in its jewell'd arms the slumbering earth,
Alone I sit beside the lowly light,
  That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.

It may be Shakspere, with his endless train
  Of sceptred thoughts, a glorious progeny
Borne on the whirlwind of his mighty strain,
  Through vision-lands, for ever far and free,
His great mind beaming thro' those phantom crowds,
Like evening sun from out a wealth of clouds.

It may be Milton, on his seraph wing,
  Soaring to heights of grandeur yet untrod;
Now deep where horrid shapes of darkness cling,
  Now lost in splendour at the feet of God;
Girt with the terror of avenging skies,
Or wrapt in dreams of infant paradise.

It may be Spenser, with his misty shades
  Where forms of beauty wondrous tales rehearse,
With breezy vistas, and with cool arcades
  Opening for ever in his antique verse.
It may be Chaucer, with his drink divine,
His Tabard old, and pilgrims twenty-nine.

Perchance I linger with the mighty three
  Of glorious Greece, that morning land of song,
Who bared the fearful front of tragedy,
  And soared to fame on pinions broad and strong;
Or watch beneath the Trojan ramparts proud
The dim hosts gathering like a thunder-cloud.

No rust of time can sully Quixote's mail,
  In wonted rest his lance securely lies;
Still is the faithful Sancho stout and hale,
  For ever wide his wonder-stricken eyes;
And Rosinante, bare and spectral steed,
Still throws gaunt shadows o'er their every deed.

Still can I robe me in the old delights
  Of caliph splendid, and of genii grim,
The star-wealth of Arabia's Thousand Nights,
  Shining till every other light grows dim;
Wander away in broad voluptuous lands,
By streams of silver, and through golden sands;

Still hear the storms of Camoens burst and swell,
  His seas of vengeance raging wild and wide;
Or wander by the glimmering fires of hell,
  With dreaming Dante and his spirit-guide;
Loiter in Petrarch's green melodious grove,
Or hang with Tasso o'er his hopeless love.

What then to me is all your sparkling dance,
  Wine-purpled banquet, or vain fashion's blaze,
Thus roaming through the realms of rich romance,
  Old Bookworld, and its wealth of royal days,
For ever with those brave and brilliant ones
That fill time's channel like a stream of suns!

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Across the dull and brooding night
A giant flies with demon light,
  And breath of wreathing smoke:
Around him whirls the reeling plain,

And with a dash of grim disdain
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
The belt of black funereal firs,
That murmur to the sky,
Till, startled by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear,
As if a god swept by!

Through many a dark wild heart of heath,
O'er booming bridges, where beneath
A midnight river brawls;
By ruins, remnants of the past,
Their ivies trembling in the blast;
By singing waterfalls!

The slumb'rer on his silent bed
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream.
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er,
Through tunnel-sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He tears along receding lands,
To where the kingly city stands,
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,
And every smile is known.
We thank thee, O thou Titan train,
That in the city once again
We clasp our loved, our own!

THE WIDOW'S WAKE.

Deep in the midnight lane,
Where glimmering tapers feebly pierce the gloom,
Through many a winking pane,
All tearful in the rain,
The widow lies within her naked room.

Coldly the widow lies,
Though woe and want can touch her never more;
And in her beamless eyes
Grief's well, that rarely dries,
Never again shall hoard its oozy store.

Coldly the widow lies,
God's mighty midnight creepeth overhead
King's couch and pauper's bed,
All human tears, all cares, all agonies,
Beneath His gaze are spread.

And these poor boards of thin and dismal deal,
That hold her mortal relics, in His eyes
Are sacred as the gilded obsequies,
When purchased mourners kneel
'Mid all the painful pomp in which some great man lies.

None may this vigil keep:
Retired in life, the widow died alone,
And in this silent sleep
None wait by her; none weep
To find that she is gone.

Only the winds that steal
Coldly across the damp and broken wall,
On that pale visage fall,
As though they paused, her icy brow to feel,
Or death's blank gaze a moment to reveal,
Uplift the scanty pall.

And this is she who struggled long and sore,
In the black night-time of a dire distress—
Most patient wretchedness,
Bearing a bitter cross to death's dark door,
Receiving there—if humankind may guess—
A crown of glory for the thorns she wore.

THE RUINED CITY.

The shadows of a thousand Springs,
Unnumbered sunsets, sternly sleep
Above the dust of perished things
That form this city's blasted heap.
Dull watch the crumbling columns keep
Against the fierce relentless sky,
Hours, that no dial noteth, creep
Like unremembered phantoms by;
And still this city of the dead
Gives echo to no human tread.

A curse is writ on every stone,
The temple's latest pillar lies
Like some white mammoth's bleaching bone,
Its altars know no deities.
Fine columns of a palace rise,
And when the sun is red and low,
And glaring in the molten skies,
A shadow huge these columns throw,
That like some dark colossal hand
In silence creeps across the sand.

The senate slumbers, wondrous hive
Of counsels sage, of subtle schemes;
But does no lingering tone survive
To prove their presence more than dreams?
No light of revelation beams
Around that voiceless forum now,

Time bears upon his restless streams
  No reflex of the haughty brow
That oft has frowned a nation's fate
Here—where dark reptiles congregate.

Where, where is now the regal rag
  That clothed the monarch of yon tower,
On which the rank weed flaps its flag
  Across the dusk this sombre hour?
Alas! for pomp, alas! for power,
  When time unveils their nakedness.
And valour's strength and beauty's flower
  Find nought to echo their distress;
And flattery—fine delusive breath—
Melts in the iron grasp of death.

Day rises with an angry glance,
  As if to blight the stagnant air,
And hurls his fierce and fiery lance
  On that doomed city's forehead bare.
The sunset's wild and wandering hair
  Streams backward like a comet's mane,
And from the deep and sullen glare
  The shuddering columns crouch in vain,
And through the wreck of wrathful years
The grim hyæna stalks and sneers.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

Beside the hearth there is an hour of dreaming,
  A calm and pensive solitude of soul,
When life and death have each another seeming,
  And thoughts are with us owning no control.
These are the spirits, memory's revealing,
  In deep solemnity they rise and fall,
Shrouding the living present, and concealing
  The world around us—Shadows on the Wall.

Hopes, like the leaves and blossoms, rudely shaken
  By cruel winds of winter, from the tree
Of our existence; phantoms that awaken
  Wild passing gleams of joy's young ecstasy;
And love, once kind and tenderly outpouring
  Her wine into our souls, we may recall,
And find them dear and ever heavenward soaring,
  Though only now as Shadows on the Wall.

Old clasping hands, old friendships and affections,
  Once bodied forms beside us on the earth,
Come back to haunt us, ghostly recollections
  With mystic converse by the silent hearth.
Yet these are kindly spirits, and retiring
  Draw their long shadows slowly from the wall,
And visit us in peace and gentleness, inspiring
  A hope that brings the sunshine after all.

DAVID GRAY.

BORN 1838—DIED 1861.

DAVID GRAY, the son of a poor weaver, and the eldest of eight children, was born Jan. 29, 1838, at Duntiblae, on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles from Glasgow. From early childhood the little fellow was noted for his wit and cleverness; and while at the Kirkintilloch parish school his literary bias became strikingly apparent. Zealous at his tasks, bright with precocious intellect, an unconscionable devourer of books, and ambitious of fame, it was early intended that he should devote himself to the ministry. When about fourteen years old he was accordingly sent to Glasgow, where, supporting himself to a considerable extent by laborious tuition, first as a pupil teacher in a public school in Bridgeton, and afterward as Queen's scholar in the Free Church Normal Seminary, he contrived to attend the Humanity, Greek, and other classes in the university during four successive sessions. Having likewise obtained some employment as a private tutor, he found it necessary to add French to his lingual acquisitions. But whatever progress he made in his more severe studies, it soon became evident that the bent of his mind was poetical, rather than theological. In place of composing sermons he took to writing verses, many of which were published in the *Glasgow Citizen;* and finally abandoning the idea of the pulpit, he decided on the career of a man of letters.

Soon after Gray went to London, living in a garret with his poet friend Robert Buchanan, now on the high road to immortality, and trying unsuccessfully to obtain a publisher for his poems. From Lord Houghton, the biographer of John Keats, he received some literary employment; and when the young poet

was suddenly struck down in the enthusiasm of his struggles and the pride of his hopes with ill-health, that nobleman furnished him with the best medical advice, and, after a brief sojourn in the south of England without benefit, had him carefully sent back to his father's humble home at Merkland. Here he lingered for some months, and at length passed away tranquilly, Dec. 3, 1861, almost his last words being "God has love, and I have faith." The day previous his heart was gladdened by the sight of a specimen page of his "Luggie." After his death the following epitaph, written in his own clear hand, was found among his papers:—

"Below lies one whose name was traced in sand;
He died not knowing what it was to live:
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood
And maiden thought electrified his soul;
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.
Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God,
In other kingdom of a sweeter air;
In Eden every flower is blown. Amen."

A handsome monument was erected to the young poet's memory by friends from far and near in the "Auld Aisle" burying-ground near Kirkintilloch, and an address delivered by Sheriff Bell on the occasion of its inauguration, July 29, 1865. About the same time there appeared a small volume entitled *Poems by David Gray, with Memoirs*, from the pens of Lord Houghton and James Hedderwick; and Robert Buchanan also published a lengthy obituary notice in the *Cornhill Magazine*. This work was republished in the United States, and met with a large circulation. A new and enlarged edition of Gray's Poems was issued in Glasgow in 1874 by James Maclehose, through whose courtesy we are permitted to insert the following selections.

In the memoir of Gray, his generous friend Lord Houghton remarks: "I will not here assume the position of a poetical critic, both because I know such criticism to be dreary and unsatisfactory, and because I am conscious that the personal interest I took in David Gray is likely in some degree to influence my judgment. There is in truth no critic of poetry but the man who enjoys it, and the amount of gratification felt is the only just measure of criticism. I believe, however, that I should have found much pleasure in these poems if I had met with them accidentally, and if I had been unaware of the strange and pathetic incidents of their production. But the public mind will not separate the intrinsic merits of the verses from the story of the writer, any more than the works and fate of Keats or Chatterton. We value all connected with the being of every true poet, because it is the highest form of nature that man is permitted to study and enjoy."

The object of Gray's principal poem, "The Luggie," as has been well said, "may not possess in itself much to attract the painter's eye, but it has sufficed for a poet's love." Of his sonnets entitled "In the Shadows," Sheriff Bell remarks, they "appear to me to possess a solemn beauty not surpassed by many of the finest passages in Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' totally distinct and unlike the 'In Memoriam,' but as genuine, as sincere, as heart-stirring, and often as poetical. In the poet's own words, they admit you 'to the chancel of a dying poet's mind:' you feel when you are reading these sonnets that they are written in the sure and immediate prospect of death; but they contain thoughts about life, about the past, and about the future, most powerful and most beautiful."

THE YELLOW-HAMMER.

In fairy glen of Woodilee,
One sunny summer morning,
I plucked a little birchen tree,
The spongy moss adorning;
And bearing it delighted home,
I planted it in garden loam,
Where, perfecting all duty,
It flower'd in tasselled beauty.

When delicate April in each dell
Was silently completing
Her ministry in bud and bell,
To grace the summer's meeting;
My birchen tree of glossy rind
Determined not to be behind;
So with a subtle power
The buds began to flower.

And I could watch from out my house
The twigs with leaflets thicken;
From glossy rind to twining boughs
The milky sap 'gan quicken.
And when the fragrant form was green
No fairer tree was to be seen,
All Gartshore woods adorning,
Where doves are always mourning.

But never dove with liquid wing,
Or neck of changeful gleaming,
Came near my garden tree to sing,
Or croodle out its meaning.
But this sweet day, an hour ago,
A yellow-hammer, clear and low,
In love and tender pity
Trilled out his dainty ditty.

And I was pleased, as you may think,
And blessed the little singer:
"O fly for your mate to Luggie brink,
Dear little bird! and bring her;
And build your nest among the boughs,
A sweet and cosy little house,
Where ye may well content ye,
Since true love is so plenty.

"And when she sits upon her nest,
Here are cool shades to shroud her;"
At this the singer sang his best,
O louder yet, and louder;
Until I shouted in my glee,
His song had so enchanted me:
No nightingale could pant on
In joy so wise and wanton.

But at my careless noise he flew,
And if he chance to bring her
A happy bride the summer through
'Mong birchen boughs to linger,
I'll sing to you in numbers high
A summer song that shall not die,
But keep in memory clearly
The bird I love so dearly.

THE HAREBELL.

Beneath a hedge of thorn, and near
Where Bothlin steals through light and shadow,
I saw its bell, so blue and clear—
That little beauty of the meadow.

It was a modest, tender flower—
So clearly blue, so sweetly tender;
No simpler offspring of the shower
And sunshine may July engender.

The "azure hareboll," Shakspere says—
And such a half-transparent azure
Was never seen in country ways
By poet in creative leisure.

But chiefly the belovèd song—
The patriot ballad, fresh and olden—
The "Scottish Blue Bells," rose among
Some other memories, pure and golden.

And chiming o'er one verse of power,
While in the chalice fondly peering,
A tear-drop fell upon the flower—
My blessing earnest and enduring.

The prize was mine!—but no, ah! no—
To spare it was a poet's duty;
So in that spot I let it blow,
And left it in its lonely beauty.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

O love, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod;
Whose ministry hath symboled sweet
The dearer love of God;
The sacred myrtle rears again
Thine altar as of old;
And what was green with summer then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
Is flushed with fancy's light;
But memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower;
The bud of fifty years agone
Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
O dream of youth, return;
And let the light that gleamed of yore
Beside this altar burn.
The past is plain; 'twas love designed
E'en sorrow's iron chain;
And mercy's shining thread has twined
With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still, O thou who hast
That younger bridal blest,
Till the May-morn of love has past
To evening's golden west;
Come to this later Cana, Lord,
And, at thy touch divine,
The water of that earlier board
To-night shall turn to wine.

AN OCTOBER MUSING.

Ere the last stack is housed, and woods are bare,
And the vermilion fruitage of the brier
Is soaked in mist, or shrivelled up with frost;
Ere warm spring nests are coldly to be seen
Tenantless but for rain and the cold snow,
While yet there is a loveliness abroad—
The frail and indescribable loveliness
Of a fair form life with reluctance leaves,
Being then only powerful,—while the earth
Wears sackcloth in her great prophetic grief:—

Then the reflective, melancholy soul,
Aimlessly wandering with slow-falling feet
The heathery solitude, in hope to assuage
The cunning humour of his malady,
Loses his painful bitterness, and feels
His own specific sorrows one by one
Taken up in the huge dolor of all things,
O, the sweet melancholy of the time,
When gently, ere the heart appeals, the year
Shines in the fatal beauty of decay;
When the sun sinks enlarged on Carronben,
Nakedly visible, without a cloud,
And faintly from the faint eternal blue
(That dim sweet harebell colour) comes the star
Which evening wears, when Luggie flows in mist,
And in the cottage windows one by one,
With sudden twinkle, household lamps are lit—
What noiseless falling of the faded leaf!

SONNET.

If it must be; if it must be, O God!
  That I die young, and make no further moans;
That, underneath the unrespective sod,
  In unescutcheoned privacy, my bones
Shall crumble soon;—then give me strength to bear
  The last convulsive throe of too sweet breath!
I tremble from the edge of life, to dare
  The dark and fatal leap, having no faith,
No glorious yearning for the Apocalypse;
  But like a child that in the night-time cries
For light, I cry; forgetting the eclipse
  Of knowledge and our human destinies,
O peevish and uncertain soul! obey
The law of life in patience till the Day.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

BORN 1841 — DIED 1869.

WILLIAM LEIGHTON, a young poet of great promise, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, was born at Dundee, February 3, 1841. In his seventh year his family removed to Liverpool, where he received his education, and where the remainder of his short life was spent. At the age of thirteen he was placed in a merchant's office, and in course of time he attained the position of confidential clerk to a firm engaged in the Brazil trade. An assiduous attention to business left him but little leisure for the cultivation of his natural taste for literature, but the greater portion of his spare hours was devoted to study and composition. Poetry was his passion, and his favourite authors were Shakspere, Tennyson, and Longfellow. He began to write verses at an early age, and the majority of his poems were composed before he had completed his twenty-third year. They had appeared in the columns of various periodicals, and the poet was often urged by his friends to collect and publish them in a volume. He was engaged in preparing this volume for the press when he was attacked by typhoid fever, and after a brief illness died April 22, 1869. The year following his poetical writings, with a brief memoir from the pen of his brother, were published, and a second edition has since appeared. Of the fourscore thoughtful pieces contained in the little volume, all breathing a genuine poetic spirit and a vein of delicate fancy, a new edition is now in preparation, to which will be added other hitherto unpublished poems, essays, and sketches.

The *Westminster Review*, in a notice of his poems, remarks, "The late William Leighton came of a poetical family. We remember being struck some years ago with the remarkable powers of description shown in Mr. Robert

Leighton's poems. The nephew possesses much the same power and facility. A love for nature in her quietest moods and a vein of a delicate fancy distinguish the present poems. What Mr. William or Mr. Robert Leighton might have accomplished had their lives been spared, it is impossible to say. We can but lament the early deaths of two relatives who were certainly endowed with poetical gifts of no common order."

THE LEAF OF WOODRUFF.

I found a leaf of woodruff in a book,
  Gone was its scent, and lost its pristine glory;
Each slender bladelet wore a dingy look,
  And all was blanched and hoary.

And yet this withered leaf a spell possessed,
  Which worked upon me in mysterious measure,
And sent old memories thronging through my breast
  Of mingled pain and pleasure—

Of childhood's days that knew no thought of care;
  Of hours that passed on wings of rainbow fleetness;
Of odours floating on the wanton air,
  Sad from their very sweetness;

Of woods that wore a garb of summer green;
  Of knee-deep ferns, and nooks of shady stillness;
Of streams that glimmered in the full moon's sheen
  And mirrored back its fulness;

Of lazy baskings on the lone hill-side
  In the fierce glow of July's sultry weather;
Of twilight wanderings where the enamoured tide
  Crept up to kiss the heather;

Of voices still beneath the churchyard sod,
  Bright eyes that glistened from behind long lashes;
Warm beauty early given back to God;
  Red lips that now are ashes!

And many other memories, gay and grave,
  The woodruff brought in life-like guise before me;
Until I marvelled how a leaf could have
  Such magic influence o'er me.

Ah, so it is! all that hath ever been
  Experienced by the spirit is immortal;
Each hope and joy and grief is hid within
  The memory's sacred portal.

And yet the soft glow of a moonlight hour,
  A strain of haunting music sweet and olden,
A dream, a bird, a bee, a leaf, a flower,
  A sunset rich and golden,

Can fling that portal open; and beyond
  Appears the record of each earlier feeling;—
All hopes, all joys, all fears, all musings fond,
  In infinite revealing.

Till all the present passes from the sight—
  Its cares and woes that make us weary-hearted,
And leaves us basking in the holy light
  Of golden days departed.

SUMMERS LONG AGO.

How sweet to me the memories of happy days of youth,
When my heart was full of gladness and my smile was full of truth,
When everything I gazed upon seemed beautiful and fair,
And all the livelong summer day I never knew a care;
When I could scarcely understand such things as grief and woe—
Ah! those were happy, happy days, those summers long ago.

The merry birds sang joyously, the sun shone brighter then,
The flow'rets grew more fragrantly down in the grassy glen,
The waters had a brighter flash, and bluer was the sky,
And greener were the forest trees that waved their branches high,
And sweeter was the gentle breeze that thrilled a music low
Throughout my heart, and made me love those summers long ago.

Then, stretched beneath the forest trees, upon the ground I lay,
And heard the rustling of the leaves through the long summer day;
The happy carol of the thrush, the blackbird's whistle clear,
Like softly whispered melodies fell gently on my ear,
And like Æolian harpings sweet, the prattling brooklet's flow,
Gushing and bright came o'er my heart in summers long ago.

And when the sun with fiery face was sinking
fast to rest,
And evening's dim pale glimmering star was
twinkling in the west,
Oh how I loved to wander then at twilight's
dreamy hour,
To feel the freshness of the breeze, the fragrance
of the flower,
To gaze in transport at the heavens, and wonder at the glow—
The purple glow of eventide, in summers long
ago.

Ah! those indeed were happy days, my heart
knew nought of guile,
And all God's earth then seemed to me one
universal smile!
And oft amid this stern world's strife my
memory ponders o'er,
And fondly dwells upon those days—those
joyous days of yore;
The silent stars may cease to shine, and all
things fade below,
But I never, never can forget the summers
long ago!

THE CLOUD.

I saw a little lonely cloud
Hung on the western verge of heaven;
In twilight's earliest beams it glowed,
And mirrowed back the blush of even;
No other cloud was in the sky,
It lay in lonely witchery.

The twilight deepened: one by one
The pale stars trembled through the haze;
The golden light of eve was gone,
And gone the sunset's lingering blaze;
Yet still that little cloudlet lay
In mellow beauty, softly gay.

A silence brooded far and nigh,
A stillness burdened all the air,
And the wide welkin stretched on high
In dusky azure everywhere,—
Save that one spot, where, earthward bowed,
Stooped down the solitary cloud.

It looked so lovely as it lay
Becalmed upon the waveless blue!
Its border melting, faintly gray,
Into the sky's diviner hue;
And yet, I know not how nor why,
It brought the tear-drop to my eye!

And ever when I think upon
That cloud on the horizon's rim,
Brooding in beauty, rich and lone—
My heart is sad, my eyes grow dim!
And I could long to fly away
To where the little cloudlet lay!

'Tis ever thus! the spirit pants
For all things peaceful, fair, and sweet;
For joys that leave no aching wants;
For bliss that is not incomplete!
But all these yearnings vague and fond
Must anchor in the great Beyond!

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day!

Voice, whose prattling infant-lore
Was the music of our way,
Now is hushed for evermore—
Baby died to-day!

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day!

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day!

Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a happier world than this
Baby lives to-day!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, the son of a well-known Socialist missionary, long resident in Glasgow, was born at Caverswall, Staffordshire, Aug. 18, 1841, and was educated at the High-school and University of Glasgow. At an early age he began the career of a man of letters, and in 1860 issued his first volume of poems with the title of *Undertones*. While it occasionally reflected the manner of Browning and Tennyson, the volume clearly showed that it was the offspring of a genuine poet. His second work, *Idyls and Legends of Inverburn*, while inferior to Tennyson's idyls as ornate compositions, are for unstudied pathos and humour greatly superior to the laureate's. In this volume Mr. Buchanan's foot is on his native heath, which he bestrides with as much pride as affection. *London Poems*, his third publication, containing the most representative and original of his creations, was followed by a beautifully illustrated volume entitled *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, translated from the Scandinavian. His other publications are *North Coast and other Poems*, *The Book of Orm*, *The Drama of Kings*, and *The Land of Lorne*. The latter volume contains a very full and sympathetic account of the Burns of the Highlands—Duncan Ban Macintyre, to whose memory a monument was recently erected at Glenorchy. Mr. Buchanan is also the author of "A Madcap Prince," a play produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, 1874, but written in youth; "Napoleon Fallen," a lyrical drama; and the tragedy of "The Witchfinder," brought out at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London. He has edited several works, including a memoir of John James Audubon, the American naturalist, written by his widow; an edition of Henry W. Longfellow's poems; and is a frequent and favourite contributor to many of the leading magazines. Mr. Buchanan also published anonymously two widely-circulated poems, "St. Abe," and "White Rose and Red," both of which he has recently acknowledged, and each of which has gone through many editions. An edition of his acknowledged poetical and prose writings is being published in London in five handsome volumes. In 1870 he received from Mr. Gladstone a pension of £100 per annum, in consideration of his literary merit as a poet.

The American critic Stedman, himself a poet, thus concludes an appreciative notice of Buchanan and his writings: "His merits lie in his originality, earnestness, and admirable understanding of nature, in freedom of style and strength of general effect. His best poetry grows upon the reader. He is still young, scarcely having begun the mature creative period, and if he will study the graces of restraint, and cling to some department of art in which he is easily foremost, he should not fail of a new and still more successful career." A still higher authority, Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator*, writes, reviewing Mr. Buchanan's collected works:—"To our mind, after long knowledge of his poems, they seem to us nearly perfect of their kind, realistic and idealistic alike in the highest sense. Nor has the voice of dumb wistful yearning in Man towards something higher—of yearning such as the brute creation seemed to show in the Greek period towards the human—found as yet any interpreter equal to Buchanan."

WILLIE BAIRD.

A WINTER IDYL.[1]

'Tis two-and-thirty summers since I came
To school the village lads of Inverburn.

My father was a shepherd old and poor,
Who, dwelling 'mong the clouds on norland hills,
His tartan plaidie on, and by his side
His sheep-dog running, redden'd with the winds
That whistle southward from the Polar seas:
I follow'd in his footsteps when a boy,

[1] Few poems have more fairly deserved their welcome than "Willie Baird." Buchanan justly may be pro-

And knew by heart the mountains round our home;
But when I went to Edinglass, to learn
At college there, I look'd about the place,
And heard the murmur of the busy streets
Around me, in a dream;—and only saw
The clouds that snow around the mountain-tops,
The mists that chase the phantom of the moon
In lonely mountain tarns,—and heard the while,
Not footsteps sounding hollow to and fro,
But wild winds, wailing thro' the woods of pine.
Time pass'd; and day by day those sights and sounds
Grew fainter,—till they troubled me no more.

O Willie, Willie, are you sleeping sound?
And can you feel the stone that I have placed
Yonder above you? Are you dead, my doo?
Or did you see the shining Hand that parts
The clouds above, and becks the bonnie birds,
Until they wing away, and human eyes,
That watch them while they vanish up the blue,
Droop and grow tearful? Ay, I ken, I ken,
I'm talking folly, but I loved the child!
He was the bravest scholar in the school!
He came to teach the very dominie—
Me, with my lyart locks and sleepy heart!

Oh, well I mind the day his mother brought
Her tiny trembling tot with yellow hair,
Her tiny poor-clad tot six summers old,
And left him seated lonely on a form
Before my desk. He neither wept nor gloom'd;
But waited silently, with shoeless feet
Swinging above the floor; in wonder eyed
The maps upon the walls, the big black-board,
The slates and books and copies, and my own
Gray hose and clumpy boots; last, fixing gaze
Upon a monster spider's web that fill'd
One corner of the whitewash'd ceiling, watch'd
The speckled traitor jump and jink about,
Till he forgot my unfamiliar eyes,
Weary and strange and old. "Come here, my bairn!"
And timid as a lamb he seedled up.
"What do they call ye?" "Willie," coo'd the wean,
Up-peeping slyly, scraping with his feet.
I put my hand upon his yellow hair,
And cheer'd him kindly. Then I bade him lift
The small black bell that stands behind the door,
And ring the shouting laddies from their play.
"Run, Willie!" And he ran, and eyed the bell,
Stoop'd o'er it, seem'd afraid that it would bite,
Then grasp'd it firm, and as it jingled gave
A timid cry—next laugh'd to hear the sound—
And ran full merry to the door and rang,
And rang, and rang, while lights of music lit
His pallid cheek, till, shouting, panting hard,
In ran the big rough laddies from their play.

Then, rapping sharply on the desk, I drove
The scholars to their seats, and beckon'd up
The stranger; smiling, bade him seat himself,
And hearken to the rest. Two weary hours,
Buzz-buzz, boom-boom, went on the noise of school,
While Willie sat and listen'd open-mouth'd;
Till school was over, and the big and small
Flew home in flocks. But Willie stay'd behind.
I beckon'd to the mannock with a smile,
Took him upon my knee, and crack'd and talk'd.

First, he was timid; next, grew bashful; next,
He warm'd, and told me stories of his home,
His father, mother, sisters, brothers, all;
And how, when strong and big, he meant to buy
A gig to drive his father to the kirk;
And how he long'd to be a dominie!
Such simple prattle as I plainly see
Your wisdom smiles at. . . . Weel! the laddie still
Was seated on my knee, when at the door
We heard a sound of scraping: Willie prick'd
His ears and listen'd, then he clapt his hands—
"Hey! Donald, Donald, Donald!" [See! the rogue
Looks up and blinks his eyes—he knows his name!]
"Hey, Donald, Donald!" Willie cried. At that
I saw beneath me, at the door, a dog—
The very collie dozing at your feet,
His nose between his paws, his eyes half closed.
At sight of Willie, with a joyful bark
He leapt and gamboll'd, eying *me* the while
In queer suspicion; and the mannock peep'd
Into my face, while patting Donald's back—
"It's Donald! he has come to take me home!"

An old man's tale, a tale for men gray-hair'd,
Who wear, thro' second childhood, to the grave!
I'll hasten on. Thenceforward Willie came
Daily to school, and daily to the door
Came Donald trotting; and they homeward went
Together—Willie walking slow but sure,
And Donald trotting sagely by his side.
[Ay, Donald, he is dead! be still, old man!]

What link existed, human or divine,
Between the tiny tot six summers old,
And yonder life of mine upon the hills
Among the mists and storms? 'Tis strange, 'tis strange!
But when I look'd on Willie's face, it seem'd
That I had known it in some beauteous life
That I had left behind me in the North!
This fancy grew and grew, till oft I sat—
The buzzing school around me—and would seem
To be among the mists, the tracks of rain,

nounced the most faithful poet of Nature among the new men. He is her familiar, and in this respect it would seem as if the mantle of Wordsworth had fallen to him from some fine sunset or misty height.—Stedman's *Victorian Poets*, Boston, 1876.

Nearing the silence of the sleeping snow.
Slowly and surely I began to feel
That I was all alone in all the world,
And that my mother and my father slept
Far, far away, in some forgotten kirk—
Remember'd but in dreams. Alone at nights,
I read my Bible more and Euclid less.
For, mind you, like my betters, I had been
Half scoffer, half believer; on the whole,
I thought the life beyond a useless dream,
Best left alone, and shut my eyes to themes
That puzzled mathematics. But at last,
When Willie Baird and I grew friends, and thoughts
Came to me from beyond my father's grave,
I found 'twas *pleasant* late at e'en to read
The Scripture—haply, only just to pick
Some easy chapter for my pet to learn—
Yet night by night my soul was guided on
Like a blind man some angel hand convoys.

I cannot frame in speech the thoughts that fill'd
This gray old brow, the feelings dim and warm
That soothed the throbbings of this weary heart!
But when I placed my hand on Willie's head,
Warm sunshine tingled from the yellow hair
Thro' trembling fingers to my blood within!
And when I look'd in Willie's stainless eyes
I saw the empty ether, floating gray
O'er shadowy mountains murmuring low with winds!
And often when, in his old-fashion'd way,
He question'd me, I seem'd to hear a voice
From far away, that mingled with the cries
Haunting the regions where the round red sun
Is all alone with God among the snow!

Who made the stars? and if within his hand
He caught and held one, would his fingers burn?
If I, the gray-hair'd dominie, was dug
From out a cabbage garden such as *he*
Was found in? if, when bigger, he would wear
Gray homespun hose and clumsy boots like mine,
And have a house to dwell in all alone?
Thus would he question, seated on my knee,
While Donald [*wheesht, old man!*] stretch'd lyart limbs
Under my chair, contented. Open-mouth'd
He hearken'd to the tales I loved to tell
About Sir William Wallace and the Bruce,
And the sweet lady on the Scottish throne,
Whose crown was colder than a band of ice,
Yet seem'd a sunny crown whene'er she smiled;
With many tales of genii, giants, dwarfs,
And little folk that play at jing-a-ring
On beds of harebells 'neath the silver moon;
Stories and rhymes and songs of Wonder-land:
How Tammas Ercildoune in Elfland dwelt,
How Galloway's mermaid comb'd her golden hair,
How Tammas Thumb stuck in the spider's web,
And fought and fought, a needle for his sword,
Dyeing his weapon in the crimson blood
Of the foul traitor with the poison'd fangs!

And when we read the Holy Book, the child
Would think and think o'er parts he loved the best:—
The draught of fish, the Child that sat so wise
In the great Temple, Herod's cruel law
To slay the babes, or—oftenest of all—
The crucifixion of the Good Kind Man
Who loved the babes, and was a babe himself.
He speir'd of death; and were the sleepers *cold*
Down in the dark wet earth? and was it *God*
That put the grass and flowers in the kirk-yard?
What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above?
And was it full of *flowers?* and were there *schools*
And *dominies* there? and was it *far away?*
Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,
Clasping his wee white hands round Donald's neck,
"Do *doggies* gang to heaven?" he would ask;
"Would Donald gang?" and keek'd in Donald's face,
While Donald blink'd with meditative gaze,
As if he knew full brawly what we said,
And ponder'd o'er it, wiser far than we.
But how I answer'd, how explain'd, these themes,
I know not. Oft I could not speak at all.
Yet every question made me think of things
Forgotten, puzzled so, and when I strove
To reason puzzled me so much the more,
That, flinging logic to the winds, I went
Straight onward to the mark in Willie's way,
Took most for granted, laid down premises
Of faith, imagined, gave my wit the reins,
And often in the night, to my surprise,
Felt palpably an angel's glowing face
Glimmering down upon me, while mine eyes
Dimm'd their old orbs with tears that came unbid
To bear the glory of the light they saw!

So summer pass'd. Yon chestnut at the door
Scatter'd its burnish'd leaves and made a sound
Of wind among its branches. Every day
Came Willie, seldom going home again
Till near the sunset: wet or dry he came:
Oft in the rainy weather carrying
A big umbrella, under which he walk'd—
A little fairy in a parachute,
Blown hither, thither, at the wind's wild will.
Pleased was my heart to see his pallid cheeks
Were gathering rosy-posies, that his eyes
Were softer and less sad. Then, with a gust,
Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,
His white hair blowing in the wind.

The house
Where Willie's mother lives is scarce a mile
From yonder hallan, if you take a cut
Before you reach the village, crossing o'er
Green meadows till you reach the road again;

But he who thither goes along the road
Loses a reaper's mile. The summer long
Wee Willie came and went across the fields.
He loved the smell of flowers and grass, the sight
Of cows and sheep, the changing stalks of wheat,
And he was weak and small. When winter came,
Still caring not a straw for wind or rain,
Came Willie and the collie; till by night
Down fell the snow, and fell three nights and days,
Then ceased. The ground was white and ankle-deep;
The window of the school was threaded o'er
With flowers of hueless ice—Frost's unseen hands
Prick'd you from head to foot with tingling heat.
The shouting urchins, yonder on the green,
Play'd snowballs. In the school a cheery fire
Was kindled every day, and every day
When Willie came he had the warmest seat,
And every day old Donald, punctual, came
To join us, after labour, in the lowe.

Three days and nights the snow had mistily fall'n.
It lay long miles along the country-side,
White, awful, silent. In the keen cold air
There was a hush, a sleepless silentness,
And 'mid it all, upraising eyes, you felt
Frost's breath upon your face. And in your blood,
Though you were cold to touch, was flaming fire,
Such as within the bowels of the earth
Burnt at the bones of ice, and wreath'd them round
With grass ungrown.

One day in school I saw,
Through threaded window-panes, soft snowy flakes
Swim with unquiet motion, mistily, slowly,
At intervals; but when the boys were gone,
And in ran Donald with a dripping nose,
The air was clear and gray as glass. An hour
Sat Willie, Donald, and myself around
The murmuring fire; and then with tender hand
I wrapt a comforter round Willie's throat,
Button'd his coat around him close and warm,
And off he ran with Donald, happy-eyed
And merry, leaving fairy prints of feet
Behind him on the snow. I watch'd them fade
Round the white road, and, turning with a sigh,
Came in to sort the room and smoke a pipe
Before the fire. Here, dreamingly and alone,
I sat and smoked, and in the fire saw clear
The norland mountains, white and cold with snow,
That crumbled silently, and moved, and changed,—
When suddenly the air grew sick and dark,
And from the distance came a hollow sound,
A murmur like the moan of far-off seas.

I started to my feet, look'd out, and knew
The winter wind was whistling from the east
To lash the snow-clothed plain, and to myself
I prophesied a storm before the night.
Then with an icy pain, an eldritch gleam,
I thought of Willie; but I cheer'd my heart,
"He's home, and with his mother, long ere this!"
While thus I stood the hollow murmur grew
Deeper, the wold grew darker, and the snow
Rush'd downward, whirling in a shadowy mist.
I walk'd to yonder door and open'd it.
Whirr! the wind swung it from me with a clang,
And in upon me with an iron-like crash
Swoop'd in the drift. With pinch'd sharp face I gazed
Out on the storm! Dark, dark was all! A mist,
A blinding, whirling mist, of chilly snow,
The falling and the driven; for the wind
Swept round and round in spindrift on the earth,
And birm'd the deathly drift aloft with moans,
Till all was swooning darkness. Far above
A voice was shrieking, like a human cry.

I closed the door, and turn'd me to the fire,
With something on my heart—a load—a sense
Of an impending pain. Down the broad lum
Came melting flakes, that hiss'd upon the coal;
Under my eyelids blew the blinding smoke;
And for a time I sat like one bewitch'd,
Still as a stone. The lonely room grew dark,
The flickering fire threw phantoms of the fog
Along the floor and on the walls around;
The melancholy ticking of the clock
Was like the beating of my heart. But, hush!
Above the moaning of the wind I heard
A sudden scraping at the door . . . my heart
Stood still and listen'd . . . and with that there rose
An anguish'd howl, shrill as a dying screech,
And scrape-scrape-scrape, the sound beyond the door!
I could not think—I could not cry nor breathe—
A fierce foreboding gript me like a hand,
As opening the door I gazed straight out,
Saw nothing, till I felt against my knees
Something that moved, and heard a moaning sound—
Then, panting, moaning, o'er the threshold leapt
Donald, the dog, alone, and white with snow.

Down, Donald! down, old man! Sir, look at him!
I swear he knows the meaning of my words,
And tho' he cannot speak, his heart is full!
See now! see now! he puts his cold black nose
Into my palm and whines! he knows, he knows!
Would speak, and cannot, but he minds that night!

The terror of my heart seem'd choking me:
Wildly I stared in wonder at the dog,
Who gazed into my face and whined and moan'd,
Leap'd at the door, then touch'd me with his paws,
And lastly, gript my coat between his teeth,

And pull'd and pull'd—with stifled howls and
whines—
Till fairly madden'd, stupified with fear,
I let him drag me through the banging door
Out to the whirling storm. Bareheaded, wild,
The wind and snow-drift beating on my face,
Blowing me hither, thither, with the dog,
I dash'd along the road.... What follow'd, seem'd
An eerie, eerie dream!—a world of snow,
A sky of wind, a whirling howling mist
Which swam around with countless flashing eyes;
And Donald dragging, dragging, beaten, bruised,
Leading me on to something that I fear'd—
An awful something, and I knew not what!
On, on, and farther on, and still the snow
Whirling, the tempest moaning! Then I mind
Of stooping, groping in the shadowy light,
And Donald by me, burrowing with his nose
And whining. Next a darkness, blank and deep!
But *then* I mind of tearing through the storm,
Stumbling and tripping, blind and deaf and dumb,
But holding to my heart an icy load
I clutch'd with freezing fingers. Far away—
It seem'd long miles on miles away—I saw
A yellow light—unto that light I tore—
And last, remember opening a door
And falling, dazzled by a blinding gleam
Of human faces and a flaming fire,
And with a crash of voices in my ears
Fading away into a world of snow!

. . . When I awaken'd to myself, I lay
In mine own bed at home. I started up
As from an evil dream, and look'd around,
When to my side came one, a neighbour's wife,
Mother to two young lads I taught in school.
With hollow, hollow voice I question'd her,
And soon knew all: how a long night had pass'd
Since, with a lifeless laddie in my arms,
I stumbled, horror-stricken, swooning, wild,
Into a ploughman's cottage: at my side,
My coat between his teeth, a dog; and how
Senseless and cold I fell. Thence, when the storm
Had pass'd away, they bore me to my home.
I listen'd dumbly, catching at the sense;
But when the woman mention'd Willie's name,
And I was fear'd to phrase the thought that rose,
She *saw* the question in my tearless eyes
And told me—he was dead.

'Twould weary you
To tell the thoughts, the fancies, and the dreams
That weigh'd upon me, ere I rose in bed,
But little harm'd, and sent the wife away,
Rose, slowly drest, took up my staff and went
To Willie's mother's cottage. As I walk'd,
Though all the air was calm and cold and still,
The blowing wind and dazzled snow were yet
Around about. I was bewilder'd like!
Ere I had time to think, I found myself
Beside a truckle-bed, and at my side
A weeping woman. And I clench'd my hands,
And look'd on Willie, who had gone to sleep.

In death-gown white lay Willie fast asleep,
His blue eyes closed, his tiny fingers clench'd,
His lips apart a wee as if he breathed,
His yellow hair kaim'd back, and on his face
A smile—yet not a smile—a dim pale light
Such as the snow keeps in its own soft wings.
Ay, he had gone to sleep, and he was sound!
And by the bed lay Donald watching still,
And when I look'd he whined, but did not move.

I turn'd in silence, with my nails stuck deep
In my clench'd palms; but in my heart of hearts
I pray'd to God. In Willie's mother's face
There was a cold and silent bitterness—
I saw it plain, but saw it in a dream,
And cared not. So I went my way, as grim
As one who holds his breath to slay himself.
What follow'd that is vague as was the rest:
A winter day, a landscape hush'd in snow,
A weary wind, a horrid whiteness borne
On a man's shoulder, shapes in black, o'er all
The solemn clanging of an iron bell,
And lastly me and Donald standing both
Beside a tiny mound of fresh-heap'd earth,
And while around the snow began to fall
Mistily, softly, thro' the icy air,
Looking at one another, dumb and old.

And Willie's dead!—that's all I comprehend—
Ay, bonnie Willie Baird has gone before!
I begg'd old Donald hard—they gave him me—
And we have lived together in this house
Long years, with no companions. There's no need
Of speech between us. Here we dumbly bide,
But know each other's sorrow,—and we both
Feel weary. When the nights are long and cold,
And snow is falling as it falleth now,
And wintry winds are moaning, here I dream
Of Willie and the unfamiliar life
I left behind me on those norland hills!
"Do doggies gang to heaven?" Willie ask'd;
And ah! what Solomon of modern days
Can answer *that*? Yet here at nights I sit,
Reading the Book, with Donald at my side;
And stooping, with the Book upon my knee,
I sometimes gaze in Donald's patient eyes—
So sad, so human, though he cannot speak—
And think he knows that Willie is at peace,
Far far away beyond the norland hills,
Beyond the silence of the untrodden snow.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
Under the grass as I lay so deep,
As I lay asleep in my white death-serk
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,

I waken'd up in the dead of night,
I waken'd up in my shroud o' white,
And I heard a cry from far away,
And I knew the voice of my daughter May:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here:
My body is bruised, in pain I cry,
All night long on the straw I lie,
I thirst and hunger for drink and meat,
And mother, mother to sleep were sweet!"
I heard the cry, though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep.

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep!
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walk'd along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in.
I reach'd the chamber as dark as night,
And though it was dark my face was white:
"Mother, mother, I look on thee!
Mother, mother, you frighten me!
For your cheeks are thin and your hair is gray!"
But I smiled, and kiss'd her fears away;
I smooth'd her hair and I sang a song,
And on my knee I rock'd her long.
"O mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd her, but I could not weep,
And she went to sleep, she went to sleep.

As we lay asleep, as we lay asleep,
My May and I, in our grave so deep,
As we lay asleep in the midnight mirk,
Under the shade of Our Lady's Kirk,
I waken'd up in the dead of night,
Though May my daughter lay warm and white,
And I heard the cry of a little one,
And I knew 'twas the voice of Hugh my son:
"Mother, mother, come hither to me!
Mother, mother, come hither and see!
Mother, mother, mother dear,
Another mother is sitting here.
My body is bruised and my heart is sad,
But I speak my mind and call them bad;
I thirst and hunger night and day,
And were I strong I would fly away!"
I heard the cry though my grave was deep,
And awoke from sleep, and awoke from sleep!

I awoke from sleep, I awoke from sleep,
Up I rose from my grave so deep,
The earth was black, but overhead
The stars were yellow, the moon was red;
And I walk'd along all white and thin,
And lifted the latch and enter'd in.
"Mother, mother, and art thou here?
I know your face, and I feel no fear;
Raise me, mother, and kiss my cheek,
For oh, I am weary and sore and weak."
I smooth'd his hair with a mother's joy,
And he laugh'd aloud, my own brave boy;
I raised and held him on my breast,
Sang him a song, and bade him rest.
"Mother, mother, sing low to me—
I am sleepy now, and I cannot see!"
I kiss'd him, and I could not weep,
As he went to sleep, as he went to sleep.

As I lay asleep, as I lay asleep,
With my girl and boy in my grave so deep,
As I lay asleep, I awoke in fear,
Awoke, but awoke not my children dear,
And heard a cry so low and weak
From a tiny voice that could not speak;
I heard the cry of a little one,
My bairn that could neither talk nor run,
My little, little one, uncaress'd,
Starving for lack of the milk of the breast;
And I rose from sleep and enter'd in,
And found my little one pinch'd and thin,
And croon'd a song and hush'd its moan,
And put its lips to my white breast-bone;
And the red, red moon that lit the place
Went white to look at the little face,
And I kiss'd, and kiss'd, and I could not weep,
As it went to sleep, as it went to sleep.

As it lay asleep, as it lay asleep,
I set it down in the darkness deep,
Smooth'd its limbs and laid it out,
And drew the curtains round about;
Then into the dark, dark room I hied,
Where awake lay *he* at the woman's side;
And though the chamber was black as night,
He saw my face, for it was so white;
I gazed in his eyes, and he shriek'd in pain,
And I knew he would never sleep again,
And back to my grave went silently,
And soon my baby was brought to me;
My son and daughter beside me rest,
My little baby is on my breast;
Our bed is warm and our grave is deep,
But he cannot sleep, he cannot sleep!

THE BALLAD OF JUDAS ISCARIOT.[1]

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay in the Field of Blood;

[1] Equal in finish to anything written since "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and approaches that poem in weird impressiveness and power.—*Stedman.*

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night,
And black was the sky;
Black, black were the broken clouds,
Tho' the red moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Strangled and dead lay there;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Look'd on it in despair.

The breath of the world came and went
Like a sick man's in rest;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes
The dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did make a gentle moan—
"I will bury underneath the ground
My flesh and blood and bone.

"I will bury deep beneath the soil,
Lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come
The body will be gone!

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel,
And hard and cold, God wot;
And I must bear my body hence
Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
So grim, and gaunt, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot,
And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field
Its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw
Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot
Carried its load with pain,
The Eye of Heaven, like a lanthorn's eye,
Open'd and shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd
Lifted on the cold wind;
He did not turn, for chilly hands
Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto
It was the open wold,
And underneath were prickly whins,
And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto
It was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in
It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back,
And it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto
Was a cross upon a hill.

A cross upon the windy hill,
And a cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swing thereon,
Who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross bar sat
A white dove slumbering;
Dim it sat in the dim light,
With its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross
A grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot
Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto
It was the Brig of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down
Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in
For fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water
To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Turned from the Brig of Dread,
And the dreadful foam of the wild water
Had splashed the body red.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Upon an open plain,
And the days went by like blinding mist,
And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on,
All thro' the Wood of Woe;
And the nights went by like moaning wind,
And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Came with a weary face—
Alone, alone, and all alone,
Alone in a lonely place!

He wandered east, he wandered west,
And heard no human sound;
For months and years, in grief and tears,
He wandered round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears,
He walked the silent night;
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot
Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste,
As dim as dim might be,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam
On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Crawl'd to the distant gleam;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown
Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on,
Push'd on by hands behind;
And the days went by like black, black rain,
And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot,
Strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night
Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow,
And his footmarks black and damp,
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose,
Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves,
And the walls were deep with white,
And the shadows of the guests within
Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests
Did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot
Lay stretched along the snow;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down,
He ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen pole
Glideth the lean white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head,
And the lights burnt bright and clear—
"Oh, who is that," the Bridegroom said,
"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered soft and slow,
"It is a wolf runs up and down
With a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white
Sat at the table-head—
"Oh, who is that who moans without?"
The blessèd Bridegroom said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall,
And answered fierce and low,
"'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot
Gliding to and fro."

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Did hush itself and stand,
And saw the Bridegroom at the door
With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he was clad in white,
And far within the Lord's Supper
Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd,
And his face was bright to see—
"What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper
With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stood black, and sad, and bare—
"I have wandered many nights and days;
There is no light elsewhere."

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within,
And their eyes were fierce and bright—
"Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot
Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bare it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMLIEMOOR.

COVENANT PERIOD.

Bar the door! put out the light, for it gleams across the night,
And guides the bloody motion of their feet;
Hush the bairn upon thy breast, lest it guide them in their quest,
And with water quench the blazing of the peat.
Now, wife, sit still and hark!—hold my hand amid the dark;
O Jeanie, we are scattered—o'en as sleet!

It was down on Drumliemoor, where it slopes upon the shore,
And looks upon the breaking of the bay,
In the kirkyard of the dead, where the heather is thrice red
With the blood of those asleep beneath the clay;
And the Howiesons were there, and the people of Glen Ayr,
And we gathered in the gloom o' night—to pray.

How! Sit at home in fear, when God's voice was in mine ear,
When the priests of Baal were slaughtering his sheep?
Nay! there I took my stand, with my reap-hook in my hand,
For bloody was the sheaf that I might reap;
And the Lord was in his skies, with a thousand dreadful eyes,
And his breathing made a trouble on the deep.

Each mortal of the band brought his weapon in his hand,
Though the chopper or the spit was all he bare;
And not a man but knew the work he had to do,
If the fiend should fall upon us unaware.
And our looks were ghastly white, but it was not with affright,—
The Lord our God was present to our prayer.

Oh, solemn, sad, and slow, rose the stern voice of Monroe,
And he curst the curse of Babylon the whore;
We could not see his face, but a gleam was in its place,
Like the phosphor of the foam upon the shore;
And the eyes of all were dim, as they fixed themselves on him,
And the sea filled up the pauses with its roar.

But when, with accents calm, Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,
The sweetness of God's voice upon his tongue,
With one voice we praised the Lord of the fire and of the sword,
And louder than the winter wind it rung:
And across the stars on high went the smoke of tempest by,
And a vapour roll'd around us as we sung.

'Twas terrible to hear our cry rise deep and clear,
Though we could not see the criers of the cry,
But we sang and gript our brands, and touched each other's hands,
While a thin sleet smote our faces from the sky;
And, sudden, strange, and low, hissed the voice of Kilmahoe,
"Grip your weapons! Wait in silence! They are nigh!"

And hark'ning, with clench'd teeth, we could hear, across the heath,
The tramping of the horses as they flew,
And no man breathed a breath, but all were still as death,
And close together shivering we drew;
And deeper round us fell all the eyeless gloom of hell,
And the fiend was in among us ere we knew!

Then our battle shriek arose, and the cursing of our foes—
No face of friend or foeman could we mark;
But I struck and kept my stand (trusting God to guide my hand),
And struck, and struck, and heard the hell-hounds bark;
And I fell beneath a horse, but I reached with all my force,
And ript him with my reap-hook through the dark.

As we struggled, knowing not whose hand was at our throat,
Whose blood was spouting warm into our eyes,
We felt the thick snow-drift swoop upon us from the lift,
And murmur in the pauses of our cries;
But, lo! before we wist, rose the curtain of the mist,
And the pale moon shed her sorrow from the skies.

O God! it was a sight that made the hair turn white,
That wither'd up the heart's blood into woe,
To see the faces loom in the dimly lighted gloom,
And the butcher'd lying bloodily below;
While melting, with no sound, fell so peacefully around
The whiteness and the wonder of the snow!

Ay, and thicker, thicker, poured the pale silence
of the Lord,
From the hollow of his hand we saw it shed,
And it gather'd round us there, till we groan'd
and gasped for air,
And beneath was ankle deep and stained red;
And soon, whatever wight was smitten down in
fight
Was *buried* in the drift ere he was dead.

Then we beheld at length the troopers in their
strength,
For faster, faster, faster up they streamed,
And their pistols flashing bright showed their
faces ashen white,
And their blue steel caught the driving moon,
and gleamed.
But a dying voice cried, "Fly!" and behold, e'en
at the cry,
A panic fell upon us and we screamed!

Oh, shrill and awful rose, 'mid the splashing
blood and blows,
Our scream unto the Lord that let us die;
And the fiend amid us roared his defiance at the
Lord,
And his servants slew the strong man 'mid his
cry;
And the Lord kept still in heaven, and the only
answer given
Was the white snow falling, falling from the sky.

Then we fled! the darkness grew! 'mid the driving
cold we flew,
Each alone, yea, each for those whom he held
dear;
And I heard upon the wind the thud of hoofs
behind,
And the scream of those who perish'd in their
fear,
But I knew by heart each path through the dark-
ness of the strath,
And I hid myself all day,—and I am here.

Ah! gathered in one fold be the holy men and bold,
And beside them the accursed and the proud;
The Howiesons are there, and the Wylies of
Glen Ayr,
Kirkpatrick, and Macdonald, and Macleod.
And while the widow groans, lo! God's hand
around their bones
His thin ice windeth whitely, as a shroud.

On mountain and in vale our women will look pale,
And palest where the ocean surges boom:
Buried 'neath snow-drift white, with no holy
prayer or rite,
Lie the loved ones they look for in the gloom;
And deeper, deeper still, spreads the snow on
vale and hill,
And deeper and yet deeper is their tomb!

THE STARLING.

The little lame tailor
Sat stitching and snarling—
Who in the world
Was the tailor's darling?
To none of mankind
Was he well inclined,
But he doted on Jack the starling.

For the bird had a tongue,
And of words good store,
And his cage was hung
Just over the door;
And he saw the people,
And heard the roar,—
Folk coming and going
Evermore,—
And he look'd at the tailor—
And swore.

From a country lad
The tailor bought him,—
His training was bad,
For tramps had taught him;
On alehouse benches
His cage had been,
While louts and wenches
Made jests obscene,—
But he learn'd, no doubt,
His oaths from fellows
Who travel about
With kettle and bellows;
And three or four
[The roundest by far
That ever he swore!]
Were taught by a tar.
And the tailor heard—
"We'll be friends!" thought he;
"You're a clever bird,
And our tastes agree.
We both are old
And esteem life base,
The whole world cold,
Things out of place;
And we're lonely too,
And full of care—
So what can we do
But swear?

"The devil take you,
How you mutter!
Yet there's much to make you
Fluster and flutter.
You want the fresh air
And the sunlight, lad,
And your prison there
Feels dreary and sad;

And here *I* frown
  In a prison as dreary,
Hating the town,
  And feeling weary:
We're too confined, Jack,
  And we want to fly,
And you blame mankind, Jack,
  And so do I!
And then, again,
  By chance as it were,
We learn'd from men
  How to grumble and swear;
You let your throat
  By the scamps be guided,
And swore by rote—
  All just as I did!
And without beseeching,
  Relief is brought us—
For we turn the teaching
  On those who taught us!"

A haggard and ruffled
  Old fellow was Jack,
With a grim face muffled
  In ragged black,
And his coat was rusty
  And never neat,
And his wings were dusty
  With grime of the street,
And he sidelong peer'd,
  With eyes of soot,
And scowl'd and sneer'd,—
  And was lame of a foot!
And he long'd to go
  From whence he came;—
And the tailor, you know,
  Was just the same.

All kinds of weather
  They felt confined,
And swore together
  At all mankind;
For their mirth was done,
  And they felt like brothers,
And the railing of one
  Meant no more than the other's.

'Twas just the way
  They had learn'd, you see,—
Each wanted to say
  Only *this*—"Woe's me!
I'm a poor old fellow,
  And I'm prison'd so,
While the sun shines mellow,
And the corn waves yellow,
  And the fresh winds blow,—
And the folk don't care
  If I live or die,
But I long for air
  And I wish to fly!"
Yet unable to utter it,
  And too wild to bear,
They could only mutter it,
  And swear.

Many a year
  They dwelt in the city,
In their prisons drear,
  And none felt pity,—
Nay, few were sparing
  Of censure and coldness,
To hear them swearing
  With such plain boldness.
But at last, by the Lord,
  Their noise was stopt,—
For down on his board
  The tailor dropt,
And they found him, dead,
  And done with snarling,
Yet over his head
  Still grumbled the starling.
But when an old Jew
  Claim'd the goods of the tailor,
And with eye askew
  Eyed the feathery railer,
And with a frown
  At the dirt and rust,
Took the old cage down,
  In a shower of dust,—
Jack, with heart aching,
  Felt life past bearing,
And shivering, quaking,
All hope forsaking,
  Died, swearing.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, one of our youngest and most promising Scottish poets, was born at Kirkconnel, a small village in Dumfriesshire, April 30, 1845. When a child his parents removed to the village of Crocketford in Galloway, at the school of which place their son received the rudiments of his education. He was not in any way remarkable for scholarship, but

enjoyed some fame amongst his school-fellows for being a good sketcher and colourist. By and by the youthful artist turned from colours to word-painting, and began to indulge in doggerel rhymes, turning every sentence that he deemed worth recording into verse. In this way he composed a number of satires, epistles, and other poems, which, however, on reaching manhood he committed to the flames.

In 1863 he returned to his native village, and for some years abandoned his poetical pursuits, devoting his leisure time to reading and mental improvement. But the death of an elder brother again opened the poetic spring in his heart; he produced the piece "To One in Eternity," and from this time his career as a poet began. In 1870 his poem on John Keats appeared in the *People's Friend*, and after this he became a regular and highly appreciated contributor to the columns of that journal. In 1873 he was encouraged to publish his *Song of Labour and other Poems*, which met an instant and most generous reception from both the press and the public. Two years later appeared his second volume, *The Two Angels and other Poems*, which contains a number of sweet Scottish songs, some pieces rich in imagination, and a remarkable series of sonnets entitled "In Rome," exhibiting proofs of great genius.

Mr. Anderson is employed in the humble calling of a surfaceman on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and still contentedly continues to reside with his parents in his native village—a pure and simple-minded man. To his love of poetry is added a taste for the study of languages, and by his own application he has mastered the difficulties of French, German, and Italian, and can now, he says, "in my own way appreciate in their own tongue the mighty voices of Goethe, Schiller, and Dante." With his favourite books to amuse him in the evenings, and the social intercourse of friends, who drop in now and then to have a quiet chat, he asks, "What more can I wish for? I have the great rush and whirl of the world going past me in trains through the day when at my work, and at night the cool healthy calm of my native village."

The *Athenæum* says of Mr. Anderson's poems, "They show a remarkable power in the author of assimilating what he reads, and of expressing his own thoughts with vigour and poetical taste;" and another critic remarks, "There is a ring of true poetry in the book, and it may be a subject of pride to sixteen thousand platelayers engaged on the railways of the United Kingdom to have such a poet in their ranks."

BLOOD ON THE WHEEL.

"Bless her dear little heart!" said my mate, and he pointed out to me,
Fifty yards to the right, in the darkness, a light burning steady and clear.
"That's her signal in answer to me, when I whistle, to let me see
She is at her place by the window the time I am passing here."

I turn'd to look at the light, and I saw the tear on his cheek—
He was tender of heart, and I knew that his love was lasting and strong—
But he dash'd it off with his hand, and I did not think fit to speak,
But look'd right ahead through the dark, as we clank'd and thunder'd along.

They had been at the school, the two, and had run, like a single life,
Through the mazes of childhood, up to the sweeter and firmer prime,
And often he told me, smiling, he had promised to make her his wife,
In the rambles they had for nuts in the woods in the golden autumn time.

"I must make," he would add, "that promise good in the course of a month or two;
And then when I have her safe and sound in a nook of the busy town,
No use of us whistling then, Joe, lad, as now we incline to do,
For a wave of her hand or an answering light as we thunder up and down."

Well, the marriage was settled at last, and I was to stand by his side,
Take a part in the happy rite, and pull from his hand the glove;

And still as we joked between ourselves, he would
say, in his manly pride,
That the very ring of the engine-wheels had
something in them of love.

At length we had just one run to make before
the bridal took place,
And it happen'd to be in the night, yet merry
in heart we went on;
But long ere he came to the house, he was turn-
ing each moment his face
To catch the light by the window, placed as a
beacon for him alone.

"Now then, Joe," he said, with his hand on my
arm, "keep a steady look-out ahead
While I whistle for the last time;" and he
whistled sharply and clear;
But no light rose up at the sound; and he look'd
with something like dread
On the whitewash'd walls of the cot, through
the gloom looking dull, and misty, and drear.

But lo! as he turn'd to whistle again, there rose
on the night a scream,
And I rush'd to the side in time to catch the
flutter of something white;
Then a hitch through the engine ran like a thrill,
and in haste he shut off the steam,
While we stood looking over at each with our
hearts beating wild with affright.

The station was half a mile ahead, but an age
seem'd to pass away
Ere we came to a stand, and my mate, as a
drunken man will reel,
Rush'd on to the front with his lamp, but to bend
and come back and say,
In a whisper faint with its terror—"Joe, come
and look at this blood on the wheel."

Great heaven! a thought went through my heart
like the sudden stab of a knife,
While the same dread thought seem'd to settle
on him and palsy his heart and mind,
For he went up the line with the haste of one who
is rushing to save a life,
And with the dread shadow of what was to be
I follow'd closely behind.

What came next is indistinct, like the mist on
the mountain side—
Gleam of lights and awe-struck faces, but one
thing can never grow dim:
My mate, kneeling down in his grief like a child
by the side of his mangled bride,
Kill'd, with the letter still in her hand she had
wished to send to him.

Some little token was in it, perhaps to tell of her
love and her truth,
Some little love-errand to do ere the happy
bridal drew nigh;
So in haste she had taken the line, but to meet,
in the flush of her fair sweet youth,
The terrible death that could only be seen with
a horror in heart and eye.

Speak not of human sorrow—it cannot be spoken
in words;
Let us veil it as God veil'd His at the sight of
His Son on the cross.
For who can reach to the height or the depth of
those infinite yearning chords
Whose tones reach the very centre of heaven
when swept by the fingers of loss?

She sleeps by the little ivied church in which she
had bow'd to pray—
Another grave close by the side of hers, for he
died of a broken heart,
Wither'd and shrunk from that awful night like
the autumn leaves in decay,
And the two were together that death at first
had shaken so roughly apart.

But still, when I drive through the dark, and that
night comes back to my mind,
I can hear the shriek take the air, and beneath
me fancy I feel
The engine shake and hitch on the rail, while a
hollow voice from behind
Cries out, till I leap on the foot-plate, "Joe,
come and look at this blood on the wheel!"

AGNES DIED.

(EXTRACT.)

But let me try to paint that one sweet day
We spent within the woods, before her strength
Grew a soft traitor, and confined her steps
To the hush'd precincts of her sacred room.

The sun was bright that day, and all the sky
Glimmer'd like magic with its sunniest light,
As if it knew that I, in later times,
Would look back on that fading light, and sigh,
And sadden at that splendour sunk in death.
We took our way along a path which kept
Our footsteps by a lake, wherein was seen
A little island dripping to the edge
With golden lilies, double in their bloom;
When some, more amorous than the rest, leant
o'er
And nodded to their shadows seen below.
The coot came forth at times to show the speck
Of white upon his wings, then swept away
Behind the twisted roots. The silent heron,
Amid the tiny pillars of the reed,

Kept eager watch, nor stirr'd upon his post,
But stood a feather'd patience waiting prey;
While in the woods the birds, as if ashamed
Of all their silence through the night, made up
The want by one great gush of varied song,
Flooding all things, until the very leaves
Flutter'd to find a voice to vent their joy.
We heard the piping of the amorous thrush—
The bird that sings with all his soul in heaven—
The mellow blackbird, and the pert redbreast,
Whose song was bolder than his own bright eye;
While fainter notes of lesser choristers
Came in like semitones to swell the whole;
While over all, to crown this one great song,
The lark—the gray Apollo of his race,
The feather'd Pan, the spirit clad in song—
High up, and in the very sight of heaven,
Pour'd downward with the brightness of the smiles
Of angels all his spirit, leaving doubts
Whether his song belong'd to God or us.
And there we sat within the woods, and saw
The lake between the trees, and now and then
The gentle shadow of a cloud above
Passing along its bosom, as a thought
Across the calmness of a poet's brow.
And all around the lilies grew, and on
The bank beside us, rearing its sweet head,
The azure fairy of the woodland grass,
That has a spot of heaven for its eye,
The violet nestled, while, close by its side,
The primrose, yellow star of earth's green sky,
Peep'd up in bold surprise, and, further on,
An orchis, like the fiery orb of Mars,
Rose up with purple mouth agape to catch
All murmurs and all scents that came its way.

So in this paradise we sat, until
We broke the silence with soft speech, to fit
The purer thought which, at the golden touch
Of the pure things beside us, grew within,
Blowing to instant blossom. Then our talk
Took simple bounds, and, with a fond delight,
We touch'd on all the heart will think, when youth
Ranges throughout its chambers; like to one
Who dares the sanctity of some fair room,
And finds in every corner fresh delight.
But I was bound by one great spell which she
Knew nothing of. I could not speak my love,
Nor could she see it, though in that sweet guise
In which we hide it only to be seen.

And so the converse sped—now quick at times,
Now slow, and then an interval in which
We went through all the paths of spoken thought,
Making the pleasure double by retouching
In silence the past interchange of words.
We felt the welcome of the summer day,
We heard its music rising everywhere;
Yet strange that all our thoughts should slip away
And strike a chord that beat not unison
With all this joy; for from our dreams and smiles
We shrunk, and, with a shadow in our eyes,
We struck upon the cypress'd edge of death.
Then solemn grew our converse, and she spoke
In low sweet whispers, which to me were spells
Of deeper quiet, as she strove to make
A land wherein a great world moves like ours
Distinct and clear to all the grosser eye;
And simple as herself she painted heaven.
She knew not, as she spoke, how all my heart
Follow'd her words, and hung upon their tones
Helpless, and with no wish to change the task,
But catch the eloquence of what she spoke,
For truth lives nowhere but in simple words.

I hear her voice again this very hour
Clear and distinct, as if the death it wore
Made it the clearer, even as two friends,
Apart from each, but with a lake between,
Will keep up converse, losing not a word,
Because the faithful waters lie between.

THE LOST EDEN FOUND AGAIN.

The angels look'd up into God's own eyes,
As he shut the gateways of Paradise;

For they heard coming up from the earth below
A wail as of mortals in deepest woe;

And bending their far keen vision down,
Saw two on the earth from whom hope had flown.

Then the foremost one of the angels said,
Drooping his wings and bowing his head—

"Here, Father, are two in Thy shape and ours
Who have lost the light of their bridal bowers,

And wander, blind in their tears, and tost
With the thoughts of their Eden for ever lost."

Then God said, turning His face on him—
"Look once again, for thine eyes are dim."

Then the angel look'd, and, lo! he could see
A smiling babe on the woman's knee.

While the man bent down, and within his eyes
Was the light of his former Paradise.

Then the angel whisper'd—"My fears were vain,
For man has found his lost Eden again."

A' HIS LANE.

Pit his back against a chair,
Let us see if he can gang,
But be ready wi' your han'
If he sways or ocht gaes wrang;

Mammy wadna like to see
  Ony ill come to her wean;
There noo, leave him to himsel',
  Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

What a thrawin' o' his mou',
  What a rowin' o' his een,
Then a steady look at me,
  An' the space that lies between;
Noo, ae fittie's oot a bit,
  Look at him, he's unco fain,
Straicht himsel' up like a man,
  Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

There, he's left the chair at last,
  Lauchin' in his merry glee—
Haudin' oot a wee plump han',
  As if to say, "Tak' haud o' me."
Juist anither step, an' then—
  Gudesake, what a thraw he's ta'en!
There, he's fairly ow'r at last—
  Coupit when he's left his lane.

Did he hurt his curly heid?
  Let his mammy clap the place,
Pay the stool, an' kiss his croon
  Till the tears are aff his face.
There noo; lean him to the chair—
  Let us try the bairn again—
Half-a-dozen fa's are nocht,
  If he learns to gang his lane.

Steady this time wi' his feet—
  Dinna keep his legs sae wide.
See, I hae my han' to kep
  If he sways to ony side.
Mercy! what a solemn face
  Lookin' up to meet my ain;
There, he's in my lap at last;
  Here's a bairn can gang his lane.

Mither life has unco wark,
  Settin' up her weans to gang;
Some pit oot ae fit, then stop,
  Ithers step oot an' fa' wrang;
Very few can keep their feet
  As they stot o'er clod or stane;
Angels greet abune to see
  Hoo we fa' when left oor lane.

KEATS AND DAVID GRAY.

(FROM IN ROME.)

And wilt thou go away from Rome, nor see
  The resting-place of Keats, from whom thy soul
  Took early draughts of worship and control—
Poet thyself, and from beyond the sea?
I turn'd, and stood beside his grassy grave,
  Almost within the shadow of the wall
  Honorian; and as kindred spirits call
Each unto each, my own rose up to crave
A moment's sweet renewal by the dust
  Of that high interchange in vanish'd time,
  When my young soul was reeling with his prime;
But now my manhood lay across that trust.
  Ah! had I stood here in my early years,
  This simple headstone had been wet with tears.

I go, for wider is the space that lies
  Between the sleeper in this grave and me;
  I look back on my golden youth, but he
Cannot look backward with less passion'd eyes.
There is no change in him; the fading glory
  Of mighty Rome's long triumph is around,
  But cannot come anear or pierce the bound
Of this our laurell'd sleeper, whose pale story
Takes fresher lustre with the years that fly.
  But Roman dust upon an English heart
  Is naught, yet this is Keats's, and a part
Of England's spirit. With a weary sigh
  I turned from sacred ground, and all the way
  Two spirits were with me—Keats and David Gray.

MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Another name has been added to the bead-roll of royal and noble poets by the publication of *Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera*,[1] written by the Marquis of Lorne. The marquis is not the first of his ancient family who has given evidence of the possession of poetic gifts. It will be within the remembrance of many of our readers that the first Marquis of Argyll, the night previous to his execution, composed some singularly tender and touching verses, well worthy of preservation, like those of his

[1] Macmillan & Co., London, 1875.

illustrious adversary the Marquis of Montrose, written under similar circumstances.[1]

JOHN DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, called by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, eldest son of the Duke of Argyll, was born at Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland, August 6, 1845. He received his education at Eton and at the University of St. Andrews, and in 1867 published a volume entitled *A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America.* He was elected M.P. for Argyleshire in the Liberal interest in February, 1868, and in December of the same year he became private secretary to the Duke of Argyll at the India Office. He was re-elected to parliament in 1869, and again in 1874, and the year following was appointed a privy-councillor. He is Lieutenant-colonel of the Argyll and Bute Artillery Administrative Brigade, to which he was appointed in 1867. In 1875 he declined to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Lord Rector's chair of Aberdeen University. An important event in the career of the marquis was his marriage with the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of Queen Victoria, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, March 21, 1871. The same year the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birthday was celebrated with great rejoicing at Inverary Castle, which for eight hundred years has been the residence of the Mac Calan More.

The story of "Guido and Lita" is taken from an incident in one of the Saracen raids on the coast of the Riviera during the tenth century, and is told in some thousand lines of singularly sweet and melodious verse, showing that the marquis possesses not only literary taste but a more than ordinary poetic vein. The love-story concludes with the happy marriage, after many hair-breadth escapes, of Guido and Lita:—

"The time has come that where red battle burned
Fair Peace again with blessings has returned,
And mailed processions, banished from the field,
To white-robed trains the festive town must yield.
See, to the sound of music and of song
A stately pageant slowly moves along.
Before the church's doors the crowds divide;
Hail the sweet pomp that guards the maiden bride!
Hail the young lord, who comes this day to claim
A prize, the guerdon of a glorious name!
They kneel before the altar hand in hand,
While thronged around Provence's warriors stand.
Hush, for the sacred rites, the solemn vow,
That crowns with faith young love's impetuous brow.
The prayer is said—then, as the anthem swells,
A peal rings out of happy marriage bells,
Grief pales and dies 'neath love's ascending sun,
For knight and maid have blent their lives in one."

GUIDO AND LITA.

(EXTRACT.[2])

Hail, Riviera! hail, the mountain range
That guards from northern winds, and seasons' change,
Yon southern spurs, descending fast to be
The sunlit capes along the tideless sea;
Whose waters, azure as the sky above,
Reflect the glories of the scene they love!

Here every slope, and intervening dale,
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing gale,
From the thick woods, where dark caroubas twine
Their massive verdure with the hardier pine,
And 'mid the rocks, or hid in hollowed cave,
The fern and iris in profusion wave;
From countless terraces, where olives rise,
Unchilled by autumn's blast and wintry skies,
And round the stems, within the dusky shade,
The red anemones their home have made;
From gardens, where its breath for ever blows
Through myrtle thickets, and their wreaths of rose.

Like the proud lords who oft, with clash of mail,
Would daunt the commerce that the trader's sail
Had sought to bring, enriching and to bless,
The lands they plagued with conflict and distress,
Till none but robber chiefs and galley slaves
Ruled the fair shores or rode the tranquil waves,—

[1] See vol. i. page 85.—ED.

[2] "Lord Lorne may be congratulated on a metrical romance not unworthy of the country and associations which suggested it" (*Times*). "The story of 'Guido and Lita' stands in need of no distinguished name to recommend it, and it will assuredly be popular among poetical readers" (*Daily News*). The *Pall Mall Gazette* finds the verse singularly melodious, and says "the most striking thing about the whole composition is the almost perfect melody to which the commonest and most threadbare phrase is attuned." Still, there is "much matter of a far nobler quality," and the conclusion is that, on the whole, "the poem is a creditable one."—ED.

So stand their forts upon the hills; with towers
Still frowning, sullen at the genial showers,
That, brought on white-winged clouds, have come to dower
The arid soil with recreative power.

No warrior's tread is echoed by their halls,
No warder's challenge on the silence falls.
Around, the thrifty peasants ply their toil
And pluck in orange groves the scented spoil
From trees, that have for purple mountains made
A vestment bright of green, and gold inlaid.
The women, baskets poised above their brows,
In long array beneath the citron boughs
Drive on the loaded mules with sound of bells,
That, in the distance, of their presence tells,
To springs that, hid from the pursuing day,
Love only night; who, loving them, doth stay
In the deep waters, moss and reed o'ergrown,—
Or cold in caverns of the chilly stone,—
Sought of the steep-built towns, whose white walls gleam
High 'midst the woods, or close by ocean's stream.

Like flowering aloes, the fair belfries soar
O'er houses clustered on the sandy shore;
From ancient battlements the eye surveys
A hundred lofty peaks and curving bays,
From where, at morn and eve, the sun may paint
The cliffs of Corsica with colours faint;
To where the fleets of haughty Genoa plied
The trade that humbled the Venetian's pride,
And the blue wastes, where roamed the men who came
To leaguer tower and town with sword and flame.
For by that shore, the scene of soft repose
When happy Peace her benison bestows,
Have storms, more dire than nature's, lashed the coasts,
When met the tides of fierce contending hosts;
From the far days when first Liguria's hordes
Stemmed for a while the rush of Roman swords,
Only to mark how, on their native hill,
Turbia's trophy stamped the tyrant's will;
To those bright hours that saw the Moslem reel
Back from the conflict with the Christian steel.

These last were times when, emulous for creed,
And for his soul to battle and to bleed,
The warrior had no need of pilgrim's vow,
At eastern shrines, to lay the Paynim low;
For through the west, the Saracen had spread
The night that followed where his standards led.

Not with the pomp or art Granada saw
Reign in her lands, beneath the Prophet's law,
Did the rude pirates here assert their sway:—
No gilded talons seized the quivering prey;
Savage the hand, and pitiless the blow,
That wrought the swift and oft-recurring woe.
No boon, no mercy, could the captive ask;
If spared to live, his doom the deadly task
To strain—a slave—each muscle at the oar
That brought the rover to the kinsman's door,
Or bore him, safe from the pursuit, away,
The plunder stored, to Algiers' hated bay.

With the dread terror that their raids instilled
Sank every hope, by which the heart is filled,
Among the poor to labour and to hoard;
And e'en the merchant, for his gains adored,
Dared not to venture, or to gather more,
Where danger's form seemed darkening all before.
Only in narrow streets, where guarded wall,
And high-raised watch-tower gave the signal call
When foes were near, to gather in defence,
Did the scared people wake from impotence:—
And yet, neglecting what could give them power,
In jealous feuds they spent the prosperous hour;
While only adding to their grief's great load,
Each baron kept within his strong abode.
Careless of wars that yielded little prize,
They let the havoc spread beneath their eyes;
Content, if driven from their own estate,
The baffled spoiler sought another's gate.
Thus, through disunion, and their selfish greed,
The Moor, unharmed performed his venturous deed.
These Alps, the fastnesses of high Savoy,
Became his home; these fertile plains his joy.

E'en now the sounds of his barbaric speech
In many a word, his lingering influence teach;
For men will copy, 'neath a yoke abhorred,
All, save the art to wield the conqueror's sword!

Whence then the strategy, or force, or guile,
That bade foul Fortune turn at length, and smile
Upon a region like a very heaven,
But vexed by man with hatred's cankering leaven?
See, where the mountain stretches forth a limb,
Down to the full sea's palpitating brim,
Dividing by that brawny arm the plain,
Just where a river swiftly seeks the main;
Upon the topmost ridge of its clenched hand
Appears a castle, strongest in the land.
From the hard rock the grisly ramparts rise,
Their front illumined by the morning skies:
And, sweeping from their broadening base away
The line of wall, the burgher's hope and stay,
Encircles with low towers the stony mass
Where, densely packed, the dwellings heap the pass;
And girdling still the fast-descending steep,
Crests the last ridge that overhangs the deep.

Beneath the cliff the fishing vessels float
With long-winged sails o'erarching every boat,
But where the river's mouth has made a port,
Guarded to seaward by yon square-built fort,
And near the rocks without the harbour bar,
Rise taller masts, with many a stronger spar.
On the broad decks that bear them may be heard
From time to time the sharp commanding word;

But oftener far the sounds that meet the ear
Are the rough songs that tell the soldier's cheer,
The laughter loud and long, the shouted jest,
The tireless clamour of his time of rest,
When danger draws not nigh, with finger cold
Enforcing silence on her followers bold.

Yet these are men who, if there come affront,
Seem ready now to bear her sternest brunt:
For some are polishing their arms, that shine
In fitful flashes o'er the sparkling brine;
And some have landed, and in order move
Past the dark belts of yonder ilex grove;
Or, stationed singly, drill and fence with care,
And hew with sword and axe the glancing air.

Now, on the road that leads from out the town,
Appear two knights, who slowly wend them down,
Till reached the ground, where still the men-at-arms
Repeat their mimicry of war's alarms.
But when among them wave the chief's gay plumes,
Each, in the ordered line, his place assumes;
And waits with steadied gaze and lowered brand,
Till every weapon in each rank is scanned.

The elder knight, whose fierce and haughty mien
In his firm stride, and on his brow was seen,
Was grizzled, swarthy, and his forehead worn
By scars of fight and time, not lightly borne;
For the dimmed eye that gazed, deep sunk, beneath,
Showed that the spirit's blade had worn its sheath;
And that full soon the years must have an end
In which, on friend or foe, that glance should bend.
The younger man, who followed at his side,
Bore the same impress of a lofty pride.
But all his bearing lacked the rigid mould
That in the elder of tough metal told;
Thus as the sire, with patient care, surveys
How every movement practised skill displays;
The son would saunter heedlessly along,
His lips just murmuring as they shaped a song.
His large gray eye was restless as the thought
That fixed no purpose in the mind it sought.
One jewelled hand was on his dagger laid,
With pointed beard the other often played,
Or swept from neck and shoulder curls that, flung
In studied negligence, upon them hung.
Yet though he seemed irresolute and weak,
A flush of pride would rise upon his cheek,
When his sire chid him, "as a stripling vain,—
Almost unworthy of this gallant train,"
And told him, if he cared not for such state,
To "go, play ball within the castle gate!"
Then backward falling for a little space,
A pain was pictured on his handsome face:
The dark brows met, the shapely lips were pressed,
The nostril curved, as if for breath distressed.
But, as a glistening wave that quickly flies
From the cloud-shadow where its brightness dies,
To travel, laughing, onward as before,
With not a sign of any change it bore;
Did the light temper of the comely knight
Forget in joyousness the father's slight;
And smiling, answered, "Nay, my lord, you ne'er
Let me see use, in all this pageant fair;
For, save upon the field of their parade,
These gallant soldiers never bare a blade."
"Enough," the father answered, "that they keep
Our home from outward harm or treason deep,
And that you only hear, and have not seen,
Aught of what they in other days have been,
Before I made the town and yonder rock
Proof to the miseries you would lightly mock."

Thus speaking, with a few of their armed band
The two passed slowly to the yellow sand,
Listening the while to wants of those who came
To offer homage, or prefer a claim.
When free, as onward on their path they went,
The elder told how all his days were spent
"Throughout his youth, and e'en to manhood's prime,
In broils, the passion of his troubled time;
How at the last, through many a year of toil,
Through the dread discord sown upon the soil,
He reaped the profit of his stubborn will,
And gathered power; until he won his fill
Of all for which a man of spirit strives;—
Riches and strength to save or take men's lives.
'Twas true, all this might yet be still increased;
But age had come, and his ambition ceased.
He would not care himself to waste more blood
By hunting those who ne'er against him stood.
They said the Saracen should be destroyed;
Then let them do it. If they died, he joyed.
Yet for himself he would not aid, for they
Had never dared to meet him in affray.
They knew the length of his good arm too well.
No, for his part, he felt no shame to tell,
His work had only been with those who dwell
Around and near him, thus his son had gained
Such place and power as none before attained.
He could not tell him how to use it, when
New times must change so much both things and men.
One maxim only he must bear in mind,'
Aye to the followers of his house be kind,
For if the tree would stretch its branches round,
The roots must clasp and win the nearest ground."

The other, as such speech continuous flowed,
But little interest in his bearing showed.
His gentle nurture had not made him feel
Either the fear or love of brandished steel;
And he but lazily would dream of deeds
Such as, with other youths, rapt fancy feeds,
Until the thought to glorious action leads.
Thus little had he cared for aught beside

The early objects of a boyish pride:
His sports, his horse, his dog; and now full-grown,
Less worthy loves seemed in his nature sown,
And less a man than when he was a boy,
A trivial foppery became his joy:
His velvet stuffs, the fashion of his sleeve,
His hat and plume, were what could please or grieve.
While thus he listened not, but gazed or sung,
His eye had wandered to where now there hung
Along the far horizon, a low cloud
That mounted steadily on high, while loud
The wind piped, like a rustic at his toil,
Furrowed the sea in ridges like the soil,
And scattered rain-drops, as he strode along;
Then rose the storm, in awful fury strong.
Gleams of a wondrous light a moment stood
On pallid sea and on wind-stricken wood,
And dazzling, where they shone the vision's sense,
They fled; and, chased by shadows as intense,
Passed with the swiftness of the blast, and leaped
From gulf to cliff,—then to the crags, that heaped
In grandeur 'gainst the flying skies, appeared
Like to white ashes that the fire has seared.
And then the mists rolled over them, as black
Grew heaven's vault with darkest thunder wrack;
From under which, increasing in fierce sound,
A harsh and hissing noise spread fast around,
And a low moaning, like a voice of dread,
Welled, as if coming from the deep sea's bed.
The rain ran down, and, as the lightning flashed,
In bounding torrents o'er the ground was dashed.
From the dry hills the new-born fountains sprung,
The narrow tracks with swelling waters rung,
And, 'mid the turmoil, could be faintly heard
The heavy fall of distant land-slip, stirred
To headlong ravage, burying as it flowed,
Man and his works beneath a hideous load!
Down the broad bed of shingle and of stone
That the shrunk river seemed ashamed to own
When, in the heat of the life-parching day,
A feeble streamlet, scarce it found a way;
Now dashed a brimming tide, whose eddies surged
Till o'er the banks the muddy foam was urged,
And louder still the notes of terror grew,
Ere past the hills the roaring tempest flew,
And on lashed sea, and groaning shore was spent
The rage of nature, and her frown unbent!

Meanwhile the old man would have held his way,
Unhurried, back to where the castle lay,
Now hidden long by headlands of the bay;
But that they told him, "he must seek some rest;
A fisher's hut was near, its shelter best."—
And to the joy of the gay plumaged knight
Who followed, sorrowing at their draggled plight,
They turned aside; and, 'neath the slackening rain,
Soon found a cottage in a wooded plain;
And passing through the open door, were met
By the poor owner, who, with garments wet,
Stood dripping like a merman, standing nigh
The pine-wood fire, that sent its flame on high:
While the good wife, her distaff laid aside,
Still fed its glow with many a branch well dried,
Chattering as o'er her task she bent intent,
And from the blaze a storm of sparks was sent.

A bright-hued sash the fisher's jerkin bound,
His scanty locks a crimson bonnet crowned.
He turned upon the guests a face that spoke
A ready welcome, ere he silence broke.
Then, with bared head and smile of joy, he said,
"Ah! knight of Orles, what chance has hither led
Thee and the Signor Guido?—Enter here:
Praise be to God, and to the Virgin dear;
May she from tempests every ill avert,
Send gladness as to me, instead of hurt!—
Pray, glorious sirs, to honour my abode,
And with deep gratitude my heart to load
By wishing well to me and this my roof:
Now of such kindliness to give me proof,
I pray you take your seats, and break your fast.
'Tis your first visit here, I fear the last,
For humble folk get not such favours oft:"
And here his dame broke in—"Hist, Carlo! soft;
Their presence now gives joy, and they may take
Some fish, and fruit, and wine. Our girl will bake
A little flour upon the embers soon;
Come hither, Lita—Lita. Here's a boon,
A pleasure rare for thee. Thy bread shall be
Refreshment to these lords of high degree.
O, Signors, 'tis indeed a poor repast,
But on its winning has our toil been cast.
Come, Lita—wherefore lingers she?" Then came
Into the ruddy light of her hearth's flame,
So that it blazoned her young beauty forth,
And seemed to love with all its charms to play,
The fisher's daughter, pride of cape and bay!

Whose loveliness, not such as in the north
Blushes like sunshine through the morning mist,
Was that of southern eve, quick darkening, kissed
By crimsoned lightnings of her burning day.
A maid whose arching brow and glancing eyes
Told of a passing, timorous surprise;
Whose tresses half concealed a neck that raised
A head that classic art might well have praised.
Framed with the hair, in glossy masses thrown
From forehead whiter than Carrara's stone,
Her face's lineaments, clear cut and straight,
Might show that sternness lived her nature's mate,
Did not the smile that over them would steal
Another mood, as favourite, reveal;
Else had not dimples on the sunburnt cheek
Helped the eye's merriment so oft to speak.
O'er beauteous mouth and rounded chin there strayed
The sign of power that ardent will betrayed;
But broken by a gentleness of soul
That through her steadfast gaze in softness stole.

Her form was strong and lithe. She came and made
A slight obeisance, as though half afraid;
Then stood,—a coarse robe flowing to her feet,
Each limb round shadowed in the fitful heat.
And, like the glow that lighted her, there sped
Through Guido's frame a pulse that quickly fled,
But left his breathless gaze to feed upon
The figure that, to him, like angel's shone.
Till the repast prepared, his father quaffed
A horn of wine; and turning, as he laughed,
Said to the wife, "A beauteous maid in truth
You give to serve us. That young man, forsooth,
Has, as you see, no eyes for food, because
They worship elsewhere with a mute applause.
Nay! is she gone? I spoke with little grace,
Else had not scared her from her 'customed place."

Then said the wife, "Oh, sir, we do not heed
If her fair looks to admiration lead
With such great folks as you, who cannot care
For fisher maidens, with your ladies rare;
But oftentimes, when neighbours come about,
They find my welcome marred by anxious doubt."
And Guido smiled, but could not laugh away
The spell of silence that upon him lay.

When, turning from old Carlo's poor abode,
The knights again together homeward strode,
So strange the feeling that within found birth,
It seemed to him he scarcely walked the earth.
One thought could only claim his wondering mind,
Alone once more that humble hearth to find,
Alone once more that radiant face to scan,
And prove the charm, as when it first began.

Ah! who can tell, when thus the will is swayed,
And to emotions dangerous train is laid,
The torch that love or passion each can fire,
What hidden issue waits the heart's desire?
What little grains the balance may control,
E'en though it shape the fortune of the soul,
That, by its fervid longings all possessed,
Yearns for the secrets of another's breast;
Would live or die, but in the sight of one
Who to its being seems the central sun,
Without whose presence every scene is drear—
The world a desert, haunted but with fear!
Who from the scroll of fate may knowledge wring
Of the first birth of life's mysterious spring,
What is the nature that so soon has grown
A potent tide, on which our bark is thrown?
Ah! who can tell if noblest impulse lies
Within the magic of the meeting eyes,
Or, if the ruin of a life be where
The light falls softest on some golden hair?

The knights of Orles regained the lofty keep,
When, sinking slowly on the purpled deep,
The sun still lingered on the bannered tower,
Though evening on the shore now showed her power,
And bathed it deeply in the twilight hour.

APPENDIX.[1]

THE LAST WISH.

William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., a minister of the Scottish Congregational Church; born at Edinburgh, August 24, 1808. In 1854 he was appointed professor of theology to his denomination in Scotland, and in 1870 was chosen one of the Old Testament Revision Company. Dr. Alexander is the author of *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical, Christ and Christianity, Life of Dr. Wardlaw*, &c.

No more, no more of the cares of time!
Speak to me now of that happy clime,
Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan,
And sorrow and care are all unknown:
Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,
And my moments are numbered here below,
With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell
Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh! yes, let me hear of its blissful bowers,
And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers;
Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,
With their harps of gold, and their endless song;
Of its glorious palms and its raiment white,
And its streamlets all lucid with living light;
And its emerald plains, where the ransomed stray,
'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,
Far from sorrow and free from care—
The loved of my soul, who passed away
In the roseate bloom of their early day;
Oh! are they not bending around me now,
Light in each eye and joy on each brow,
Waiting until my spirit fly,
To herald me home to my rest on high?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear
Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,
Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove
That circles the home of our early love;
And so let my spirit calmly rise,
From the loved upon earth, to the blest in the skies,
And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long,
In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

John Anderson, D.D., minister of the parish of Kinnoull; born at Newburgh in Fifeshire. He is the author of two poetical volumes entitled *The Pleasures of Home* and *The Legend of Glencoe*, and a contributor to the periodicals of the day.

'Mid the hot desert, where the pilgrim pines
For the cool shadow and the streamlet clear,
Seeking his weary way to Zion's shrines,
A fountain murmurs comfort in his ear.

Stern winter seals not up that source of bliss,
The eastern sunbeam never drinks it dry;
Fresh flowers and greenest grass its waters kiss,
And whispering palms defend it from the sky.

There men of every clime refreshment seek;
All sins and sorrows meet securely there;
These waves have kiss'd remorse's haggard cheek,
And smoothed the wrinkles on the brow of care.

The lip of passion there hath quenched its flame,
While pale contrition sadly hung its head;
That fount hath mirror'd back the blush of shame,
And wash'd the savage hand, with murder red!

Sinner, for thee a purer fountain flows,
To soothe the sorrowful, to help the weak;
To wash the reddest crimes, like spotless snows
That gleam on Lebanon's untrodden peak.

Come, men of every clime and every care,
Behold the words upon that fountain's brink—
"If any sigh in sin, to me repair;
Or thirst in sorrow, come to me and drink!"

The word of God is that unfailing fount,
Life is the desert where its waters flow;
Drink, if you hope to win the holy mount,
Where Zion's shrines in light eternal glow.

[1] The dates of birth being in some cases uncertain, the names of the authors in the Appendix have been arranged, not chronologically, but in alphabetical order. —Ed.

UNGRATEFUL NANNIE.

Charles Hamilton, Lord Binning, eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington; born in 1696, died at Naples in 1732. This was a popular song during the early part of last century, and may be quoted as a favourable specimen of the fashionable pastoral which then prevailed. Allan Cunningham says:—"It is a curious song, and may be preserved as the failure of an experiment to inflict conventional wit and the smartness and conceit of a town life on country pursuits and rural manners."

Did ever swain a nymph adore
  As I ungrateful Nannie do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
  Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears; but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

If Nannie call'd, did Robin stay,
  Or linger when she bade me run?
She only had a word to say,
  And all she ask'd was quickly done.
I always thought on her; but she
Would ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
  Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
  If Robin in his yard had hay?
Though to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.

If Nannie ever lost a sheep,
  I cheerfully did give her two.
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
  Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nannie still is cold to me.

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
  The ripest fruit was kept for Nan:
Oh, how these hands that drown'd her bees
  Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be;
But Nannie ne'er look'd sweet on me.

If Nannie to the well did come,
  'Twas I that did her pitchers fill;
Full as they were, I brought them home;
  Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear her sacks; but she
Could never bear the sight o' me.

To Nannie's poultry oats I gave;
  I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pigeons have
  Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss; but she
Would never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nannie woo?
  And Nannie still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch! what shall I do
  If Nannie does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

MY MAMMY.

Walter Graham Blackie, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., born in Glasgow, 1816. Educated privately, and at the university of his native city. Whilst studying in Germany he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Jena. He has written several songs and translations of poetry and prose; but his principal work is the *Imperial Gazetteer*, a Dictionary of General Geography, on which he was engaged about ten years.

Ilk ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear,
And praises her ripe lips and bright een sae clear;
But neither the ripe lip nor bonnie blue e'e
Can compare wi' the blink o' my mammy to me.

A bairn in her bosom I lay a' the night,
When there, neither bogles nor ghaists could me fright;
When yamm'rin', she hushed me to sleep on her knee:
O! wha e'er can compare wi' my mammy to me?

Fu' aft in her face I ha'e look'd up fu' fain,
While fondly she clasp'd me and croon'd some auld strain,
And aften the saut tear wad start to my e'e:
They were waesome, the sangs o' my mammy, to me.

O! yes, I ha'e grat for the twa bonnie weans
The wee robins cover'd wi' leaves wi' sic pains:
And still, like a sunbeam that glints o'er the sea,
The auld sangs o' my mammy return back to me.

When sickness o'ercam' me, she watch'd late and air,
If open'd my dull e'e I aye saw her there;
When roses my pale cheeks o'erspread, blythe was she—
O! whae'er was sae kind as my mammy to me?

Lang, lang I'll remember the days that are gane,
Since first I could lisp mam' and toddle my lane;
Though sair I be toss'd upon life's troubled sea,
Yet my heart will aye cling wi' affection to thee.

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

In the Roxburghe Ballads this song is signed "the words of Burne the Violer," supposed to be Nicol Burne, a wandering minstrel of the seventeenth century. Although little more than a string of names of places dear to the author, it is so full of melody and tender mournful simplicity that it has been for two centuries dear to the hearts of the old minstrel's countrymen in the south of Scotland, and has long kept its place in collections of Scottish song.

When Phœbus bright the azure skies
  With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all nature's beauties rise,
  Herbs, trees, and flowers he quick'neth;
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
  And with delight goes thorow,
With radiant beams, the silver streams
  Of Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
  In equal length divideth,
And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
  Nae langer he abideth;
Then Flora queen, with mantle green,
  Casts off her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres' sel',
  In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
  And shepherds, him attending,
Do here resort, their flocks to feed,
  The hills and haughs commending.
With cur and kent, upon the bent,
  Sing to the sun, Good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasures yield,
  Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

A house there stands on Leader side,
  Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
  Like Daedalus' contriving:
Men passing by do aften cry,
  In sooth it hath no marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader side,
  As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below, who lists to ride,
  Will hear the mavis singing;
Into St. Leonard's banks she bides,
  Sweet birks her head owerhinging.
The lint-white loud, and Progne proud,
  With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. Leonard's banks they sing,
  As sweetly as in Yarrow.

The lapwing lilteth ower the lea,
  With nimble wing she sporteth;
But vows she'll flee far from the tree
  Where Philomel resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
  I'll bid you a good morrow;
I'll stretch my wing, and, mounting, sing
  O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wanton-wa's, and Wooden-cleuch,
  The East and Wester Mainses,
The wood of Lauder 's fair eneuch,
  The corns are good in the Blainslies:
There aits are fine, and sald by kind,
  That if ye search all thorough
Mearns, Buchan, Marr, nane better are
  Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn-mill Bog, and Whitslaid Shaws,
  The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
  And Chapel Wood frequenteth:
Yet, when she irks, to Kaidslie Birks,
  She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet Leader Haughs,
  And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear
  Than hounds and beagles crying?
The started hare rins hard wi' fear,
  Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length;
  Nae bielding can she borrow,
In Sorrowless-fields, Clackmae, or Hags;
  And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
  With sight and scent pursue her;
Till, ah, her pith begins to flag;
  Nae cunning can rescue her:
Ower dub and dyke, ower sheuch and syke,
  She'll rin the fields all thorough,
Till, fail'd, she fa's in Leader Haughs,
  And bids fareweel to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington and Cowdenknowes,
  Where Humes had anes commanding;
And Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
  'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing:
The bird that flees through Redpath trees
  And Gladswood banks ilk morrow,
May chaunt and sing sweet Leader Haughs
  And bonnie howms of Yarrow.

But minstrel Burne cannot assuage
  His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of his age,
  Which fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
  Where blythe folk kend nae sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
  And Scotts that dwelt on Yarrow.

SWEET JESSIE O' THE DELL.

William Cameron, born in parish of Dunipace, Stirlingshire, Dec. 3, 1801. He was for some time schoolmaster at Armadale near Bathgate, and afterwards removed to Glasgow. He is the author of some popular songs, which have been set to excellent music. In 1874 Mr. Cameron was presented with a purse of one hundred guineas by his numerous friends and admirers.

O bright the beaming queen o' night
  Shines in yon flow'ry vale,
And softly sheds her silver light
  O'er mountain, path, and dale.
Short is the way, when light's the heart
  That's bound in love's soft spell;
Sae I'll awa' to Armadale,
  To Jessie o' the Dell,
    To Jessie o' the Dell,
      Sweet Jessie o' the Dell,
    The bonnie lass o' Armadale,
      Sweet Jessie o' the Dell.

We've pu'd the primrose on the braes
  Beside my Jessie's cot,
We've gather'd nuts, we've gather'd slaes,
  In that sweet rural spot.
The wee short hours danced merrily,
  Like lambkins on the fell;
As if they join'd in joy wi' me
  And Jessie o' the Dell.

There's nane to me wi' her can vie,
  I'll love her till I dee;
For she's sae sweet and bonnie aye,
  And kind as kind can be.
This night in mutual kind embrace,
  Oh, wha our joys may tell;
Then I'll awa' to Armadale,
  To Jessie o' the Dell.

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, a poetess in humble life; born Feb. 11, 1804, in the parish of Tannadice, Forfarshire; now resident at Lochee, Dundee. She is entirely self-taught, and has found song a true solace in a life marked by no common afflictions. The following simple description of the wanderings of a Scottish burn —in its way quite equal, says a critic, to Tennyson's "Brook"—is from her volume entitled *Songs of my Pilgrimage*, published in 1876, and very favourably noticed by the press.

Roll away, you shining rill,
Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
Through the moors and mossy bogs,
Turn the mills and fill the cogs.

Roll among your sunny braes,
'Mid hazel buds and blooming slaes;
Where the housewife's linens bleach
By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
Where the rains in torrents pour;
Then the crowflower's gentle bell
Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
Bending o'er your gleesome flow;
Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
In your amber floods are seen.

O! little rill with many a crook,
Twisting onward to the brook;
Singing in your motion ever,
Making haste to join the river.

You with trailing fragments play,
Flowing on your watery way;
To wimple, dimple, day and night,
O'er your bed of pebbles bright.

Precious are you, laughing thing,
Onward still you sing and ring;
Gushing, rushing, clear and cold,
You are better far than gold.

You wash the braes in winter time;
Up the banks your wavelets climb;
Rocking, in their beds so deep,
All the finny tribes to sleep.

Charming rill, the water elves
Rest upon your tiny shelves;
With shining scale and flashing fin,
Merrily pop they out and in.

Where clinging cresses tightly clasp
Reeds and roots within their grasp,
Are palaces of elf-kings, where
They may feast on regal fare:

Then doffing boots and spurs of gold,
When the day is getting old
To the hidden nooks they creep,
Safe and happily to sleep.

At the dawn starts many a fin,
Leaping light in loch and linn,
Underneath the swinging rooks
Where their bread is in the brooks.

Dancing down the rushy glen,
Flowing on through field and fen,
Piping to the clouds and stars,
Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans;
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.

Tumbling, rumbling, on it wheels,
Into lovers' corners reels;
With a hearty tireless will
Onward bounds the busy rill.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

Leap and run and gaily dance;
Bright the sunbeams on you glance;
Dashing down through dale and dingle,
Till you with the salt sea mingle.

ANNIE LAURIE.

These two tender verses were written about the close of the seventeenth century by William Douglas of Fingland, in Kirkcudbrightshire. The fair lady, however, was deaf to his passionate appeal, preferring Alexander Fergusson of Craigdearroch, to whom she was eventually married. Though Douglas was refused by Annie he did not pine away in single blessedness, but made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Clerk of Glenboig in Galloway, by whom he had four sons and two daughters. He was one of the best swordsmen of his time, and his son Archibald rose to the rank of lieutenant-general in the British army. We give below an anonymous and more popular version of this lyric, which is known and sung in all quarters of the globe.[1]

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
  Where early fa's the dew!
Where I and Annie Laurie
  Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true,
  And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay doun my head and die.

She's backit like a peacock,
  She's breisted like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
  Her waist ye weel micht span;
Her waist ye weel micht span,
  And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay doun my head and die.

THE MAID OF ISLAY.

William Dunbar, D.D., born at Dumfries in 1780; died Dec. 6, 1861. He was parish minister of Applegarth in Dumfriesshire for upwards of fifty years. His popular song "The Maid of Islay," has by mistake been ascribed to Joseph Train.

Rising o'er the heaving billow,
  Evening gilds the ocean's swell,
While with thee, on grassy pillow,
  Solitude! I love to dwell.
Lonely to the sea-breeze blowing,
  Oft I chaunt my love-lorn strain,
To the streamlet sweetly flowing,
  Murmur oft a lover's pain.

'Twas for her, the maid of Islay,
  Time flew o'er me winged with joy;
'Twas for her, the cheering smile aye
  Beamed with rapture in my eye.
Not the tempest raving round me,
  Lightning's flash or thunder's roll,
Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
  While her image filled my soul.

Farewell days of purest pleasure,
  Long your loss my heart shall mourn!
Farewell, hours of bliss the measure,
  Bliss that never can return.
Cheerless o'er the wild heath wand'ring,
  Cheerless o'er the wave-worn shore,
On the past with sadness pond'ring,
  Hope's fair visions charm no more.

---

[1] Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
  Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
  Gie'd me her promise true;
Gie'd me her promise true,
  Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I d lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift—
  Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
  That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on—
  And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay me doun and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
  Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
  Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
  And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay me doun and dee.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

John Dunlop, born at Carmyle, Lanarkshire November, 1755; died October, 1820. He began life as a merchant in Glasgow, and rose to be lord provost of that city. Dr. Rogers states that Mr. Dunlop left behind him four manuscript volumes of poetry, containing many compositions worthy of being presented to the public.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee;
  Troth, I daurna tell;
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye;
  Ask it o' yersel.

O! dinna look sae sair at me,
  For weel ye ken me true;
O, gin ye look sae sair at me,
  I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon braw braw town,
  And bonnier lasses see,
O, dinna, Jamie, look at them,
  Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never bide the lass
  That ye'd lo'e mair than me;
And O, I'm sure, my heart would break,
  Gin ye'd prove false to me.

HOW SWEET THIS LONE VALE.

Hon. Andrew Erskine, author of "Town Eclogues" and other pieces. He was acquainted with Burns, who said "Mr. Erskine's verses are all pretty, but his 'Lone Vale' is divine." He died in 1793.

How sweet this lone vale, and how sacred to feeling
  Yon nightingale's notes in sweet melody melt;
Oblivion of woe o'er the mind gently stealing,
  A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
The moon's yellow light o'er the still lake is sleeping,
  Ah! near the sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb,
Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping,
  And the sweets of the vale are o'ershadow'd with gloom.

O WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

John Ewen, born at Montrose in 1741; died in Aberdeen, October, 1821. Burns says of this song, "It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to 'There's nae Luck about the House.'"

O weel may the boatie row,
  And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
  That wins the bairns' bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wishes her to speed!

I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
  And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
  And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wishes her to speed!

O weel may the boatie row,
  That fills a heavy creel,
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
  And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
  That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
  And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel!
  He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the lade
  When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
  And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I trow my heart was dowf and wae,
  When Jamie gaed awa':
But weel may the boatie row,
  And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
  That yields an honest heart!

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
  Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
  And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
  The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
  The murlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we are worn down,
  And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
  As we did them before:

Then, weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

THE TWA LAIRDS OF LESMAHAGOW.

A TALE.

Robert Galloway, a native of Stirling. He was the author of a volume bearing the following title: "Poems, Epistles, and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. To which are added a brief Account of the Revolution in 1688, and a Narrative of the Rebellion in 1745-46, continued to the death of Prince Charles in 1788. By Robert Galloway. Glasgow: Printed by W. Bell for the Author: 1788."

Ye batchelors wha lo'e a chapin,
And marry'd men that stand by pap-in;
Ye wha wad rather hear a droll
Than mak in neighbour's name a hole,
Gi'e ear until I tell a tale,
That may syne down a cap o' ale;
My nibour John, wha sells a gill,
And is nae huckster o' his mill,
He tauld it me, and ca'd it true,
And as I gat, I gie't to you.

In Lesmahagow lived twa lairds,
Baith had a house, and baith kail-yards;
Under ae roof was baith their dwallin',
And only sep'rate by a hallan;
Ae mailin' baith they had between them,
And nane was suffer'd to chagrin them;
Ane held the pleugh, the other caw'd it,
Meanwhile 'twas baith their horse that draw'd it;
Joseph was marry'd, Robin single,
And ev'ry man burnt his ain ingle;
Their stocks were equal, but the wife,
And she did comfort Joseph's life.
Seven years did pass without a word
That cou'd the least offence afford;
The wife was happy, men did toil,
In short, the wark ran smooth as oil:
Joseph did think himsel' respecket,
And never in the least neglecket,
While Jenns still thought hersel' at ease
Because she could her Joseph please;
And Robin was right weel content
Because nae wife made him repent.
Ae Martinmas, when stacks were happet,
And the meal kist was bienly stappet,
Nae scant o' gear, nor fash't wi' weans,
The twa lairds took a jaunt for ance
To Hamilton, to sell their barley,
And wi' the ale to try a parley.
They did their bus'ness, saw the fair,
And it was neither late nor air,
Whan they did try the road for hame,
Up through the muir, they war na lame.
Whan they had fairly left the town,
The ale began to warm their crown:
For ale, my friends, can mak us kind,
And bring forgotten things to mind;
Can gi'e advice whar nane is wanted,
And finish deeds wad ne'er been granted.

JOSEPH.

Quo' Joseph, now, for he was auldest,
And pith o' maut had made him bauldest,
We lang ha'e toil'd and won togither,
And mickle done by ane anither:
Whan first ye play'd the stock and horn,
To keep the kye frae 'mang the corn,
Before ye learn'd to dance a reel,
I thought you aye a canny chiel,
And fit to lead a happy life;
I therefore wad advise a wife.

ROBIN.

A wife! hegh man, ye're farther seen
Into that tale, for I am green;
What pleasure matrimony brings
To counterbalance a' its stings,
To pay for a' their plaids and gowns,
To dress them out wi' queans in towns,
To hide their fauts and keep their tid,
And, whan they're ill, to ca' them gude.

JOSEPH.

Now, Robin, this I'll no admit,
Sae sair against my shins to hit:
Women were for our use created;
When life is wersh they help to saut it,
To gi'e advice whan things are kittle,
And aftentimes to try our mettle.

ROBIN.

A' that is true, as ye ha'e tauld it,
And I ha'e neither bann'd nor scauldet;
And then, wha can be sure of keeping
These happy helps frae aften weeping
For things they want, nor can they get it,
Nor do they mind how ill they'd set it.
They'll wish for men, and whan they get them,
They'll wish them dead gif they but pet them;
And whan they're widows, then they'll marry,
A month they'll scarcely wish to tarry:
Accept the first good match they meet,
Though e'er so soon or indiscreet.

JOSEPH.

Stap, Robin, shure ye're wrang in part,
For Jenns at hame, my ain sweetheart,
Wad ne'er forget me, nor yet marry,
But ten lang years I'm sure she'd tarry;

So dinna think sae aften wrang,
Or else on you I'll ride the stang.

ROBIN.

Now, Joseph, shure ye're no your lane,
Or else for you I'd mak a mane;
But Jenns is just like ither fo'k,
And, if ye'll help to try a joke,
I'll prove this night what I ha'e said,
Or else a hunder marks be paid.

JOSEPH.

What is the joke, gif ane may spier it,
And there's my hand in part I'll bear it;
But my gudewife, I'm shure, wad keep
Lang towmonths twa, at least, to weep.

ROBIN.

We're near han' hame; now feign ye're fainted,
And that ye're dead I'll ha'e it painted;
And for your wife, I winna steer her,
Wi' hand nor fit, nor ought come near her;
But for yoursel', ye dar na stir,
Nae mair than if a log of fir:
And for the outcome o' the story,
Just trust it to your ni'bour tory.

Joseph lay stiff on Robin's back,
Then wi' his fit he ga'e a crack.
Wha's there? cries Jenns—Quo' Robin, Me:
But be nae fear'd at what ye see:
She open'd doors, and in he went,
And then the wife made this lament—
Ah! wae is me! is Joseph dead!
The man that brought me daily bread;
Whar shall I lay my lonely head?
Whist! haud your peace, quo' cunnin' Robin,
Or do you mean to bring a mob in;
The man is gone, he is at peace;
Some time, we're shure, 'twill be our case.
Quo' Janet, Shure, I'll ne'er forget him!
For ev'rything he did it set him:
No man, I'm shure, can fill his place,
For I'm resolv'd 'twill be the case.
Quo' Robin, Mak nae aiths, I pray,
Nor do you think, when that you say;
Dinna ye ken I ha'f the mailin',
And our twa ha'ves wad mak a hale ane:
What do we ken of ane anither,
But that us twa may join togither?
Were Joseph decently interred,
I do insist to be preferr'd.
Quo' Janet, smoothing up her looks,
I never read through mony books;
But as I live, and am a sinner,
I wadna been the first beginner;
Soon as I saw that he was dead,
That very thought came in my head;
So there's my hand, I've nae objection,
Whan I think on your ca'm reflection.

The charm is o'er, the wager's won,
Rise, Joseph, break the supper scon,
And learn a lesson frae this joke,
Nae woman's patience to provoke.
Joseph rose up, the wife was glad,
But yet thought shame of what was said.
Quo' Joseph, Never mind, my dear,
Of what you said, or I did hear:
Back frae this date to Abigail,
I see that women are on trial;
They keep the grip while they are able.—
And here I choose to end the fable.

OWER THE MUIR

Jean Glover, born at Kilmarnock in 1758; died at Litterkenny, Ireland, in 1801. The world is indebted for the preservation of Jean's song to Robert Burns, who took it down from her singing. There is another set of the song, written by Stewart Lewis, who claimed priority for his verses.

Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.
Ower the muir amang the heather,
Ower the muir amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keepin' a' her flocks thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame?
In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?
Says she, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the bloomin' heather.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunnie was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie bloomin' heather.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne
I could nae think on ony ither:
By sea and sky! she shall be mine,
The bonnie lass amang the heather.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon; born in 1743, died in 1827. Burns was "charmed" with this song. Other versions of it by William Reid and Lady Nairne are given at p. 402 and 432, vol. i. Dr. R. Chambers, in speaking of the duke's version, remarks that it does not

refer to any "miss connected with the ancient city, but a metaphorical allusion to the faded love-favours of an aged nobleman, who, in spite of years, was presuming to pay his addresses to a young lady."

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Stra'bogie,
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gi'e me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel,
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well,
Mynheer an allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesome's they dance wondrous light,
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie:
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun ha'e their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to ev'ry lass,
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

TURNIMSPIKE.

Dougald Graham, the Glasgow bellman; born near Stirling in 1724; died July 20, 1779. In addition to this song, which, according to Sir Walter Scott, was sufficient of itself to "entitle its author to immortality," Graham wrote numerous ballads, songs, and stories, also a metrical history of the rebellion of 1745.

Hersell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And many alterations seen
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
Fa a dra, diddle, diddle dee, &c.

First when she to te Lawlands came
Nainsell was driving cows, man,
There was na laws about him's nerse,
About te preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear te philabeg,
Te plaid prick'd on her shouder;
Te gude claymore hung py her pelt;
Her pistol sharged with powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her legs pe lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prockit.

Everything in te Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
Te sodger dwall at our door cheek,
And tat pe great vexation.

Scotland pe turn'd a Ningland now,
The laws pring in te cawdger;
Nainsell wad dirk him for his deeds,
But, oh! she fears te sodger.

Anither law came after tat,
Me never saw the like, man,
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

And wow she be a ponny road,
Like Loudon corn riggs, man,
Where twa carts may gang on her,
And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no be sheaper,
For naught but gaun upon the ground,
And they gi'e her a paper.

They take the horse then py te head,
And there they make him stand, man;
She tell them she had seen the day
They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
And pay him what him like, man;
She'll see a shudgement on his toor,
That filthy turnimspike, man.

But she'll awa' to ta Highland hills,
Where deil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near te turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

THE WAYWARD WIFE.

Janet Graham, a now forgotten poetess; born near Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire, in 1724. Her later years were spent principally in Edinburgh, where she died, April, 1805. Miss Graham composed many other verses, but the following alone escaped from her hand into popularity. An anecdote is told of her in reference to a remark of John, second Lord Hopetoun, who was so much charmed by her graceful movements in the dance that he inquired in what school she was taught. "In my mother's washing tub," she replied; but in after times used to say, "Guid forgie me for saying sae! I was never in a washing-tub in my life."

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow:
Farewell sweet hours of mirth and ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please.

Your hopes are high, your wisdom small,
Woe has not had you in its thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,
Which makes you sing along the road.

Stay Solway's tide, rule Criffel's wind,
Turn night to day, and cure the blind;
Make apples grow on alder-trees,
But never hope a wife to please.

Whate'er you love she'll mock and scorn,
Weep when you sing, sing when you mourn;
Her nimble tongue and fearless hand
Are ensigns of her high command.

When I, like you, was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you, my boast was bold and vain,
That men alone were born to reign.

Great Hercules and Samson too
Were stronger far than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the shears.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

O TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

Robert Graham of Gartmore; born 1750, died 1797. The song was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1801. Sir Walter Scott at one time supposed it to have been the composition of the great Marquis of Montrose.

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed:
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye,
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Though ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me;
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing—
O tell me how to woo!

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

Mrs. Grant of Carron, a single-song poetess; born in 1745, died about 1814. This exceedingly popular song has been sometimes erroneously attributed to Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan. Both Burns and Allan Cunningham admired and praised it. The former said on one occasion, after listening to the song, "Dinna let him despair that way, let Johnnie sing this," and he at once repeated the following additional stanza:—

"But Roy's years are three times mine,
I'm sure his days can no be monie;
And when that he is dead and gane,
She may repent and tak' her Johnnie."

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Wat ye how she cheated me,
As I cam' o'er the braes of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of onie;
But ah! the fickle, faithless quean,
She's ta'en the carle, and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O, she was a cantie quean,
  Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
How happy I, had she been mine,
  Or I been Roy of Aldivalloch.
    Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
  Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
To me she ever will be dear,
  Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
    Roy's wife, &c.

'TWAS SUMMER TIDE.

John Grieve, born at Dunfermline in 1781, died in Edinburgh in 1836. He was the author of several popular songs, and will long be remembered as the generous friend of the Ettrick Shepherd, who dedicated his "Mador of the Moor" to him, and also introduced him as one of the competing minstrels in the "Queen's Wake."

'Twas summer tide; the cushat sang
  His am'rous roundelay;
And dews, like cluster'd diamonds, hang
  On flower and leafy spray.
The coverlet of gloaming gray
  On everything was seen,
When lads and lasses took their way
  To Polwarth on the green.

The spirit-moving dance went on,
  And harmless revelry
Of young hearts all in unison,
  Wi' love's soft witcherie;
Their hall the open-daisied lea,
  While frae the welkin sheen
The moon shone brightly on the glee
  At Polwarth on the green.

Dark een and raven curls were there,
  And cheeks of rosy hue,
And finer forms, without compare,
  Than pencil ever drew;
But ane, wi' een of bonnie blue,
  A' hearts confess'd the queen,
And pride of grace and beauty too,
  At Polwarth on the green.

The miser hoards his golden store,
  And kings dominion gain;
While others in the battle's roar
  For honour's trifles strain.
Away, such pleasures! false and vain;
  Far dearer mine have been,
Among the lowly rural train,
  At Polwarth on the green.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Attributed to George Halket, an Aberdeenshire schoolmaster, who died in 1756. He was a great Jacobite, and wrote various songs in support of his party, one of the best known of which is "Whirry Whigs, awa', man."

O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, that delved in the yard,
Wha play'd on the pipe and the viol sae sma';
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie, the flower o' them a'.
  He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
  He said, Think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa';
  For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
  And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' Sandy has ousan, has gear, and has kye;
A house and a hadden, and siller forbye:
Yet I'd tak' mine ain lad, wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him, wi' the houses and land.
  He said, Think nae lang, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
They frown upon Jamie because he is poor:
Tho' I lo'e them as weel as a daughter should do,
They're nae hauf sae dear to me, Jamie, as you.
  He said, Think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, I spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And gied me the hauf o't when he gade awa'.
  Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa'.
  Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
  The simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
  And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

MUCKLE-MOU'ED MEG.

G. Buchanan Hall.

Lived a knicht in tower,
  Tweedside nigh,
Gripsome, greedy, dour;
  Reivers drave his kie.
Knicht's lads were nigh,
  Catched a squire sae free,
Harled him aff to tower,—
  "Hangit sall he be?"
Auld knicht says, "Aye!
  Hangit let him be."

Gudewife she spake ower,
  "Ill mought ye be,
Hang a lad like that,
  Us wi' dochters three!

Gar him marry Meg,
  Meikle-mouthed she be;
Better wared on her,
  Than tuckit up to tree."
Auld knicht says, "Aye,
  Gif he and she agree."

Young squire was dour,
  Winsome lad was he,
Nae meikle-mou's for him—
  Trailed him aff to tree.
Meg she glinted ower,
  The tear was in her e'e,
Squire melteth—"Meg, Ich swear
  Ye sall not murn for me."
Auld knicht says, "Aye?
  Gar tak him doon frae tree."

Then passed they into bower,
  Bride and maidens three;
Kindred marching a',
  And meikle revelry;
Trumpets loud did blaw,
  Clarions on hie,
Rang the rair on Tweed
  Of their minstrelsy.
Auld knicht sang aye,
  "Merry let us be."

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," and various other volumes; born 1758, died 1816. "My ain Fireside" has shared the plague of popularity, numerous versions of it having appeared since the time of its author.

I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
Mang lords and fine ladies a' cover'd wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whare the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O cheery's the blink o' my ain fireside.
  My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
  O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
  My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
  O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cozy hearthstane,
My heart loups sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glint fond frae ilk e'e;
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
  My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
  O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

FAITH AND HOPE.

Lady Flora Hastings, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Hastings, born in Edinburgh, February 11, 1806; died July 5, 1839. A volume of her poems, edited by her sister the late Marchioness of Bute, was published in 1841.

O thou, who for our fallen race
  Didst lay thy crown of glory by;
And quit thy heavenly dwelling-place,
  To clothe thee in mortality.

By whom our vesture of decay,
  Its frailty and its pains, were worn;
Who, sinless, of our sinful clay
  The burden and the griefs hast borne.

Who, stainless, bore our guilty doom;
  Upon the cross to save us bled;
And who, triumphant from the tomb,
  Captivity hast captive led;

O teach thy ransom'd ones to know
  Thy love who diedst to set them free;
And bid their torpid spirits glow
  With love which centres all in thee.

And come, triumphant victim, come,
  In the brightness of thy holy love:
And make this earth, our purchased home,
  The image of thy courts above.

Dimly, O Lord, our feeble eyes
  The dawning rays of glory see;
But brightly shall the morning rise,
  Which bids creation bend to thee.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shed
  Thy beams of searching light abroad,

That earth may know (her darkness fled)
Her King in thee, incarnate God!

And oh, while yet thy mercy speaks,
So may the words of love prevail,
That when the morn of judgment breaks,
Many may thine appearing hail!

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd, born in parish of Stobo, Peeblesshire, Dec. 2, 1799; died in 1834. He was educated for the ministry, but abandoned that intention, and became press-reader with the Messrs. Ballantyne of Edinburgh. He afterwards acted as literary assistant to John Gibson Lockhart, and as amanuensis to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Hogg contributed largely to the press both in poetry and prose. His songs and ballads have never been published in a collected form; they are to be found scattered among the periodicals of the day, and some remain in manuscript.

When autumn comes, an' heather bells
Bloom bonnie ower yon moorland fells,
An' corn that waves on lowland dales
Is yellow ripe appearing;

Bonnie lassie, will ye gang
Shear wi' me the hale day lang;
An' love will mak' us eithly bang
The weary toil o' shearing?

An' if the lasses should envy,
Or say we love, then you an' I
Will pass ilk ither slyly by,
As if we werna caring.

But aye I wi' my heuk will whang
The thistles, if in prickles strang
Your bonnie milk-white hands they wrang,
When we gang to the shearing.

An' aye we'll haud our rig afore,
An' ply to hae the shearing o'er,
Syne you will soon forget you bore
Your neighbours' jibes and jeering.

For then, my lassie, we'll be wed,
When we hae proof o' ither had,
An' nae mair need to mind what's said
When we're thegither shearing.

PERISH THE LOVE.

Lord Francis Jeffrey, the eminent jurist and still more distinguished critic; born at Edinburgh, October 23, 1773; died January 26, 1850. The first of the two following pieces (both hitherto unpublished) was addressed in 1795 to Miss Mary Grant, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, and was written apparently for the purpose of reconciling her feelings to the advice and anticipations contained in some verses sent to her the year previous. The second piece was written in the same year, and was addressed to his cousin Miss Margaret Loudoun. These pieces may not be considered of great poetical merit, but they are interesting as mementoes of the author's early years.

Perish the love that deadens young desire,
And ever curs'd be that ungentle hand
That aims to damp the fond enthusiast's fire,
Or disenchant the scenes of fairy land.

And if my hands with such disastrous aim
Have hurt, sweet maid, thy gentle, timid breast,
That careless hand no better doom shall claim,
Which has so ill my pensive soul exprest.

For, O! believe that my admiring mind
Melted in love while it foretold decay,
And bending o'er the fairy scenes, repined
To think how soon their sweets would pass away.

And sure my sighs their fading should have stay'd,
Not hasted on the doom at which I grieved,
Since ever as I blessed their charms I prayed
To have my fond foreboding fears deceived.

The tears of pity, whose romantic shower
Falls on the short-lived lily's opening breast,
May kill perchance the soft and tender flower;
But meant not, sure, its vernal bloom to waste.

Therefore, blest child! let thy soft hand again
Awake thy deep and wildly sounding shell,
And tune once more that rude romantic strain,
Whose soothing pow'r my bosom knows so well!

Nor fear, sweet innocence, that e'er the muse
Can lead thy steps from virtue's paths astray;
In flowery vales of indolence amuse,
Or check thy course in duty's rugged way.

The fire that kindles in the poet's strain,
And that which glows in virtue's ardent breast,
From the same hallow'd source at first were drawn,
And still each other's energy assist.

As loveliest shines the landscape whose survey,
With scenes of humble joy, enchants the sight,
And beauty triumphs with the widest sway,
When health and innocence their charms unite;

So from the breast where sovereign reigns the love
Of virtue most the poet's fancies play;
As sainted spirits ever hymn above,
And angels tune their golden harps for ay.

Ask of thyself, when from thy melting heart
  Flow'd in sweet melody thy simple lay,
Was any virtue so severe as start
  Indignant from the lovely tones away?

No—raptur'd with the heavenly sounds that glowed
  With tenfold ardour in thy spotless breast,
And blessed the magic song that kindling flowed,
  With all their fire and purity possest.

Amid the calm of closing eve retired,
  I see thee sit, and in thy sainted frame
I read the motions of thy soul inspired
  By pensive genius and young virtue's flame.

Thy soft heart burns with love to humankind,
  Thy sweet eyes gleam with pity's dewy light,
There forth proceeds the simple song refined,
  Sublimed by virtue to celestial height.

Yet O! beware—and here my song again
  Resumes its boding, do not urge the flame
Beyond where pleasure prompts the happy strain,
  In hopes to win the high rewards of fame.

Sweet is its dawning ray when half displayed,
  First on our startled, timid eyes it falls,
And gilds with checkered light the lovely shade,
  Where blooming childhood yet delighted dwells.

But, ah! if, won by this deceitful blaze,
  Thou leav'st the shade yon shining ridge to gain,
Whence from afar the streaming glory plays,
  What long, long toils and weary ways remain!

Th' imperious glare will hurt thy modest eye,
  And beam oppressive on thy giddy head,
While tainted blasts from envious rivalry
  Shall oft thy steep ascending path invade.

Thus baffled, harassed, injured, and afraid,
  How shalt thou pour those rude romantic lays
That flow'd before as careless pleasure bade,
  And pleased the more because they sought not praise!

Ah, me! that lay the voice of joy no more
  Ambition's rules to method shall restrain,
And these wild airs that won our hearts before,
  Shall never soothe our mindful ears again!

Like native music heard on foreign hills,
  Deep on my heart thy melting numbers fall;
My pensive breast with sad remembrance fill,
  And many a simple childish joy recall.

Such as thou art, when in her first essay
  Impatient fancy lifts the tow'ring strain,
Such was I once—and as I read thy lay,
  I fondly seem to be so once again.

At every note a clearer lustre steals
  O'er the dim landscape of my early days,
Till full restor'd my faithful bosom feels
  Its youthful pleasures in thy simple lays.

Again I seem to tread the enchanted grove,
  Where first the muse enflamed my youthful breast,
And bend again before that dawn of love,
  Whose pure mild rays my trembling soul possest.

But, ah! my stream of life that sweetly rose
  In these delightful scenes, and long while stray'd
Thro' temperate vales, now dark and troubled flows,
  Or stagnates idly in the joyless shade.

From troublous scenes of care, and toil, and noise,
  And painful bustling in ambition's ways,
Scarce even this hour I steal, with hurried voice,
  Sweet maid, to thank thee for thy lavish praise.

My grateful thanks, blest harmonist, receive,
  For much thy song has soothed my pensive breast,
And howsoe'er my hand have err'd, believe
  That still my heart that gentle song has blest.

WHILE YET MY BREAST.

While yet my breast with fond remembrance burns
  Of all the joys that late with thee I knew,
My vacant fancy pensively returns
  At thy command their image to review.

As western clouds that on some summit drear
  Lean their loose breasts, and drink the purple beams
Which the sun pours through the still summer air,
  Just as he sinks amid the ocean's streams.

Their towering piles are bright with golden dyes,
  Their fleecy folds embalm'd with many a stain,
And tho' the sun have left the darksome skies,
  Their glittering skirts his gathered light retain.

So tho' my sun behind the western hills
  Has long since sunk from my sad eyes away,
Yet still my breast its treasur'd lustre fills,
  Nor in my heart the secret fires decay.

The sweet reflected light of memory
  Yet gilds those lovely forms with tenderest beams,
Which still enchant my fond regretful eye,
  And cheat my fancy with delightful dreams.

But thee, sweet maid, the loving scenes surround,
Whose pale remembrance warms my lonely heart;
And near thee still those lovely forms are found,
From which my lingering feet were forced to part.

O long-loved scenes! O objects long adored!
Could I so soon have bade you all adieu,
Had not remembrance faithfully restored
Your shadow'd beauties to my soften'd view.

Yes, fond remembrance oft on you shall dwell,
Tho' I, perhaps, am quite forgotten there,
And oft my heart with warm emotion swell,
Tho' no soft heart that warm emotion share.

With fond regret my melting soul reviews
The simple scenes which cheered its happy morn,
When, waked with love and innocence, my muse
Amid the roses of the spring was born.

There too, accomplished maid, my wandering eyes
Saw beauty dawning in thine infant cheek,
Saw day by day some riper charm arise,
And softer meaning in each dimple speak.

With what delight I saw thy beauties rise
Like vernal buds, that thro' the glittering dew
Slow bursting show their soft and tender dyes,
And opening kindle in the enchanting view.

With what delight even now returns my mind
To those blest days that flew so fast away,
As if it hoped in memory to find
The living image of those scenes so gay.

As one who wanders sadly by the roar
Of some broad stream whose public waters glow
With swarming keels from many a distant shore,
Feels from his heart his blood enlightened flow;

When far behind that sordid scene he leaves,
And winding upwards sees the peaceful groves,
Low bending o'er the clear sequester'd stream,
And grots and shadows that his fancy loves:

So as I backward cast my weary eye,
Along the stream of time with bursting tears,
These lovely vales of childhood I espy,
Thro' which unstained it flowed in other years.

And there, where memory most delights to dwell,
The sweetest scene of all her pilgrimage;
Thine infant graces open to foretell
The higher beauties of thy riper age!

O lovely child, whose pure accomplished frame
Is as the shrine of innocence, whose breast
Suspicion never chilled, whose cheek dark shame
Has never flushed—nor care thine eyes deprest.

Hope not for greater happiness—the days
Of future years may see thee yet possest
Of greater beauty or of wisdom's praise,
But not more lovely—No! nor half so blest!

And yet forgive the muse whose pensive gloom
Has stained the brightness of a soul so gay,
And chilled awhile thy youth's unfolding bloom,
With the dull maxims of the serious lay.

Believe that fancy's sportive shadows fly
Where true affection lifts her solemn strain;
And rarely frolic in her pensive eye
The playful shapes that grace the muse's strain.

Nor will I mix the monitory strain,
To thee whose soul is pure as those mild airs
That fanned the flowers in Eden, which in vain
My praise would reach, but trembles as it dares.

And now, farewell, sweet maid! my artless hand
For thee a rude unseemly wreath has twined,
And in obedience to thy dear command
The glaring tints of flattery declined.

And I believe that not with idle show,
To please thine eyes, or win delusive praise
For courtly sounds, thus negligently flow
From my full heart these harsh unpolished lays.

The only merit of my simple lines
Is that their author felt the scenes he drew;
And all reward he steadfastly declines,
But that you hold his painting to be true.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Ellen Johnston, the "Factory Girl," born in Hamilton, Lanarkshire, where her father worked as a mason. She became well known throughout Scotland by her poetical effusions, which appeared in several of the weekly newspapers. Along with Janet Hamilton the Coatbridge poetess, she received a gift of £50 from the royal bounty fund. A volume of her "Poems and Songs" was published in 1869, containing some pieces of considerable merit. Miss Johnston was unfortunate in life, and latterly became an inmate of the Barony poorhouse, Glasgow, where she died in 1873, at an early age. Rev. George Gilfillan says:—"Her rhymes are highly creditable to her heart and head too: they are written always with fluency, and often with sweetness."

Thou art gone, my loved and loving,
Thou hast vanished from this earth
Like an angel spirit moving
Through the glory of its worth.
Though each coming morrow bringeth
Dark shadows o'er my doom,

Thy hallow'd memory flingeth
A sunshine o'er my gloom.

Thou sleep'st thy dreamless slumber
In the gloomy vale of death,
My sighs thou canst not number,
For still's thy balmy breath
That oft came stealing o'er me,
And made my heart rejoice;
When care-clouds lowered before me,
Thou dispelled them with thy voice.

The sun awakes in gladness,
And hails the dark blue sea;
But he cannot cheer my sadness,
Nor bring each joy to me.
His golden crest is blazing
On sweet Clutha's silvery wave,
Whilst sadly I am gazing
On my Mary's silent grave.

In fancy I behold thee
Still blooming in thy pride,
As when first I did enfold thee,
My lovely chosen bride,
When I led thee from the altar
In the happy long-ago,
With love that ne'er did falter,
Still the same in joy or woe.

All in vain now I deplore thee,
And heave the burning sigh,
For I never can restore thee
From thy home beyond the sky.
I know thou'rt there, my Mary,
Thy spirit beckons me,
And bids me not to tarry,
But haste and come to thee.

When my last sad task is ended
In this world of busy strife;
When my dust with thine is blended,
My dear, beloved wife;
The world shall tell my story
When death this form enfolds
In literary glory,
Where my name was long enrolled.

Fare-thee-well, my gentle Mary,
I'll see thy form no more
Glide past me like a fairy
Of dreamland's sunny shore.
When life's silver links are riven,
Oh may we meet on high,
In the bright realms of Heaven,
Beyond the starry sky,
Where love can never die.

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

Stuart Lewis, born in Ecclesfechan, Dumfriesshire, about 1756; died Sept. 22, 1818. He was the author of a small volume entitled "The African Slave, with other Poems and Songs." He led a strangely chequered life, and for many years before his death was a wanderer over the country, partly supporting himself by the sale of his poems, but mainly dependent on the casual assistance of the benevolent.

On Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,
I tuned "my wood-notes wild;"
I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,
Like nature's simple child.
Some talked of wealth—I heard of fame,
But thought 'twas all a dream,
For dear I loved a village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

The dew-bespangled blushing rose,
The garden's joy and pride,
Was ne'er so fragrant nor so fair
As her I wish'd my bride.
The sparkling radiance of her eye
Was bright as Phœbus' beam;
Each grace adorn'd my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

But war's shrill clarion fiercely blew—
The sound alarm'd mine ear;
My country's wrongs call'd for redress—
Could I my aid forbear?
No; soon, in warlike garb array'd,
With arms that bright did gleam,
I sigh'd, and left my village maid
By Annan's winding stream.

Perhaps blest peace may soon return,
With all her smiling train;
For Britain's conquests still proclaim
Her sovereign of the main.
Whene'er that wish'd event appears,
I'll hail the auspicious gleam,
And haste to clasp my village maid
Near Annan's winding stream.

NEIL GOW'S FAREWELL TO WHISKY.

Mrs. Agnes Lyon, born at Dundee in 1762; died Sept. 14, 1840. She wrote this song at the request of the celebrated Neil Gow, to accompany an air composed by him. Mrs. Lyon bequeathed to a relative four manuscript volumes of her poetry, which have not been published.

You've surely heard of famous Neil,
The man who play'd the fiddle weel;
He was a heartsome merry chiel,
And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O!

For e'er since he wore the tartan hose
He dearly liket *Athole brose!*[1]
And grievèd was, you may suppose,
To bid "Farewell to whisky," O!

Alas! says Neil, I'm frail and auld,
And whiles my hame is unco cauld;
I think it makes me blythe and bauld,
A wee drap Highland whisky, O!
But a' the doctors do agree
That whisky's no the drink for me;
I'm fley'd they'll gar me tyne my glee,
By parting me and whisky, O!

But I should mind on "auld langsyne,"
How paradise our friends did tyne,
Because something ran in their mind—
Forbid—like Highland whisky, O!
Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
And find my heart and fingers hale,
I'll be content, though legs should fail,
And though forbidden whisky, O!

I'll tak' my fiddle in my hand,
And screw its strings whilst they can stand,
And mak' a lamentation grand
For guid auld Highland whisky, O!
Oh! all ye powers of music, come,
For, 'deed, I think I'm mighty glum,
My fiddle-strings will hardly bum,
To say "Farewell to whisky," O!

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813; became minister of St. Peter's, Dundee, where he died, after a short illness, March 25, 1843. He was the author of various religious poems, and one of the most earnest of modern Scottish preachers.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One, who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide;
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea;
But ah! far more the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er there.

These days are past: Bethsaida, where?
Chorazin, where art thou?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reed shades thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
Was the Saviour's city here?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear?

Ah! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me?
My lambs and sheep then feed?"

O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still;
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

O! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both thine and mine.

ISABELLE: A LEGEND OF PROVENCE.

Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire; died in 1866, aged forty-nine. He studied at Edinburgh University, and was distinguished for proficiency in mathematics and the physical sciences. Mr. Macduff chose the profession of a writer to the signet. His business talents were combined with many other accomplishments, and his acquaintance with general literature was very considerable. The following lines (extracted among others from a manuscript volume found at his death, and which have been transcribed by his brother the Rev. J. R. Macduff, D.D., in his "Gates of Praise"), will testify that he possessed some share of the poetic gift. Shortly before his premature removal from a life of influence and usefulness, Mr. Macduff was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

An aged man, with tresses gray,
Whose eyes bespoke familiar tears,

[1] A mixture of whisky and honey, of which the poor violinist was somewhat too fond.—ED.

With trembling lips poured forth this lay
To sympathizing ears:—

"Oh! many a sweet beguiles the bee
In gay Provence's lovely bowers,
And roses garland many a tree
Entwined with fragrant flowers.

In light festoons, the clustering vine
O'ercanopies the sylvan glade,
And countless flow'rets gaily shine
Beneath its graceful shade.

The hum of glittering insect wing
Wakes music in these fairy groves,
And nightingales delight to sing,
In silvery notes, their loves!

I've seen that land of beauty dressed
In radiant summer's mantle green,
And oft does pensive memory rest
Upon each witching scene!

But sacred above all the themes,
On which in lonely hours I dwell,
Is she whose image haunts my dreams—
The gentle Isabelle!

Oft had I blessed the path I took
That led me to her cottage door;
Methought it wore a hallowed look
I ne'er had seen before.

The aged father welcomed me
Within his humble, peaceful cot,
And bade his duteous daughter see
My wants were not forgot.

"Oh yes," she answered, "father dear,
I'll make a fragrant flowery bed,
And welcome is the stranger here
To rest his weary head."

Away she tripped, with noiseless tread,
As if some Heavenly Being fair
Had left the regions of the dead
To dwell with mortals there.

I gazed upon the spot, where she
Had nimbly vanished from my sight,
The old man marked my ecstasy
And smiled with fond delight.

"Thou'rt right," he said, in accents mild—
"Yes, by my troth, thou judgest well,
She is indeed a blessed child
My darling Isabelle!

"She is my sole surviving friend,
All other joys from me are fled;
And she alone is left, to tend
Her aged father's head:

"The angel of my closing years,
In undeserved mercy given,
To guide, amid this vale of tears,
My feeble steps—to heaven!"

Oft I recall the guileless joy
In which that summer glided by!
As cloudless as the canopy
Of fair Provence's sky.

The hour of prayer together spent,
Adoring HIM in accents meet,
When with united hearts we bent
Before the Mercy-seat!

Who can describe the hymn of praise,
Its soft and silvery sweetness tell,
Poured from her lips in holiest lays
As evening shadows fell.

How shall I paint the thornless bliss
In which the fleeting hours went past,
Mid joys—in such a world as this—
Too exquisite to last?

Methinks I see the trembling tear
Which stole from eyes unused to sorrow,
When first I whispered in her ear,
"*We part*—upon the morrow!"

The old man raised his withered head,
And gazed upon the azure sky:
Then—"Fare thee well *awhile*," he said,
"We yet shall meet—on high!"

"Nay—speak not thus, my father dear,
But *one short year* away"—and then,
"Make promise—thou wilt wander here,
And visit us again.

"Daily I'll watch thy favourite vine
Put forth its verdant shade of leaves,
And train its tendrils to entwine
And trellis all the eaves.

"Fondly I'll note, when budding flowers
O'erhang thy favourite window-seat;—
And eager count the passing hours
Until, at length, *we meet!*

"Oh, quickly speed thee back again!
And now," she cried, "a fond farewell!
Soon will a year elapse:—till then
Remember Isabelle!"

Even now, methinks, her parting words,
As if prolonged by magic spell,

Still vibrate on my spirit's chords:
"*Remember Isabelle!*"

. . . . . .

The tedious years at length went past:
Again I reached a foreign shore:
With joyful steps, I trode at last
Provence's soil once more.

I stood upon a vine-clad spot
O'erhanging yon romantic dell,
Where stands the lone sequestered cot
That sheltered Isabelle.

The balmy breath of summer eve
(Exhaled from many a fragrant flower),
Seemed to my fancy to receive
Fresh sweetness in that hour.

With eager steps, I culled a flower,
And quickly cleared the briery brake,
"And here," said I, "we'll form a bower
Beside that fairy lake."

What though the gathering clouds at last
Were shrouding all the sunset sky,
And evening's hues were yielding fast
To the fair moon on high?

I knew the scenes of former days,
Familiar every nook to me;
The names of all the friendly fays
That owned each haunted tree!

Each blooming plant that smiled around,
Each ivied root—each grassy swell;
"For oft I've trode the hallowed ground
With her I loved so well.

"The rose-slip on the churchyard wall
Has now become a verdant tree,
The orange-plants are now grown tall,
Can time have altered *thee?*

"Oh yes," methought, "thine eye will show
A deeper shade of heavenly blue,
Thy cheek will have a ruddier glow—
Tinged with a brighter hue.

"Thy hair in richer tresses shine,
Thy voice have lost its childish tone;
But still, thy faithful heart is mine—
My beautiful! my own!"

I trode the path along the dell,
Down by the spreading churchyard tree,
Beneath whose shade my Isabelle
First pledged her troth to me!

I passed the holy precincts, where
Her sainted mother's ashes lay:
The moonlight cold was shaded there,
Across my grave-strewn way.

On new-laid turf, with daisies fair,
The chilly moonbeams gently fell:
But what! oh!—WHAT *was graven there!*
"REMEMBER ISABELLE!"

ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

Hugh Buchanan MacPhail, born in Glasgow July 26, 1817. He was brought up and educated at Old Kilpatrick, on the banks of the Clyde; afterwards held various situations throughout the country, and finally settled in his native city. A love attachment in early life first inspired his muse, the fruits of which appeared in a volume entitled *Lyrics: Love, Freedom, and Manly Independence*, published in 1856. Mr. MacPhail is also the author of the *Supremacy of Woman*, and is well known for his advocacy of the rights of the fair sex.

Wail for the dead! the mighty's gone,
At last by death was forced to yield;
A brighter star hath never shone
Upon this world in battle-field.

The conqueror of conquerors he—
High was the mission to him given—
Not to enslave, but make man free,
That was the voice to him from heaven!

As brave have fought, and bled, and died,
Their country from oppression save,
And all the tyrant's power defied,
And welcomed freedom or the grave;

But for his like we look in vain,
No equal his on history's page—
The chief of chiefs, the man of men,
As warrior, statesman, saint, and sage.

Sweet Erin! England cannot claim
This matchless one, nor Scotia's shore—
While living an unbounded fame,
And now, till time shall be no more!

Sleep, warrior, sleep! with Nelson lie,
Your names will nerve our inmost heart,
Should e'er renewed the battle cry
For freedom! and new life impart!

Your names! a spell on field or main,
Where'er the British flag's unfurled,
Till universal peace shall reign,
And war be banished from the world.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

Lieut. John Malcolm, born in the Orkneys, Dec. 30, 1795; died Sept. 1835. He served as a volunteer in the Peninsular war, and was severely wounded at the battle of Toulouse. On leaving the army he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and became a constant contributor of verse and prose to the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, *Literary Journal*, *Constable's Miscellany*, and the Annuals so common in those days. From 1831 till his death he was editor of the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper. In 1828 he published *Scenes of War and other Poems*, followed by the *Buccaneer and other Poems*. Lieut. Malcolm was remarkable for his gentle and unassuming manners, and was a very general favourite in the literary circles of Edinburgh.

The knell of night—the chime
Deep, dreamy, and sublime,
Far sounding, like the boom of ocean waves—
Seems unto Fancy's ear
Of the departing year
The farewell, pealing from the place of graves.

There—all that wake shall sleep—
A hundred years shall sweep
Into the land of silence and of shade
All living things that dwell
In this fair day—to swell
The cold pale generations of the dead.

A hundred years shall close
All present joys and woes;
Lay kings and conquerors down, with banners furl'd—
Earth's pageantry and pride,
And power and glory hide—
And blench the beauteous roses of the world.

All voices now that fill
The sky, shall then be still—
An awful hush succeed the mighty hum—
All sounds of moan and mirth,
Now ringing o'er the earth
In one vast mingled chorus, shall be dumb.

The cloud shall then sit deep
Upon the dreamless sleep
Of all the race of beauty's radiant forms—
The smiles be dimm'd and gone,
And closed the eyes that shone
To light our spirits o'er this land of storms.

And peace shall balm each breast,
And universal rest
This moving scene shall close, and that dark bourn,
Life's final goal, be gain'd,
Its cup of trembling drain'd
By all that now beneath the sun sojourn.

MAGGY MACLANE.

James Mayne, a native of Glasgow, and nephew of the author of "The Siller Gun." He died in 1842, in the island of Trinidad, where he had gone some years previously to edit a newspaper. This admirable song was first published in 1835 in the *Glasgow Journal of General Literature*.

Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees,
Lies a wee theeket bield, like a bike for the bees;
But the hinnie there skepp'd—gin ye're no dour to please—
It's virgin Miss Maggy Maclane!
There's few seek Meg's shed noo, the simmer sun jookin';
It's aye the dry floor, Meg's—the day e'er sae drookin'!
But the heather-blabs hing whare the red blude's been shooken
I' bruilzies for Maggy Maclane!

Doon by Meg's howf-tree the gowk comes to woo;
But the corncraik's aye fley'd at her hallan-door joo!
An' the redbreast ne'er cheeps but the weird's at his mou',
For the last o' the roses that's gane!
Nae trystin' at Meg's noo—nae Hallowe'en rockins!
Nae howtowdie guttlens—nae mart-puddin' yockins!
Nae bane i' the blast's teeth blaws snell up Glendockens!
Clean bickers wi' Maggy Maclane!

Meg's auld lyart gutcher swarf'd dead i' the shawe;
Her bein, fouthy minnie,—she's aff an' awa'!
The gray on her pow but a simmerly snaw!—
The couthy, cosh Widow Maclane!
O titties be tentie! though air i' the day wi' ye,—
Think that the green grass may ae day be hay wi' ye!—
Think o' the leal minnie—mayna be aye wi' ye!
When sabbin' for Maggy Maclane.

Lallan' joes—Hielan' joes—Meg ance had wale;
Fo'k wi' the siller, and chiefs wi' the tail!
The yaud left the burn to drink out o' Meg's pail:
The sheltie braw kent "the Maclane."
Awa' owre the muir they cam' stottin' an' stoicherin'!
Tramper an' traveller, a' beakin' an' broicherin'!
Cadgers an' cuddy-creels, oigherin'!—hoigherin'!
"The lanlowpers!"—quo' Maggy Maclane.

Cowtes were to fother:—Meg owre the burn flang!
Nowte were to tether:—Meg through the wood rang!

The widow she kenn'd-na to bless or to bann!
Sic waste o' gude wooers to hain!
Yet, aye at the souter, Meg grumph'd her! an' grumph'd her!
The loot-shouther'd wabster, she humph'd her! and humph'd her!
The lamiter tailor, she stump'd her! an' stump'd her!
Her minnie might groo or grane!

The tailor he likit cockleekie broo;
An' doon he cam' wi' a beck an' a boo:—
Quo' Meg—"We'se sune tak' the clocken aff you;"—
An' plump i' the burn he's gane!
The widow's cheek reddon'd; her heart it play'd thud! aye;
Her garters she cuist roun' his neck like a wuddie!
She linkit him oot; but wi' wringin' his duddies,
Her weed-ring it's burst in twain!

Wowf was the widow—to haud nor to bing!
The tailor he's aff, an' he's coft a new ring!
The deil squeeze his craig's no wordy the string!—
He's waddet auld Widow Maclane!
Auld?—an' a bride! Na, ye'd pitied the tea-pat!
O saut were the skadyens! but balm's in Glenlivat!
The haggis was bockin' oot blutors o' bree-fat,
An' hotch'd to the piper its lane!—

Doon the burnside, i' the lown o' the glen,
Meg reists her bird-lane, i' a but-an'-a-ben:
Steal doon when ye dow,—i' the dearth, gentlemen,—
Ye'se be awmous to Maggy Maclane!
Lane bauks the virgin—nae white pows now keekin'
Through key-hole an' cranny; nae cash blade stan's sleekin'
His nicherin' naigie, his gaudamous seekin'!
Alack for the days that are gane!

Lame's fa'n the souter!—some steek i' his thie!
The cooper's clean gyte, wi' a hoopin' coughee!
The smith's got sae blin'—wi' a spunk i' his e'e!—
He's tyned glint o' Maggy Maclane!
Meg brake the kirk pew-door—Auld Beukie leuk'd near-na her!
She dunkled her pattie—Young Sneckie ne'er speir'd for her!
But the warst's when the wee mouse leuks out, wi' a tear to her,
Frae the meal-kist o' Maggy Maclane!

THE COTTAR'S SANG.

Andrew Mercer, born at Selkirk in 1775; died in Dunfermline, June 11, 1842. He was the intimate associate of Dr. John Leyden, and Dr. A. Murray afterwards professor of oriental languages, and contributed like them various essays in prose and verse to the *Edinburgh* and *Scots Magazines*. To his literary pursuits he conjoined a love of art, and devoted himself to drawing and painting miniatures, but never attained to great eminence. Mr. Mercer was a man of gentle and amiable manners and unquestioned talent. He ultimately settled at Dunfermline, where for many years he lived by teaching, and drawing patterns for the damask manufacturers. He published a history of Dunfermline and of its celebrated abbey in 1828, and ten years later a small collection of poems entitled *Summer Months among the Mountains*.

The hairst now is owre,
An' the stacks are a' theekit;
The barn-yard is fu',
An' the yett's fairly steekit.
The potatoes are up,
An' are a' snugly pitted;
The crap o' the puir man
For winter fare fitted.

O how happy the hynd
Wha's laid in for the winter,
Wi' his eldin an' meal,
His cow an' bit grunter.
Though he toil a' the day,
Through the cauld sleety weather,
By his ingle at e'en
It's forgot a' thegither.

Syne the bairns are drappin' in
Frae the neist farm-steadins,
To claver owre the news,
Or speak o' new cleadins:
Ilk ane tells his tale,
The day's simple story;
An' the cottar's fireside
Is a' in its glory!

The Jockies and Jennies
Are joking and jeering,
An' proud o' the braws
They ha'e won at the shearing.
An' courtship is rife,
An' ilk look has a meaning,
As an e'e meets an e'e,
In the edge o' the e'ening.

There's love in ilka lane,
In ilka fine gloamin';
An' bridals there will be
At Martinmas coming.
Their minds are a' made up,
An' a' thing looks cheerie;
O lang may it last,—
Ilk lad wi' his dearie.

ALWYN: A ROMANCE OF STUDY.

(EXTRACTS.)

James C. Moffat, born in Glencree, Galloway shire, May 30, 1811; professor of church history in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. Dr. Moffat is the author of a small volume of miscellaneous poems and several volumes of prose. "Alwyn" is a poem in seven cantos, published in New York in 1876. It describes the progress of the mind of a Scottish shepherd-boy from its earliest unfoldings: its searchings after truth; the dawning of the true light, and at length its satisfaction and peaceful rest.

Or when the angry winds raved through the glen,
  Driving the stormy legions in their wrath,
On some high cliff, far from the abodes of men,
  Would he delight to watch the tempest's path,
  As it swept on, o'er mountain, lake, and strath,
With all its cloudy train in long array,
  And the wild grace which Nature's fury hath,
Till he would long to leave his form of clay,
Rise on the warring winds, and mingle with the fray.

. . . . . .

And heavy drops fall far apart and slow,
  Each on the sand a momentary stain:—
The winds leap forth—an ambuscade—and lo!
  The forest writhes and tosses as with pain,
  The dust is swept in clouds along the plain;
Again the thunders issue their command,
  And freely falls the cool refreshing rain,
Copious but gentle, and with teeming hand
Pours down new stores of life upon the fainting land.

. . . . . .

And then on Plato's bolder wing he rose
  To loftier flight and more extensive view,
Where rays of purer intellect disclose
  A fairer world, uncircumscribed and new,
  And strains of eloquence the air imbue,
The faultless labours of the sacred Nine,
  Whose harmonies the willing soul subdue:
How would he dwell upon the graceful line
In dalliance with truth, and reveries divine:

Now playing with a web of gossamer,
  To which the breath of zephyr were a shock;
Now soaring giddily to regions where
  The golden rays his waxen pinions mock;
  Then slowly, surely, as on living rock,
Ascending by the steps of argument,—
  Or stooping, some deep secret to unlock
Of thought or passion, while through the extent
Of all his range Delight still followed as he went.

. . . . . .

'Tis sometimes well that weeping clouds should spread
  Their gloomy pall across the burning sky.
'Tis sometimes well, with aching heart and head,
  That one should see his dearest prospects die.
  Full oft the failures which our hopes deny
Are forces of deep verity and right,
  A barren confidence to mortify;
To drive the ploughshare, with relentless might,
Through life, and bring its best fertility to light.

. . . . . .

To height sublime a stately fabric rose,
  Solemn, yet light, and in its grandeur fair,
Where studious art had laboured to dispose
  Her ponderous masses with the subtlest care,
That all might seem to rise and none to bear,
In lightly springing arches, to the eye
  Like gossamer suspended in mid air,
And lines and spires all pointing to the sky,
As if to guide the soul to its true home on high.

Vast mullioned windows on the assembly threw
  A sober light, like the departing ray
Of summer's eve, in many-tinted hue,
  Saddening the lively brilliancy of day;
  And from the walls stood forth, in long array,
Full many a sculptured form of snowy white,
  Like angels hovering on their heavenly way,
And dwelling fondly on the pleasing sight,
Ere back to holier scenes they urge their upward flight.

. . . . . .

Self-humbled Son of God, atoning Lamb,
  Who once for men descended from thy throne,
How shall I praise thee, sinful as I am,
  All holy as thou art? Through thee alone
  Is God to man in love and mercy known.
In thy commands all duty lies enshrined,
  From beauty's full perfection hast thou shown
Thyself more fair than form of human kind;
And thou alone hast peace to calm the troubled mind.

THE FLITTIN' O' AULD AUNTY GARTLEY.

Alexander G. Murdoch, born in Glasgow, April, 1843. He is by trade a working engineer; and, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a scanty education in youth, has become known to the public as the author of many meritorious Scotch pieces. In 1870 he contributed to the *Weekly Mail* newspaper a humorous poem, "The Brae o' Life," which was followed in rapid succession by others of a similar kind. In 1872 Mr. Murdoch was induced to collect and publish his poetical pieces in a volume entitled *Lilts on the Doric Lyre*, which has received the favourable notice of the Scottish and Canadian press.

Auld Aunty Gartley, rest her banes!
  The nicht she slip't awa',
Was chair'd beside oor auld lum-check—
  A wreath o' winter snaw;

The Book o' God lay on her knee,
  An' frae the haly Psalms
She waled a canny verse or twa,
  To soothe her moral qualms;
It wisna that she feared the blow,
  For in her young days twice't
She'd been at death's untimely door,
  But lippen'd aye to Christ.
"An' noo, guid freens, I howp an' trust
  I binna be to blame,
But, an' the Lord wad hear my prayer,
  I'm wearying for hame."

When just as she had spak the words,
  Oot on the laigh door-stap
An oorie fit was heard to fa';
  An' syne a solemn chap.
Owre to the auld door-cheek I gaed;
  But when the sneck I drew,
A flowff o' wander'd win' cam' in,
  An' wail'd the haill hoose through,
An' sowff'd roun' aunty's pillow'd heid,
  Syne rumbl'd up the lum.
Quo' she, "That weird win' warns me
  My time is near-han' come;
Yon candle lowe is film'd wi' death,
  An' burns a dredgie flame;
But, an' it please the Lord, this nicht
  I'd flit, an' e'en gang hame."

Then a' the mair to comfort her,
  An' stey her heartie up,
We wailed some verse that airted her
  To haud the blessed grup.
When a' at ance the waukrife cock,
  Oot in the auld kailyard,
Ere yet the dawn had touch'd the hills,
  Untimeously was heard.
"Ay, ay," quo' Aunty, "deed I'll come;
  Noo, lay me in my bed,
The waukit cord o' life wears thin,
  The riddle's near-han' read,
For when the cock, at twal' o' nicht,
  Erects its scarlet kame,
Tak' ye nae fear, there's some lane soul
  Gaun to its lang, lang hame.

"Then read me yet anither verse,
  An' snuff the crusie licht,
The death-yirm gathers in my throat,
  An' bleerit grows my sicht;"
An' as the chap o' twal' was heard,
  Quo' she, "It's maybe wrang,
But I weary for His coming,
  An' his coming's lang, lang."
When, sudden, on oor hearts an' ears
  A noise amang the delf
Gard ilk ane cast a speerin' e'e
  Up to the binmost shelf.

An' when we turned aboot ance mair,
  To catch her pairtin' sigh,
The licht o' heaven lay on her face—
  The Lord himsel' stood bye!

THE POET'S GRAVE.

William Nicoll, a younger brother of Robert and a genuine lyric poet. He was buried in the same grave with his gifted brother, in North Leith churchyard. Their mother, now (Feb. 1876) in her eighty eighth year, is living in New Zealand. The subject of these elegiac lines is Robert Nicoll's last resting place.

Is the poet's grave in some lonely spot,
Is his requiem sung by the wild bird's throat,
Where the forest flowers are first in bloom,
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Do his bones repose in his native hills,
Is his spirit soothed by their dashing rills,
Where the heather waves and the free winds come,
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

Is his last long sleep made in hallowed mould,
Where the bones of his fathers rest of old?
Does the same gray stone record his doom?
Is this the place of the poet's tomb?

No! alas, bright thoughts of a deathless name
With o'ermastering power on his spirit came;
And his childhood's home, and his father's hearth,
He forsook for the busy haunts of earth!

He had dreamed a dream in the moorland glen,
Of oppression and pain 'mongst his fellowmen;
He buckled his helmet with clasps of gold,
But fell ere half his tale was told.

Nor tree, nor flower o'er his lonely bed,
Their bright spring tears, or sere leaves shed,
For 'mid countless graves and a city's gloom,
Sleeps Nature's child, in a nameless tomb.[1]

THE ANNUITY.

George Outram, born at Glasgow, March 25, 1805; died there in 1856. He was called to the bar in 1827; became part proprietor and editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and wrote a number of humorous and satirical verses. A collection of his poems was published by Blackwood & Sons.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
  An unco week it proved to be—

[1] A tablet was afterwards placed over his brother's grave by William Nicoll.—Ed.

For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell:
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turn'd saxty-three—
I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae teugh
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
The limmer's growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane and skin;
But that it seems is naught to me.
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage of tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
But comes as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an Insurance Company:
Her chance o' life was stated there
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here, or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But deil may care! the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy;
It just cost me a tooth, forbye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough of cholera,
Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she!
She buys up baths, and drugs an' a',
In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof:
The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—and then her loof
Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
A compound fracture as could be;
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured!—she handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale;
But I'm a broken man mysel'
Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
Are weel as flesh and banes can be:
She beats the taeds that live in stanes
And fatten in vacuity.
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere;
But her!—expose her onywhere,
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread
Sma' crime it wad appear to me:
Ca't murder, or ca't homicide,
I'd justify't—and do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree o' life!
The timmer limmer daurs the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot; but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbane wanders through her sark.
In an unkenn'd cork-screwity.
She's palsified, and shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't:
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd: but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope:
'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will puzion do't?—It has been tried.
But be't in hash or fricassee,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts;
She gangs by instinct, like the brutes,
And only eats and drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be;
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood;
She's come o' patriarchal blood;
She's some auld Pagan mummified,
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out:
She's sauted to the last degree;

There's pickle in her very snout,
Sae caper-like and cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her:
They've kyanized the useless knir (witch);
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accurs'd annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock,
As this eternal jaud wears me.
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here, and pay me there,
And pay me, pay me, evermair;
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm *charged* for her annuity.[1]

[1] At a dinner given by Dr. Robert Chambers in Edinburgh to Outram and a select party of his friends, the following verses were sung in character by Mrs. R. C., after "The Annuity" had been sung by Peter Fraser. The "honest Maurice" mentioned in the last stanza is the late Maurice Lothian of Edinburgh:—

THE ANNUITANT'S ANSWER.

My certy! but it sets him weel
Sae vile a tale to tell o' me;
I never could suspect the chiel'
O' sic disingenuity.
I'll no be ninety-four for lang,
My health is far frae being strang,
And he'll mak' profit, richt or wrang,
Ye'll see, by this annuity.

My friends, ye weel can understand
This world is fu' o' roguery;
And ane meets folk on ilka hand
To rug, and rive, and pu' at ye.
I thought that this same man o' law
Wad save my siller frae them a',
And sae I gave the whilliewha
The note for the annuity.

He says the bargain lookit fair,
And sae to him, I'm sure 'twad be;
I got my hundred pounds a year,
An' he could well allow it tae.
And does he think—the deevil's limb—
Although I lookit auld and grim,
I was to die to pleasure him,
And squash my braw annuity.

The year had scarcely turned its back
When he was irking to be free—
A fule the thing to undertak',
And then sae sune to rue it ye.
I've never been at peace sin' syne—
Nae wonder that sae sair I coyne—
It's jist through terror that I tyne
My life for my annuity.

He's twice had pushion in my kail,
And sax times in my cup o' tea;
I could unfauld a shocking tale
O' something in a cruet, tae.
His arms he ance flang round my neck—
I thought it was to show respeck;
He only meant to gie a check,
Not for, but to, the annuity.

Said ance to me an honest man,
"Try an insurance company;
Ye'll find it an effective plan
Protection to secure to you.
Ten pounds a year!—ye weel can spare't!—
Be that wi' Peter Fraser wared;
His office syne will be a guard
For you and your annuity."

I gaed at ance an' spak' to Pate
O' a five hundred policy,
And "Faith!" says he, "ye are nae blate;
I maist could clamahewit ye,
Wi' that chiel's fingers at the knife,
What chance hae ye o' length o' life?
Sae to the door, ye silly wife,
Wi' you and your annuity."

The procurator fiscal's now
The only friend that I can see;
And it's sma' thing that he can do
To end this sair ankshiwity.
But honest Maurice has agreed
That if the villain does the deed,
He'll swing at Libberton Wyndhead
For me and my annuity.

DEAR ISLAY.

Thomas Pattison, a native of Islay, whose early death disappointed the fair promise of high poetic fame. He was the author of "Selections from the Gaelic Bards, Metrically Translated, with Biographical Prefaces and Explanatory Notes, also Original Poems," an 8vo volume published in 1866.

O Islay! sweet Islay!
Thou green, grassy Islay!
Why, why art thou lying
So far o'er the sea?
O Islay! dear Islay!
The daylight is dying,
And here am I longing,
And longing for thee!

O Islay! fair Islay!
Thou dear mother Islay!
Where my spirit awaking
First look'd on the day.
O Islay! dear Islay!
That link of God's making
Must last till I wing me
Away, and away!

Dear Islay! good Islay!
Thou holy-soil'd Islay!
My fathers are sleeping
Beneath thy green sod.
O Islay! kind Islay!
Well, well be thou keeping

That dear dust awaiting
The great day of God.

Old Islay! God bless thee,
Thou good mother, Islay!
Bless thy wide ocean!
And bless thy sweet lea!
And Islay! dear Islay!
My heart's best emotion,
For ever and ever
Shall centre in thee!

THE FAIRY DANCE.

Mrs. Caroline E. Scott Richardson, born at Forge in Dumfriesshire, Nov. 24, 1777; died there Nov. 9, 1853. She received a liberal education, and was brought up amid the scenes of Border song and story. When young she went out to India, where she married her cousin Gilbert G. Richardson, captain of an East Indiaman. Early left a widow, Mrs. Richardson returned with her children to Scotland, and devoted herself to their education. In 1828 and again in 1834 she published a volume of poetry, both of which were well received. She also wrote a novel entitled *Adonia*, and numerous tales and essays.

The fairies are dancing—how nimbly they bound!
They flit o'er the grass tops, they touch not the ground;
Their kirtles of green are with diamonds bedight,
All glittering and sparkling beneath the moonlight.

Hark, hark to their music! how silvery and clear—
'Tis surely the flower-bells that ringing I hear;
The lazy-wing'd moth with the grasshopper wakes,
And the field-mouse peeps out, and their revels partakes.

How featly they trip it! how happy are they
Who pass all their moments in frolic and play;
Who rove where they list, without sorrows or cares,
And laugh at the fetters mortality wears!

But where have they vanish'd?—a cloud's o'er the moon;
I'll hie to the spot—they'll be seen again soon;
I hasten—'tis lighter, and what do I view?—
The fairies were grasses, the diamonds were dew!

And thus do the sparkling illusions of youth
Deceive and allure, and we take them for truth;
Too happy are they who the juggle unshroud
Ere the hint to inspect them be brought by a cloud.

THE TOOM MEAL POCK.

John Robertson, born in Paisley, Nov. 30, 1767; died at Portsmouth in April, 1810. He was well educated, and intended for one of the learned professions; but family misfortune obliged him to become a salesman, and he finally enlisted in the local militia, where he was employed as regimental schoolmaster. Robertson was a man of some ability and scholarship, and with ordinary carefulness might have attained a good position in life; but he became dissipated in his habits, and ended his life by suicide. His verses display considerable merit. In the following song, which has long been popular in the west of Scotland, he half jocularly describes a time of dull trade in his native town.

Preserve us a'! what shall we do,
Thir dark unhallowed times?
We're surely dreeing penance now
For some most awfu' crimes.
Sedition daurna now appear,
In reality or joke,
For ilka chiel maun mourn wi' me
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

When lasses braw gaed out at e'en,
For sport and pastime free,
I seem'd like ane in paradise,
The moments quick did flee.
Like Venuses they a' appeared,
Weel pouthered was their locks,
'Twas easy dune, when at their hame,
Wi' the shaking o' their pocks.
And sing, Oh waes me!

How happy past my former days,
Wi' merry heartsome glee,
When smiling fortune held the cup,
And peace sat on my knee;
Nae wants had I but were supplied,
My heart wi' joy did knock,
When in the neuk I smiling saw
A gaucie weel-fill'd pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Speak no ae word about reform,
Nor petition parliament,
A wiser scheme I'll now propose,
I'm sure ye'll gi'e consent—
Send up a chiel or twa like me,
As a sample o' the flock,
Whase hollow cheeks will be sure proof
O' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

And should a sicht sae ghastly like,
Wi' rags, and banes, and skin,
Ha'e nae impression on yon folks,
But tell ye'll stand ahin:

O what a contrast will ye shaw,
To the glowrin' Lunnun folk,
When in St. James' ye tak' your stand,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock!
And sing, Oh waes me!

Then rear your hand, and glowr, and stare,
Before yon hills o' beef,
Tell them ye are frae Scotland come,
For Scotia's relief;
Tell them ye are the vera best,
Wal'd frae the fattest flock,
Then raise your arms, and oh! display
A hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

Tell them ye're wearied o' the chain
That hauds the state thegither,
For Scotland wishes just to tak'
Gude nicht wi' ane anither.
We canna thole, we canna bide,
This hard unwieldy yoke,
For wark and want but ill agree,
Wi' a hinging toom meal pock.
And sing, Oh waes me!

VOICES FROM HEAVEN.

Rev. James G. Small, born in Edinburgh in 1817, and for nearly thirty years minister of the Free Church, Bervie, Kincardineshire. He is the author of several volumes of poems, among others "The Highlands, &c.,' which has passed through several editions. He has also produced a prose volume entitled *Restoration and Revival.*

What strains of compassion are heard from above,
Calling sinners to flee to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Saviour who speaks from on high—
"Turn, turn, ye poor wanderers, O why will ye die?
Turn, turn, ere ye perish; for judgment is nigh."

What a sweet invitation is heard from above!
Calling children to fly to the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the Shepherd! how kind is its tone—
"Come, ye young ones, to me, ere life's spring-time be flown;
I will take you, and bless you, and make you mine own."

What accents of comfort are heard from above,
Calling mourners to rest on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of our tender and faithful High Priest—
"Come to me, ye who labour, with sorrows oppress'd;
Come, and learning of me, your tired soul shall find rest."

What songs of rejoicing are rising above,
From the blest who repose on the bosom of Love!
'Tis the voice of the ransom'd; how joyful the strain—
"Glory, blessing and power to the Lamb that was slain;
For He suffered for us, and with him we shall reign."

WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

Lady John Scott Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, Berwickshire, widow of Lord John Douglas Scott, brother of the Duke of Buccleuch. Dr. Brown remarks in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, after quoting the song, "Can the gifted author of these lines and of their music not be prevailed on to give them and others to the world, as well as to her friends?"

When thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I think, as well I may,
That on this earth there is no one
More blest than I.

But when thou leav'st me,
Doubts and fears arise,
And darkness reigns
Where all before was light.
The sunshine of my soul
Is in those eyes,
And when they leave me
All the world is night.

But when thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly,
And then I feel, as well I may,
That on this earth there dwells not one
So blest as I.

THE BANKS OF DEE.

John Tait, a writer to the signet, and some time judge of the Edinburgh police court; born 1748, died 1817. Mr. Tait in early life wrote many fugitive pieces, which appeared in the periodicals of the day. The following song has been frequently ascribed to John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas." It was composed by Tait in 1775, on the occasion of a friend leaving Scotland to join the British forces in America. Hence the allusion to the "proud rebels" in the second stanza, America being then struggling for her independence.

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;

At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was growing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever:
For there first I gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels—for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring billows,
The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may perhaps yet restore him,
Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me;
And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

I HA'E LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

James Tytler, born at Brechin in 1747; died in Massachusetts, North America, in 1805. Though educated first for the Church, and afterwards for the medical profession, he was mainly employed through life in literary and chemical speculations. He was commonly called *Balloon Tytler*, from having been the first in Scotland who ascended in a fire balloon upon the plan of Montgolfier. Burns describes him as "a mortal who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-grace of-God and Solomon-the-son-of-David, yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three fourths of Elliot's pompous *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which he composed at half a-guinea a week!" Mr. Mackay of the Edinburgh theatre used to sing this song with pawkie glee, and was instrumental in rendering it popular.

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now!
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me tak' me now!
I downa eat it a' mysel';
An' I winna come ony mair to woo.

GRIZELL COCHRANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER DEAR.[1]

Charlotte, Lady Wake, born 1801; second daughter of Crawford Tait, Esq. of Harvieston, Clackmannanshire, and sister of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her mother was a daughter of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart., Lord-president of the Court of Session, son of the only daughter of John Wallace of Ellerslie, lineal descendant of the eldest brother of Sir William Wallace. Miss Charlotte Tait married in 1822 Charles Wake, eldest son of Sir William Wake, Bart. of Courteen Hall, Northamptonshire, formerly of Clevedon, Somersetshire, who succeeded to his father's title and estate in 1846, and died in 1864. Lady Wake informs the Editor that "Grizell Cochrane; or the Daughter Dear," was written when she was only fifteen, to please her father, in whose family (on the mother's side) the circumstances related in the ballad took place.

Frae morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright and cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison wall,
An' thro' the grate sae dreary.

"Keep up your heart, my father dear,
The morning sun shines sweet and fair"—
"It weel may shine this day, my bairn,
For it maun shine for me nae mair.

---

[1] The intrepid act of filial devotion which is the subject of this ballad took place in July, 1685. The heroine was a daughter of Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, who was found guilty of high treason for accession to the plot entered into towards the end of Charles II.'s reign, chiefly for the purpose of excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from succeeding to the throne. It was for their alleged connection with the same plot that Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were executed in 1683; and it was afterwards followed by the rising of Argyle in Scotland.

"This day the fatal warrant comes,
That takes from me my breath;
But oh! the thought of thee, my dear,
Is sharper far than death.

"When I maun yield my hoary head
Unto the axeman stern,
They'll lay the rebel in his grave,
But wha will shield his bairn?"

With playful hand she smoothed his hair,
Syne she kissed his forehead gray;
"My breast shall be thy resting-place,
I ween for mony a day."

About his neck her lily arm
She threw wi' maiden grace—
"Be this my father's only bond,
His daughter's fond embrace.

"An' now farewell, my father dear,
For surely I maun go;
For Heaven has breathed into my heart
To ward the coming blow."—

She's buckled a horseman's cloak
Atour her slender waist;
She's doffed her maiden robes sae gay,
Her feet in buskins laced.

She's doffed awhile her silken snood,
An' braided back her hair;
An' deeply slouched her warrior cap,
To hide her forehead fair.

She's mounted on a mettled steed,
Her lily hands the pistols bear;
An' wha that met this knight could guess
It was a maiden fair?

An' if she struggled wi' a sob,
Or felt a maiden fear,
She drew a lang, lang breath, an' thought
Upon her father dear.

She's ta'en the road that travellers go,
Her heart prepared for dule and strife:
She's met the postman on his way,
An' he maun stand or yield his life.

"Now yield to me, ye coward loon,
If ye the morrow's sun wad see;
Good sooth this day shall be thy last
If ye that packet winna gie."

She's clasped the warrant to her breast,
Nor heeds the craven's stare,
Whose wonder grew that robber bold
Should e'er ha'e form so fair.

She gave her gude steed to the wind,
An' dashed away the tear;
'Twas joy that wet her lovely cheek—
She's saved her father dear!

Frae morning clouds, wi' gladsome ray,
The sun shone bright an' cheery;
An' glittered o'er the prison walls,
An' thro' the grate sae dreary—

But the sunbeam fell on an empty cell,
It held no prisoner gray;
For they've fled o'er the sea to a far country
To bide a blyther day.

Oh, bonnie blue hills! tho' shadowed with ills,
Have trust in thy daughters dear;
For Heaven has care for the maiden's prayer,
And blesses the maiden's tear.

OUR MITHER TONGUE.

Andrew Wanless, of Detroit, Michigan; born in Berwickshire, May 25, 1824. He is the author of *Poems and Songs*, second edition, Detroit, 1873.

It's monie a day since first we left
Auld Scotland's rugged hills—
Her heath'ry braes and gow'ny glens,
Her bonnie winding rills.
We lo'ed her in the bygane time,
When life and hope were young,
We lo'e her still, wi' right guid will,
And glory in her tongue!

Can we forget the summer days
Whan we got leave frae schule,
How we gaed birrin' down the braes
To daidle in the pool?
Or to the glen we'd slip awa',
Where hazel clusters hung.
And wake the echoes o' the hills—
Wi' our auld mither tongue.

Can we forget the lonesome kirk
Where gloomy ivies creep?
Can we forget the auld kirkyard
Where our forefathers sleep?
We'll ne'er forget the glorious land,
Where Scott and Burns sung—
Their sangs are printed on our hearts
In our auld mither tongue.

Auld Scotland! land o' mickle fame!
The land where Wallace trod,
The land where heartfelt praise ascends
Up to the throne of God!

Land where the martyrs sleep in peace,
  Where infant freedom sprung,
Where Knox in tones of thunder spoke
  In our auld mither tongue!

Now Scotland dinna ye be blate,
  'Mang nations crousely craw,
Your callants are nae donnert sumphs,
  Your lasses bang them a'.
The glisks o' heaven will never fade,
  That hope around us flung—
When first we breathed the tale o' love
  In our auld mither tongue.

O! let us ne'er forget our hame,
  Auld Scotland's hills and cairns;
And let us a', where'er we be,
  Aye strive "to be guid bairns!"
And when we meet wi' want or age
  A-hirpling ower a rung,
We'll tak' their part and cheer their heart
  Wi' our auld mither tongue.

THE LOG.[1]

Thomas Watson, the Arbroath poet, a painter by trade; born March 10, 1807; died January 26, 1875. In 1851 he published the *Rhymer's Family*, which includes his best-known poem "The Deil in Love," and other pieces of sterling merit. In 1873 Mr. Watson issued a new and enlarged edition of his works, entitled *Homely Pearls at Random Strung*, consisting of poems, songs, and prose sketches.

I was a nursling of untrodden soil;
In dim primeval forest of the West
I grew, and reared aloft my leafy crest,
  Remote from men's turmoil.

And when the spring had clad my branches bare,
I waved them in the breeze, all blossom-laden,
And shook my green locks like a gleesome maiden
  Whose light heart flouts at care.

And when, impervious to the summer heat,
I gave my shade to worlds of fluttering things
That stirred the air, beneath my brooding wings,
  With humming music sweet.

Then in my green recesses carolled free
The merry minstrels of the listening woods,
Wearying sweet echo in their solitudes,
  With warbling melody.

And silvery threads, by fairy fingers drawn,
At eve on my unbending twigs were hung;
But all unseen, till rich with pearls strung,
  And glittering in the dawn.

When the old forest heard the pealing thunder,
And the rent clouds came rushing down amain,
The hunter listened to the pattering rain
  My leafy covert under.

Sear autumn came, like Death in fair disguise,
And, as the dying dolphin, changing aye
Her variegated beauty of decay
  With tints of many dyes:

And in her withering breath my branches waved,
And every twig its leafy honours shed
In rustling showers, until the ground was clad,
  With wreck of summer paved.

Cold winter came! I was a naked tree,
Streaked with the whiteness of his hoary hair,
And wild winds howling through my branches bare,
  Like the loud moaning sea.

And thus return the seasons, o'er and o'er,
In endless round, with blossom and decay;
But never more to me, or night or day—
  I reckon time no more.

The spoilers came, the ruthless pioneers,
My giant stem, that bent not to the breeze,
Fell by the axe: the crash of falling trees,
  Was music to their ears.

They lopped my boughs, and launched me on the river:
With many a lifeless log I floated down,
Through mangled woods, by many a mushroom town,
  Leaving my home for ever.

TAK' IT, MAN, TAK' IT.

David Webster, born in Dunblane, Sept. 25, 1787; died January 22, 1837. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Paisley, and continued to work at the loom through a life much chequered by misfortune. In 1835 he published a small volume of poems entitled *Original Scottish Rhymes*. Many of the pieces are marked by keen satire and humour.

When I was a miller in Fife,
  Losh! I thought that the sound o' the happer

[1] The author explains the origin of this song as follows:—"Chancing to be in the workshop of a young friend who was fond of writing verses, he suggested that we should try to string together a few lines on a given subject. I agreed. 'Well, what shall it be?' I inquired. 'There is a log of wood lying on the floor; what say you to that for a subject?' In short, the log was taken up and done for with pens instead of edge-tools."—ED.

Said, Tak' hame a wee flow to your wife,
  To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
  But someway by random it rackit;
For I liftet twa neivefu' or mair,
  While the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill and the kill;
      The garland and gear for my cogie!
      And hey for the whiskey and yill,
        That washes the dust frae my craigie!

Although it's been lang in repute,
  For rogues to make rich by deceiving:
Yet I see that it disna weel suit
  Honest men to begin to the thieving.
For my heart it gaed dunt upon dunt,
  O'd, I thought ilka dunt it wad crackit;
Sae I flang frae my neive what was in't,
  Still the happer said, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill, &c.

A man that's been bred to the plough,
  Might be deav'd wi' its clamorous clapper;
Yet there's few but would suffer the sough,
  After kenning what's said by the happer.
I whiles thought it scoff'd me to scorn,
  Saying, Shame, is your conscience no chackit;
But when I grew dry for a horn,
  It chang'd aye to Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill, &c.

The smugglers whiles cam' wi' their packs,
  'Cause they kent that I liked a bicker,
Sae I bartered whiles wi' the gowks,
  Gi'ed them grain for a soup o' their liquor.
I had lang been accustomed to drink,
  And aye when I purposed to quat it,
That thing wi' its clapertie clink,
  Said aye to me, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill, &c.

But the warst thing I did in my life—
  Nae doubt but ye'll think I was wrang o't—
O'd, I tauld a bit bodie in Fife
  A' my tale, and he made a bit sang o't.
I have aye had a voice a' my days,
  But for singin' I ne'er gat the knack o't;
Yet I try whyles, just thinking to please
  My frien's here, wi' Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill, &c.

Now miller and a' as I am,
  This far I can see through the matter;
There's men mair notorious to fame,
  Mair greedy than me o' the mutter.
For 'twad seem that the hale race o' men,
  Or wi' safety, the ha'f we may mak' it,
Hae some speaking happer within,
  That says aye to them, Tak' it, man, tak' it.
    Then hey for the mill, &c.

KISS THE GOBLET.

John Wright, born in Ayrshire, Sept. 1, 1805; died in Glasgow about 1853. He resided for some years at Cambualang near Glasgow, and followed the trade of a weaver. In 1824 he issued a poem entitled "The Retrospect," which was well received by the press, and contains many beautiful passages. In 1843 the whole of his poetical pieces were published in one volume. The latter part of Wright's life was clouded by intemperance.

Kiss the goblet, and live! it is sweeter to sip,
And richer than Beauty's ambrosial lip,
And fairer than fairyland poets have sung,
'Tis the nectar of Friendship's mellifluous tongue!
When clouds o'er the bright sky of young hope
  are driven,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will waft you to
  heaven!

When Penury shoots his sharp frosts through the
  blood,
Or Passion would weave us an untimely shroud,—
When Conscience starts up like a sibilant
  snake,
And the glory sets darkly that shone to awake—
A fire and a feeling that must ever thrall,—
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—'tis the Lethe of all.

When Obloquy pours forth her poisonous breath,
And saddens our sky with the darkness of
  death,—
When Friendship's sweet smile is converted for
  aye
To the frown of contempt and the glance of dis-
  may;
Though such clouds lour through life, and our
  ashes o'erhang,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—it will soften the pang.

What is life but a load lulled by languor's dull
  chime?
And love's a shrunk tree in the desert of time,
And only can blossom and bloom in the glow
Of spirit that beams on its branches of woe,
In the tempest all shattered, leaves pallid and
  few;
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and its verdure renew.

What allures but false meteors that dance on our
  way?
Our bosoms, still heaving, can phantoms allay?
Pursuing, we wander from woe to despair—
We grasp, and the mockery hath vanished in
  air.
I have searched—I have found out a balm for the
  breast,
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and for ever be blest.

When manhood declines, and the gray hairs of age
Come to tell that we tread on life's last leaden stage—
When the lights of the heart all in darkness subside,
And the gay hours no more winged with ecstacy glide—
When death's semblance rests on the spiritless frame—
Fill the bowl, fill it high!—and rekindle the flame.

TWEEDSIDE.

Lord Yester, afterwards Marquis of Tweeddale; born 1645, died 1713. The air to this song is very beautiful, and is traditionally ascribed to the unfortunate David Rizzio. Another lyric with the same title appears in page 135 of vol. i.

When Maggy and I were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowdspink sae bonnie as she!
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE HAPPY LAND.

Andrew Young, formerly head-master of the City School, Edinburgh, and late head English master of Madras College, St. Andrews; author of a volume of University prize poems and other poetical productions. Mr. Young's earliest hymn, "There is a Happy Land," composed in 1838, has been translated into nearly every modern language, though comparatively few are aware that its author is living, and now residing in Edinburgh, in which city he was born early in the present century. In 1876 Mr. Young published a volume entitled *The Scottish Highlands and other Poems*, which was most favourably noticed by the press, and has obtained a large circulation.

There is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand—
Why still delay?
O we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee—
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
Reign, reign for aye.

INDEX.

TITLES OF THE POEMS, BALLADS, DRAMATIC PIECES, &c.

PAGE

Address to a Wild Deer, ... 80
Address to my Auld Blue Bonnet, ... 443
Afar in the Desert, ... 101
Agnes Died, ... 503
A Lay of Fairy-land, ... 74
Alwyn: a Romance of Study, ... 532
A May Morning in Glenshira, ... 306
America, ... 233
A Mother's Love, ... 266
Annie o' Tharaw, ... 33
An October Musing, ... 488
An old Sermon with a new Text, ... 450
Anster Fair, ... 50
A Parable: Tell me, ... 455
Apologue from "Egeria," 387
Archie Allan, ... 94
Archy o' Kilspindie, ... 47
A Remembered Spot, ... 289
A Thought, ... 289

Baby Died To-day, ... 490
Balade, ... 40
Beautiful World, ... 322
Bernardo and Alphonso, ... 145
Bertram's Last Picture, ... 458
Blood on the Wheel, ... 502
Bookworld, ... 483

Cademuir, ... 465
Casa Wappy, ... 167

David Livingstone, ... 418
Death, ... 377
Death of Gertrude, ... 17
Discovery of the North-west Passage, ... 439
Dryburgh Abbey, ... 271

Evening (MacDiarmid), ... 115
Evening (Lyte), ... 138
Evening Address to Loch Lomond, ... 308

Falling Leaves (Brydson), ... 288
Falling Leaves (Ballantine), ... 301
Farewell to Palestine, ... 420
First Grief, ... 378
Flower-life, ... 329
Fragment of a Dream, ... 180

Glasgow, ... 475
Going out and Coming in, ... 481
Going to the Country, ... 353
Grace Darling's Deathbed, ... 139
Gran'faither at Cam'slang, ... 150
Grizell Cochrane; or, the Daughter Dear, . . . 538
Guido and Lita, ... 506

PAGE

Hallowed Ground, ... 19
Hannibal, on Drinking the Poison, ... 269
Harvest-home, ... 299
Helen's Tomb, ... 202
Hope, ... 389
Humbie Wood, Aberdour, ... 231
HYMNS AND SACRED PIECES:—
Abide with me, ... 140
A Little While, ... 309
All Well, ... 312
A Lost Day, ... 223
A Mother's Funeral, ... 365
Benedicite, ... 320
Beyond, ... 147
"Blessed is the Man whom Thou Chastenest," 86
Bread on the Waters, ... 224
Chastening, ... 441
Comfort under Affliction, ... 86
Cui Bono? 154
Desire of Death, ... 223
Dying in Darkness, ... 223
Evening Hymn of the Alpine Shepherds, . . 136
Faith and Hope, ... 522
Far, far away, ... 390
Friends I love, ... 440
Gideon's War-song, ... 120
Gifts to God, ... 222
Harp of Zion, ... 109
Heaven, ... 311
How much ow'st thou? 459
Hymn of the Churchyard, ... 332
Hymn—Oh God above, ... 295
Lay up Treasures in Heaven, ... 301
Litany (Grant), ... 85
Litany (Penney), ... 224
"Lo, we have left all, and followed Thee," . . 140
Lucy, ... 311
Nature's Hymn, ... 421
Newly fallen Asleep, ... 310
No more Sea, ... 312
On the Divine Mercy, ... 105
"Our Father," 481
Prayer, ... 355
Psalm xlvi., ... 154
Sacramental Hymn, ... 333
Sunday in the Highlands, ... 365
The Death of a Believer, ... 441
The Fountain of Life, ... 511
The Happy Land, ... 542
The Last Wish, ... 511
The Lost Eden found again, ... 504
The Martyrs of Scotland, ... 311
The Meeting-place, ... 313

PAGE
The Sea of Galilee, . . . 527
The Season of Youth, . . . 110
The Star in the East, . . . 223
The Young Inquirer and Aged Christian, . . . 98
To-morrow, . . . 110
Voices from Heaven, . . . 537
We are not there, Beloved! . . . 364
"Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" . . . 86
Work is Prayer, . . . 230

Incense of Flowers, . . . 437
In Memoriam: the Prince Consort, . . . 417
Isabelle: a Legend of Provence, . . . 527
Is not the Earth, . . . 356

John o' Arnha', . . . 88

Keats and David Gray, . . . 505

Lady Jean, . . . 257
Lament of Cona, . . . 387
Life's Pilgrimage, . . . 371
Lines on a Portrait, . . . 136
Lines to the Memory of a Beloved Wife, . . . 525
Lines written in a Highland Burial-ground, . . . 79
Lines written on Tweedside, . . . 147
Lochiel's Warning, . . . 21
Loch Skene, . . . 326
Lord Lindsay's Return, . . . 405
Lord Ullin's Daughter, . . . 20
Loughrig Tarn, . . . 83
Louis XV., . . . 284
Love and Friendship, . . . 431

Mark Bozzari, . . . 394
Mary Queen of Scots, . . . 273
Mason-lodge, . . . 154
May-day Fancies, . . . 357
Middle Age, . . . 380
Mirabeau, . . . 285
Monody on Death of Thomas Campbell, . . . 134
Mortality, . . . 108
Musings of Convalescence, . . . 266
Musings on the Banks of the Teviot, . . . 328
My Cottage, . . . 77
My Mother's Grave, . . . 247
My Rowan-tree, . . . 305
My Vis-à-Vis, . . . 277

Napoleon's Midnight Review, . . . 395

October, . . . 321
Ode on the Centenary of Burns, . . . 477
Ode to Craigdarroch Water, . . . 250
Ode to Memory of Burns, . . . 25
Ode to Peace, . . . 56
On a Naval Officer buried in the Atlantic, . . . 138
On hearing Jessica play Sweet Music, . . . 456
On seeing a Redbreast Shot, . . . 261
On seeing a Sun-dial in a Churchyard, . . . 253
On the Death of a Child (MacDiarmid), . . . 117
On the Death of a Child (Weir), . . . 157
On the Death of Wellington, . . . 529
Our Mary, . . . 193

Parted Love, . . . 350
Perish the Love, . . . 523

PAGE
Porto Santo, . . . 438
Remembrances of Nature, . . . 384
Retrospection, . . . 288
Ruth, . . . 407

Sabbath Morning in the Woods, . . . 229
Saint Margaret, . . . 350
Saint Ullin's Pilgrim, . . . 220
Scotch Words, . . . 436
Shadows on the Wall, . . . 465
Shakspere, . . . 283
Silent Love, . . . 290
Sir Alan Mortimer, . . . 118
Sir Oluf and the Elf-king's Daughter, . . . 38
SONNETS:—
If it must be; if it must be, O God! . . . 488
Milton, . . . 377
Moonlight Churchyard, . . . 171
My Mother, . . . 348
Rural Scenery, . . . 171
The Sabbath, . . . 171
The School Bank, . . . 171
To a Lady, . . . 340
Sorrow and Song, . . . 330
Squire Maurice, . . . 469
Summer Evening, . . . 458

Tammy Little, . . . 55
Tedium Vitæ, . . . 354
Tempora Mutantur, . . . 365
The Abdication of Charles V., . . . 408
The Anxious Mother, . . . 364
The Approach of Age, . . . 209
The Arrow and the Rose, . . . 214
The Bagpipes, . . . 442
The Ballad of Judas Iscariot, . . . 496
The Bapteesement o' the Bairn, . . . 433
The Battle of Drumlielmoor, . . . 499
The Bedouins, . . . 255
The Bridal of Andalla, . . . 148
The Brownie of Blednoch, . . . 44
The Brownie of Fearnden, . . . 96
The Cameronian's Dream, . . . 184
The Cameronian's Vision, . . . 185
The Captive of Fez, . . . 244
The Chieftain's Coronach, . . . 431
The Child and the Mourners, . . . 333
The Child of Promise, . . . 307
"The City of the Crystal Sea," . . . 422
The Cloud-berry, . . . 466
The Convict Ship, . . . 206
The Course of Time, . . . 197
The Dead Mother, . . . 495
The Death of Columba, . . . 317
The Downfall of Dalzell, . . . 67
The Dream, . . . 90
The Dream Harp, . . . 457
The Dying Poet, . . . 165
The Earthquake, . . . 288
The Emigrant Lassie, . . . 321
The End, . . . 278
The Evening Cloud, . . . 83
The Fall of the Leaf, . . . 122
The Flitting o' auld Aunty Gartley, . . . 532
The Frog and the Steer, . . . 155

PAGE
The Gipsies, . . . 238
The Gloamyne Buchte, . . . 218
The Grave of Sir Walter Scott, . . . 411
The Graves of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, . . . 264
The Ha' Bible, . . . 373
The Hart of Mosfennan, . . . 466
The Heart's Dirge, . . . 262
The Highlander's Wife, . . . 444
The Highland Manse, . . . 322
The Holy Cottage, . . . 246
The Interment of Thomas Campbell, . . . 393
The King's Daughter, . . . 275
The Lamentation for Celin, . . . 144
The Last Man, . . . 22
The Lay of the Brave Cameron, . . . 319
The Leaf of Woodruff, . . . 489
The Lion and Giraffe, . . . 102
The Longings of Genius, . . . 351
The Master of Weemys, . . . 159
The Mermaid of Galloway, . . . 64
The Moor of Rannoch, . . . 427
The Morning-star, . . . 372
The Muirlan' Cottars, . . . 91
The Night before the Wedding, . . . 474
The Old Churchyard of Aberdour, . . . 235
The Past, . . . 83
The Peerless One, . . . 240
The Pleasures of Hope, . . . 5
The Poet's Grave, . . . 533
The Prisoner of Spedlins, . . . 242
The River, . . . 245
The Ruined City, . . . 484
The Sacramental Sabbath, . . . 424
The School Examination, . . . 413
The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath, . . . 182
The Sheep and the Goat, . . . 450
The Skylark—Caged and Free, . . . 150
The Starling, . . . 500
The Streamlet, . . . 460
The Temple of Nature, . . . 120
The Three Ages, . . . 293
The Three Seasons of Love, . . . 82
The Twa Lairds of Leamahagow, . . . 517
The Tomb in the Chancel, . . . 429
The Two Meek Margarets, . . . 320
The Unseen, . . . 367
The Voice of the Spirit, . . . 268
The Way in the Wood, . . . 479
The Widow's Wake, . . . 484
The Wilderness Well, . . . 293
The Winter Wild, . . . 168
The Wooer's Visit, . . . 107
To a Child, . . . 282
To a Friend, . . . 354
To a Lintie, . . . 209
To a Sleeping Child, . . . 81
To a Wild Flower, . . . 270
To my Children, . . . 226
To my First Gray Hair, . . . 177
To my Infant Daughter, . . . 170
To my Mother's Spinning-wheel, . . . 57
To October, . . . 402
To the Aurora Borealis, . . . 231
To the Clyde, . . . 268
To the Rhine, . . . 237
Tragedy of the Night-moth, . . . 152

Ulysses in Ogygia, . . . 430

Waiting for the Ship, . . . 331
Wee Annie o' Auchineden, . . . 399
What makes Summer? . . . 451
While yet my Breast, . . . 524
Willie Baird, . . . 491
Withered Flowers, . . . 333
Woodstock Maze, . . . 348

Zara's Ear-rings, . . . 146

FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS.

A bit happy hame this auld world would be, . . . 374
Across the dull and brooding night, . . . 483
Afore the Lammas tide, . . . 324
Ah! do not bid me wake the lute, . . . 29
A herd laddie sat in his plaidie o' gray, . . . 391
Alake for the lassie! she's no right at a', . . . 37
Alas! my son, you little know, . . . 520
A lintwhite sat in her mossy nest, . . . 447
All beneath an Indian sun, . . . 346
All lovely and bright, 'mid the desert, . . . 287
Alma, field of heroes, hail! . . . 346
Amang the breezy heights and howes, . . . 250
An angel came down in the still, . . . 352
A' nature lay dead, save the cauld, . . . 300
And did you pity me, kind sir? . . . 342
An eiry night, a cheerless day, . . . 280
A' nicht it was freezin', . . . 303
An Indian chief went forth to fight, . . . 325
Annie she's dowie, and Willie he's wae, . . . 455
An' O! may I never live single again, . . . 97
A pretty young maiden sat on the grass, . . . 169
A queer kind o' lott'ry is marriage, . . . 174
As I was walkin' on the strand, . . . 454
A song, a song, brave hearts, a song, . . . 359
A song for dun October, . . . 461
A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed, . . . 166
At e'ening, whan the kye war in, . . . 270
A traveller, through a dusty road, . . . 386
At that tide when the voice of the turtle, . . . 92
At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour, . . . 25
At the stent o' my string, . . . 128
Auld Eppie, puir bodie, she wins on the brae, . . . 98
Auld Scotia's sangs! auld Scotia's sangs, . . . 211
A verse!—My friend, 'tis hard to rhyme, . . . 361
Awake, awake! ye voices that dwell, . . . 264
Awake, my love! ere morning's ray, . . . 70
Awake, my love: the shades of night, . . . 259
Away from the roar and the rattle, . . . 322
A wee bird cam' to our ha' door, . . . 112
A wee bird sits upon a spray, . . . 214

PAGE

A wet sheet and a flowing sea, ... 68

Behave yersel' before folk, ... 59
Beneath a hedge of thorn, and near, ... 487
Be still, be still, thou beating heart, ... 375
Birdie, birdie, weet your whistle, ... 337
Blest be the hour of night, ... 249
Bonnie Jeanie sleepit in a lanesome, ... 448
Bonnie sing the birds in the bright, ... 369
Brightly, brightly, the moonbeam shines, . . . 228
Bright maiden of Orkney, ... 160
Bright-robed pilgrim from the North, ... 307
Burd Ailie sat doun by the wimplin' burn, . . . 447

Calm sleep the village dead, ... 391
Can I behave, can I behave, ... 60
Clap, clap handies! 448
Come awa', come awa', ... 103
Come, brawny John Barleycorn, ... 131
Come—come—come! 360
Comin' through the craigs o' Kyle, ... 518
Confide ye aye in Providence, ... 303
Courage, brother! do not stumble, ... 363

Dance, my children, lads and lasses, ... 363
Dear aunty, what think ye, ... 227
De Bruce! De Bruce!—with that proud call, . . 68
Did ever swain a nymph adore, ... 512
Doon i' the glen by the lown o' the trees, . . . 530
Doun fair Dalmeny's rosy dells, ... 447
Do ye like, my dear lassie, ... 127

Each whirl o' the wheel, ... 123
Earth, of man the bounteous mother, ... 284

Fair Scotland, dear as life to me, ... 258
Far along the empurpled heights, ... 467
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, ... 180
Flowers of summer, sweetly springing, ... 291
Forget her? mock me not; behold, ... 368
From Lochourn to Glenfinnan, ... 423
Full white the Bourbon lily blows, ... 71

Gae, bring my guid auld harp ance mair, . . . 194
Gang, Jenny, bring my fishing-book, ... 462
Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn, ... 31
Go to him, then, if thou canst go, ... 40

Hersell pe Highland shentleman, ... 519
Hoo's dear auld Mither Scotland, lads, ... 126
How brightly beams the bonnie moon, ... 60
How eerily, how drearily, ... 113
How sweet the dewy bell is spread, ... 188
How sweet this lone vale, ... 516
How sweet to me the memories, ... 489
How sweet to rove at summer's eve, ... 291
Hurra for the Highlands! 291
Hurra! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae, . 397
Hurrah for Scotland's worth and fame, ... 344

I ance knew content, ... 130
I cannot give thee all my heart, ... 385
I dream'd thou wert a fairy harp, ... 386
If doughty deeds my lady please, ... 520
If glorious deeds deserve a song, ... 359
I gaed to spend a week in Fife, ... 533
I ha'e laid a herring in saut, ... 538

PAGE

I ha'e seen great anes, ... 522
I have come from the south, ... 256
I heard the evening linnet's voice, ... 48
I kenna what's come ower him, ... 288
I know not if thy spirit weaveth ever, ... 354
Ilk ane now-a-days brags awa' 'bout his dear, . . 512
I'll think on thee, love, when thy bark, ... 249
I'll twine a gowany garland, ... 398
I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung, ... 254
I loved thee till I knew, ... 277
I love the land! 216
I marked the murdering rifle's flash, ... 346
I'm fatherless and motherless, ... 375
I'm naebody noo, though in days, ... 271
In a saft simmer gloamin', ... 164
In fairy glen of Woodilee, ... 486
Infant winter, young November, ... 338
In the days o' langsyne, when we carles, . . . 181
In young life's sweet spring-time, ... 367
I sat in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns, ... 195
I saw a little lonely cloud, ... 490
I saw my true love first on the banks, ... 205
Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, ... 279
It is a lesson sad and true, ... 276
It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be, . 69
It's monie a day since first we left, ... 539
It's rare to see the morning bleeze, ... 128
I've been upon the moonlit deep, ... 350
I've listened to the midnight wind, ... 156
I've loved thee, old Scotia, ... 32
I've wandered east, I've wandered west, . . . 162
I've wandered on the sunny hill, ... 315
I walk'd by mysel' owre the sweet braes, . . . 81
I was a nursling of untrodden soil, ... 540
I will sing a song of summer, ... 480
I will think of thee yet, ... 280
I winna gae back to my youthfu' haunts, . . . 403
I winna love the laddie that ca's, ... 192
I wish we were hame to our ain folk, ... 195

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-head, . . . 42
Kiss the goblet, and live! 541

Let Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters, . . 189
Let ither anglers choose their ain, ... 323
Let time and chance combine, combine, . . . 153
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, ... 129
Let us owre to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, . . 210
Let us rove, Jessie, rove, ... 123
Let wrapt musicians strike the lyre, ... 121
Like an arrow through the air, ... 391
Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw, ... 448
Lived a knicht in tower, ... 521
Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms, ... 296
Louisa's but a lassie yet, ... 42
Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl, . . . 282

Maid of my heart—a long farewell, ... 103
Mark ye how the Czar, ... 304
Maxwelton's banks are bonnie, ... 515
Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind, ... 204
'Mid the thunder of battle, ... 345
Mournfully! O, mournfully! 165
My Bessie, oh! but look, ... 314
My boat's by the tower, ... 216

PAGE
My brothers are the stately trees, ... 100
My certy! but it sets him weel, ... 535
My couthie auld wife, ... 397
My heid is like to rend, Willie, ... 163
My love, come let us wander, ... 157
My mither men't my auld breeks, ... 61
My wife's a winsome wee thing, ... 40

Nae sweetheart hae I, ... 373
Nainsel pe Maister Shon M'Nab, ... 58
'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps, ... 157
Ne'er trow the day will lour throughout, . . . 302
Night's finger hath prest down the eyelids, . . 343
No mortal hand, save mine hath yet, ... 236
Now hands to seedsheet, boys, ... 153
Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers, . . . 35
Now there's peace on the shore, ... 144

O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie, . . . 39
O bonnie are the howes, ... 325
O! brave Caledonians! my brothers, ... 109
O bright the beaming queen o' night, ... 514
O! come with me, for the queen of night, . . . 48
O England! dear home of the lovely and true, . 92
O'er all the streams that Scotia pours, ... 401
O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs, ... 105
Of Nelson and the North, ... 22
O! gin I were where Gadie rins, ... 211
O hark to the strain that sae sweetly, ... 416
Oh, bonnie's the lily that blooms, ... 297
Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee, ... 516
O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad, ... 23
Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie, ... 228
Oh, leave me not! the evening hour, ... 173
Oh! mither, John Frost cam' yestreen, ... 464
Oh! scenes of my childhood, ... 26
Oh! softly sighs the westlin' breeze, ... 252
Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain, ... 114
Oh! tempt me not, ... 205
Oh, the queer auld man, the dear auld man, . . 227
Oh, waste not thy woe on the dead, ... 410
Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha? 99
Oh, where are the pretty men of yore? 243
Oh! why left I my hame? 180
Oh, will ye walk the wood wi' me? 222
Oh! years hae come, an' years hae gane, . . . 315
Oh yes, there's a valley as calm and as sweet, . 99
O Islay! sweet Islay! 535
O lassie ayont the hill, ... 453
O! lassie I lo'e dearest! 106
O lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me, ... 45
Old England, warlike England, ... 223
O leeze me on the glen, ... 297
O, Leezie M'Cutcheon, I canna but say, . . . 132
O let me sit as evening falls, ... 404
O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the laird, ... 521
O love, whose patient pilgrim feet, ... 487
O, my love's like the steadfast sun, ... 66
On Annan's banks, in life's gay morn, ... 526
Once more, Eliza, let me look, ... 132
Once more on the broad-bosom'd ocean, . . . 324
Once William swore the sacred oath, ... 114
On Linden, when the sun was low, ... 23
On the banks o' the burn, ... 36
On this unfrequented plain, ... 31

PAGE
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie, ... 287
O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile, . . . 70
O sing and rejoice, ... 405
O sing me the song, ... 392
O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn, . . 263
O sweet the May morn, ... 124
O the birds of bonnie Scotland, ... 400
O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, ... 180
O the days when I strutted, ... 416
O! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun ', . . 179
Our bugles sang truce, ... 26
Our native land—our native vale, ... 103
Our sail has ta'en the blast, ... 127
Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean, ... 336
Over Mull's mountains gray, ... 304
Over the hills the wintry wind, ... 360
O weel may the boatie row, ... 516
O welcome winter! wi' thy storms, ... 105
O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet? . . 179
O! what is this warld, wi' its wealth, ... 178
O where is tinye Hewe? 219
O will ye go to yon burn side, ... 45
O ye tears! O ye tears! 384

Past sleeping thorp and guarded tower, . . . 430
Pawkie Adam Glen, ... 97
Pit his back against a chair, ... 501
Place we a stone at his head and his feet, . . 217
Preserve us a'! what shall we do, ... 533

Raise high the battle-song, ... 111
Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae, . . . 70
Rise, little star, ... 440
Rise, rise! Lowland and Highland men, . . . 212
Rising o'er the heaving billow, ... 515
Roll away, you shining rill, ... 514
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch, ... 520

Scotland! the land of all I love, ... 241
See the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp, ... 130
She's aff and awa', like the lang summer day, . 232
She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie, . . . 67
She was Naebody's Bairn, ... 302
She whose lang loose unbraided hair, ... 229
Sing a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim, ... 113
Sing, sing the lime,—the odorous lime, ... 358
Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing! 327
Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go, ... 253
Sit ye down here, my cronies, ... 34
Some grow fu' proud o'er bags o' gowd, ... 376
Star that bringest home the bee, ... 27
Sweet brooklet ever gliding, ... 87
Sweet lady, there was nought in me, ... 232
Sweet Lammas moon, thy silvery beam, . . . 227
Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud, ... 170
Sweet the bard, and sweet his strain, ... 106

Tell me, dear! in mercy speak, ... 416
The auld folks sit by the fire, ... 291
The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill, . . 343
The autumn winds are blawing, ... 178
The blue bell, the blue bell, ... 339
The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae, . 402
The breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates, . . . 280
The breezes of this vernal day, ... 287

PAGE
The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head, . . . 42
The cauld north wind has soughed awa', . . . 172
The corbie wi' his roupy throat, ... 99
The cranreuch's on my heid, ... 398
The cronach stills the dowie heart, ... 39
The daylight was dying, ... 379
The evening sun has closed the day, ... 97
The fairies are dancing—how nimbly, ... 536
The feeding shower comes brattlin' doun, . . . 301
The flag of battle on its staff hangs drooping, . 215
The glory of the starry night, ... 341
The gondola glides, ... 207
The hairst now is owre, ... 531
The hour is come—too soon it came, ... 233
The knell of night—the chime, ... 530
The laddies plague me for a sang, ... 414
The lark had left the evening cloud, ... 69
The last gleam o' sunset in ocean, ... 176
The little comer's coming, ... 246
The moon has rowed her in a cloud, ... 337
The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain, . . 204
The morning-star's waning, ... 369
The neighbours a' they wonder how, ... 32
The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws shill, . . 164
The oak is Britain's pride, ... 328
There cam a man to our toon-en', ... 453
There came to the beach a poor exile, ... 24
There is a bonnie blushing flower, ... 292
There is a concert in the trees, ... 332
There is a country gentleman, ... 335
There is a wail in the wind to-night, ... 432
There lives a young lassie, ... 213
There's a good time coming, boys, ... 383
There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, ... 519
There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips, . 71
There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss, ... 415
There's na ane cares for me now, ... 231
There's nae hame like the hame o' youth, . . . 374
There's the spunkie o' the town, ... 445
The Rover of Lochryan he's gane, ... 126
The spice-tree lives in the garden green, . . . 283
The spring comes linking and jinking, ... 337
The sun had slipped ayont the hill, ... 121
The sun looked through an evening cloud, . . 41
The sun rises bright in France, ... 71
The sweets o' the simmer invite us, ... 33
The time I saw thee, Cora, last, ... 24
The Torwood Oak! How like a spell, ... 263
The winds were whistling loud and shrill, . . . 368
The Woodland Queen in her bower of love, . . 188
They come! the merry summer months, . . . 161
They come, they come, in a glorious march, . . 483
They lighted a taper at the dead of night, . . . 27
Think on the time when thy heart, ... 340
Thou dark stream, slow wending, ... 261
Though long the wanderer may depart, ... 440
Thou nameless loveliness, whose mind, ... 29
Thou'rt sair alter'd now, May, ... 212
Thou walk'st in tender light, ... 237
Tho' weel I lo'e the budding spring, ... 337
Through the wood, through the wood, ... 271
Thy memory, as a spell, ... 238
Thy queenly hand, Victoria, ... 356

PAGE
Tic, tic, tic! 175
'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, ... 390
'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm, ... 404
Toll no sullen bell for me, ... 394
To other climes on changing wing, ... 260
To the West! to the West! 387
Touch once more a sober measure, ... 143
'Twas summer, and softly the breezes, ... 537
'Twas summer-tide; the cushat sang, ... 521
'Twas when the wan leaf, ... 36
Two seas, amid the night, ... 284

Wake, soldier! wake! 207
Waning life and weary, ... 230
Wee Joukydaidles, ... 446
Wee Willie Winkie, ... 335
We love but once; in after life, ... 308
Were I a doughty cavalier, ... 243
We sate in a green verandah's shade, ... 256
We were baith neebor bairns, ... 481
Wha is he I hear sae crouse, ... 315
What might be done if men were wise, ... 385
What soft low sounds are these I hear, ... 396
When a' ither bairnies are hushed, ... 205
When autumn comes an' heather bells, ... 523
When autumn has laid her sickle by, ... 41
When breastin' up against life's tide, ... 345
When day declining gilds the west, ... 116
When evening's lengthened shadows fall, . . . 267
When I think on the sweet smiles, ... 34
When I was a miller in Fife, ... 540
When Maggy and I were acquaint, ... 542
When mony a year had come and gane, ... 406
When my flocks upon the heathy hill, ... 194
When Phœbus bright the azure skies, ... 513
When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary, ... 210
When springtime gi'es the heart a lift, ... 127
When the beech-nuts fast are drappin', ... 463
When the frost is on the grun', ... 339
When the lark is in the air, ... 116
When thou art near me, ... 537
When thy smile was still clouded in gloom, . . 23
When wearie wi' toil, ... 173
Where did you come from, baby dear? 452
Where Manor stream rins blithe and clear, . . 178
Where the purple heather blooms, ... 375
Why hies yonder wicht, ... 176
Why is my spirit sad? 278
Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang, ... 31
Wifie, come hame, ... 302
Will ye gang wi' me and fare, ... 428
With lofty song we love to cheer, ... 360
With the sunshine, and the swallows, ... 429
Would that I were where wildwoods wave, . . 194

Ye breezes, blaw saft as the coo o' the dove, . . 339
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha', ... 290
Ye Mariners of England! 20
Yes! the shades we must leave, ... 29
Ye who have scorned each other, ... 365
Young Randal was a bonnie lad, ... 242
You've come early to see us this year, ... 338
You've surely heard of famous Neil, ... 526

GLOSSARY.

We add the following general rules regarding the distinctions between English and Scottish orthography in words which are originally the same, having only a letter changed for another, or sometimes one taken away or added:—

1. In many words ending with *l* after *a*, *o*, or *u*, the *l* is rarely sounded in Scotland; as, All (English), *A'* (Scots):—Call, *Ca'*—Small, *Sma'*—False, *Fause*—Malt, *Maut*—Full, *Fu'*—Pull, *Pu'*, &c.

2. The *l* changes in Scotland to *w* or *u* after *a* or *o*, and is frequently sunk before another consonant; as, Balm, *Bawm*—Balk, *Bauk*—Boll, *Bow*—Poll, *Pow*—Fault, *Faut*, &c.

3. An *o* before *ld* changes to *a* or *au;* as, Old, *Auld*—Bold, *Bauld*—Cold, *Cauld*—Told, *Tauld*, &c.

4. The *o*, *oe*, *ow*, is changed to *a*, *ae*, or *ai;* as, Oil, *Aff*—Toe, *Tae*—Own, *Ain*—Cloth, *Claith*—Most, *Maist*—Song, *Sang*, &c.

5. The *o* or *u* is frequently changed into *i;* as, Another, *Anither*—Brother, *Brither*—Foot, *Fit*—Honey, *Hinny*—Nuts, *Nits*—Run, *Rin*, &c.

A', all.
Aback, away, aloof.
Abeet, albeit, although.
Abeigh, at a shy distance, aside.
Aboon, *abune*, above, up.
Abread, abroad, in sight.
Abreed, in breadth.
Acquaint, *acquent*, acquainted.
Adle, putrid water.
Ae, one, only, always.
Aeten, oaten.
Aff, off; *aff-loof*, off-hand.
Afore, before.
Aft, oft; *aften*, often.
Aglee, off the right line.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, *ablins*, perhaps, possibly.
Aik, oak.
Ailin, sickness, ailment.
Ain, own; *ainsell*, ownself.
Air, early, before; *air up*, soon up in the morning.
Airles, earnest or hiring money.
Airn, iron; a mason's chisel.
Airt, to direct, to urge.
Airts, points of the compass.
Aith, an oath.
Aits, oats.
Aiver, a work-horse, a he-goat.
Aizle, a hot cinder.
Alake, alas!
A-lowe, on fire.
Amaist, almost.
Ambrie, *aumrie*, a cupboard.
An, and, if.
Anent, over-against, concerning.
Anes, *ains*, once; *anes-errand*, on purpose.
Aneuch, *anew*, enough.
Anither, another.
Ase, ashes.
Asklent, aslant.
Asteer, stirring.
Atanes, at once, at the same time.
Athort, athwart, across.
Attour, out-over.
Auld, old.
Auld-farrant, sagacious, cunning.
Auld langsyne, olden time.
Auld Nick, the devil.
Auld Reekie, Edinburgh.
Auld-warld, old-fashioned.
Aumous, an alms.
Ava, at all.
Awa', away.
A-will, voluntarily.
Awnie, bearded, as grain.
Awsome, frightful.
Aynd, the breath.
Ayont, beyond.

B

Ba', ball.
Bab, a nosegay; a tassel, cockade.
Backet, *baikie*, an ash or coal vessel, a coal-scuttle.
Backets, ash-boards.
Backlins, back, backwards.
Back-sey, a sirloin.
Bad, did bid.
Badrons, or *baudrons*, a cat.
Baggie, the belly.
Baid, stayed, abode.
Baide, endured.
Baillie, a magistrate.
Bainie, having large bones.
Bair, a bear, a boar.
Bairn, a child.
Baith, both.
Baleen, whalebone.
Baloo, hush!
Ban, to curse, to reproach.
Bane, bone.
Banefire, bonfire.
Bang, haste; a blow; a great number; to strive, to beat.
Bangster, a violent person.
Bannock, a cake of bread.
Bap, a roll of bread.
Bardie, diminutive of *bard*.
Bardily, boldly, pertly.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barley-bree, malt liquor, whisky.
Barlichood, a fit of drunken, angry passion.
Batts, colic, botts.
Bauch, indifferent, sorry.
Bauchle, an old shoe.
Bauk, to frustrate; a rafter-joist; a strip of land left unploughed.
Bauld, bold.
Baum, balm.
Bawbee, a halfpenny; pl. money.
Bawsint, *bawsand*, having a white spot on the face, as a cow.
Bawty, name for a dog.
Baxter, a baker.
Be (*to let*), to cease, not to mention.
Beadsman, a poor pensioner.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, diminutive of *beast*.
Beck, to cringe; a curtsy; a rivulet.
Bedeen, *bedene*, quickly.
Beek, to bask in the sun or at the fire; to perspire.
Beet, to add fuel to fire, to help.
Begoud, began.
Begrutten, all in tears.
Begunk, a trick.
Beild, or *bield*, shelter.
Bein, comfortable, well-to-do.
Beld, bald.
Beltane, the 1st of May (old style).
Belyve, by-and-by.
Ben, parlour; to or towards the inner apartment of a house.
Bend, a pull of liquor.
Bend-the-bicker, quaff out the cup.
Benew, below, beneath.
Benison, blessing.

Benmost, inmost.
Bent, the open field; *to tak the bent*, to run away.
Betouch-us-to, Heaven preserve us!
Beuk, baked; also, a book.
Bicker, a drinking-cup; a race.
Bickering, fighting, quarrelling.
Bide, stay, reside, endure.
Big, to build; *biggit*, built.
Biggin, a house.
Bigonet, a linen cap or coif.
Billie, a brother, a companion.
Bink, a bank of earth, a bench.
Binmost, uppermost.
Binna, be not.
Birk, the birch-tree.
Birkie, a forward, lively fellow.
Birle, to carouse, to drink.
Birn, a burnt mark, a burden.
Birses, bristles.
Birze, to bruise.
Bite and sowp, meat and drink.
Bittock, a little bit, short distance.
Blab, blob, a small globe or bubble of any liquid.
Blae, black and blue, the colour of the skin when bruised.
Blaeberry, the whortleberry.
Blaflum, to beguile.
Blan, caused to cease.
Blashy, deluging, thin, weak.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blatter, a rattling noise.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Blawart, a blue flower.
Bleerit, bleared.
Bleezing, bleising, blazing.
Blellum, an idle-talking fellow; *blellums*, idle talk;
Blether, to talk nonsense.
Blether-skate, an indistinct or indiscreet talker.
Blin, cease; also, blind.
Blink, a little while; to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinket, looked kindly.
Bluid, blood.
Bluntie, snivelling.
Blype, a shred, a large piece.
Boal, a cupboard in the wall.
Bob, nosegay; also, to bow.
Bobbin, a weaver's quill.
Bobbit bands, tasselled bands.
Bock, or *boke*, to retch.
Bode, a price offered.
Bodin, or *bodden*, furnished.
Bodle, a small copper coin = ⅙*d*.
Boggie, a marsh.
Boglebo, hobgoblin.
Bonnie, handsome, beautiful.
Bonnycalys, toys, gewgaws.
Bonspiel, a curling or golf match.
Boo, to bow.
Bools, boys' marbles.
Boost, was under a necessity of.
Bouk, bulk, a whole carcass.
Bourd, jest or dally.
Bour-tree, the elder-tree.
Bouser, a rafter.
Bouze, to drink.
Bow, a boll (a dry measure).
Bowie, a small barrel or cask.
Bowt, a bolt; bent.
Brae, a hillside.
Bray, vaunt.
Braid, broad.
Brainzel, to break forth violently.
Brakren, or *brecken*, the fern.
Brander, a gridiron.
Brands, brawns, calves of the legs.
Brang, brought.
Brangle, to shake, to threaten.
Brankan, prancing.
Branks, wooden curbs for horses.
Brattle, a clattering noise.
Braw, gaily apparelled, handsome; *braws*, fine clothes.
Brawly, very well, easily.
Bree, broo, liquor; the eyebrow.
Brent, smooth, clear.
Brig, a bridge.
Briss, to press.
Broad, a board.
Brochin, oatmeal gruel.
Brock, a badger.
Brogues, sheepskin shoes.
Broicher, to perspire.
Brose, a kind of pottage.
Browden, fond.
Browst, a brewing.
Bruik, to enjoy.
Brulzie, a brawl, a quarrel.
Brumstane, brimstone.
Brunt, browned, burned.
Buckie, a shell-fish.
Buckled, married.
Buff, to strike.
Bught, a pen for holding sheep.
Bughted, winding, knotted.
Buirdly, stout-made.
Buller, to bubble.
Bumbazed, confused.
Bummle, to blunder or bungle.
Bunker, chest used for a seat.
Burn, burnie, a stream.
Busk, to dress.
Buss, a shelter, a bush.
Bustine, fustian, cloth.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
But, without.
By-himsel', distracted.
Byke, a hive of bees or wasps.
Bynge, to cringe.
Byre, a cow-house.

C

Ca', to call, to name; to drive.
Cadge, to carry.
Cadgie, jovial, happy.
Cadgily, jauntily, cheerfully.
Cadie, a porter, errand-goer.
Caff, cauf, chaff; a calve.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, cool, fresh, sound.
Camstrarie, unmanageable, cross.
Cangle, to wrangle.
Canker'd, angry, snarling.
Canna', cannot.
Cannie, gentle, cautious.
Cantie, cheerful, disposed to sing.
Cantrips, charms, incantations.
Cap, a wooden bowl.
Capernoited, whimsical.
Carena, care not.
Carle, an old man.
Carline, an old woman.
Carlings, pease boiled.
Carritch, a catechism.
Cartes, playing-cards.
Castocks, custocks, cabbage-stalks.
Cauk, chalk.
Cauldrife, chilling, wanting cheerfulness.
Causey, causeway, the street.
Chafts, chops, the jaws.
Chancy, lucky, happy.
Chanter, the drone of a bagpipe.
Chap, a knock, a blow; a young fellow.
Cheep, to chirp.
Chiel, or *chield*, a fellow (in a good or bad sense).
Chimlie, fireplace, chimney.
Chirm, to chirp like a bird.
Chitter, to chatter, to shiver.
Chuck, a chicken.
Chuckies, hens or chickens.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Claise, claes, clothes.
Clarty, clatty, dirty, nasty.
Clash, to tell tales.
Clatter, to tell idle stories.
Claught, laid hold of.
Claver, to talk idly.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleck, to hatch or breed.
Cled, or *cleed*, clad, clothed.
Cleek, to catch as with a hook, to go arm in arm.
Cleg, the gad-fly.
Cleugh, a cliff or cave.
Clink, money.
Clishmaclavers, idle chatter.
Clock, to hatch; a beetle.
Clocksie, vivacious.
Cloit, a stupid fellow; a fall.
Cloot, a cloven hoof.
Clootie, the devil.
Clour, lump caused by a blow.
Clout, to strike; to mend.
Clud, a cloud.
Cluikit, fastened.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockernony, a woman's hair tied up with a snood or band.
Cockie-leekie, soup made of a cock boiled with leeks.
Cockstool, a pillory.
Cock-up, a cap turned up in front.
Cod, a pillow.
Coff, to buy, to purchase.
Cog, or *coggie*, a wooden dish.
Collie, a shepherd's dog.
Collieshangie, an uproar, squabble.
Coof, cuif, a fool, a blockhead.
Cooser, a stoned horse.
Coost, cuist, did cast.
Corbie, a raven.
Corrie, a hollow in a hill.
Cosh, neat, snug.

Cosy, snug.
Cout, a colt, a young horse.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cowed, clipped short; subdued.
Cower, *cour*, to stoop, to crouch.
Cowp, to tumble; to barter.
Cowt, a strong stick.
Crack, to converse kindly.
Craig, a rock; the neck, throat.
Cramasie, crimson.
Cranreuch, hoar-frost.
Cranshach, a distorted person.
Crap, creeped; a crop.
Craw, crow.
Creel, basket.
Creepy, a low stool.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crine, *cryn*, to shrivel.
Croft, a tenement of land.
Croil, a crooked dwarf.
Croodle, to sing with a low voice.
Cróon, to hum a tune.
Crouchie, hunchbacked.
Croud, to coo as a dove.
Crouse, brisk, bold.
Crove, a cottage.
Crowdy, mixture of meal and water.
Crowdy-mowdy, milk and meal boiled together.
Crummy, term for a cow.
Crunt, a blow on the head.
Cruse, a small iron lamp.
Cuddie, an ass.
Cuddle, to embrace.
Cudeigh, a bribe, present.
Culzie, to flatter.
Cummer, a female gossip.
Cummock, a short staff.
Cun, to taste, to learn.
Cunyie, coin.
Curling, a game on the ice.
Curmudgeon, a mean fellow.
Curn, a grain, a particle, a hand-mill.
Curtche, a kerchief, a linen dress.
Cuttie, or *cutty*, a short pipe; a light or worthless woman.

D

Dab, to peck; a proficient.
Dad, *daud*, to beat one object against another.
Daddie, father.
Daff, to make fun, to be gay.
Daft, foolish, giddy, insane.
Daidlin, loitering, trifling.
Daimen, rare, now and then.
Daintiths, delicacies.
Dainty, pleasant, good-humoured.
Daiz'd, stupified; rotten.
Dander, *daunder*, to saunter, to go about idly.
Dang, to beat, to push.
Dantit, subdued, tamed down.
Darklins, darkling.
Darn, to secrete, hide.
Dash, to put out of countenance.
Daud, a blow; a large piece.
Dawt, to caress with tenderness.
Dawtie, a pet, a darling.
Deas, a turf seat on the outside of a cottage.
Deave, to stun the ears with noise.
Dees, dairymaids.
Deid, death, dead, the dead.
Deil, the devil.
Deil-be-liket, the devil a bit!
Deil-ma-care, no matter!
Deray, jollity, disorder.
Dern, hidden, secret.
Diddle, to shake.
Dight, decked; also, to clean.
Dighted, wiped, cleaned.
Din, dun, sallow.
Ding, to push, to drive down.
Dink, prim, precise; to dress neatly.
Dinle, to tremble, to vibrate.
Dinna, do not.
Dinsome, noisy.
Dint, affection, regard.
Dirdum, a tumult; a blow.
Dirle, a pain quickly over.
Disjaskit, appearing aged or decayed.
Dit, to stop a hole; to caress.
Diver, a boy's kite.
Divot, a thin flat turf.
Dochter, a daughter.
Doddy, a cow without horns.
Doilt, silly, stupid.
Doit, a small coin = $\frac{1}{8}$*d*.
Doited, dazed, crazy.
Doll, a share or piece.
Donnart, stupified.
Donsie, neat and clean; dull and dreary; unlucky.
Doo, *dow*, dove.
Doof, a stupid fellow.
Doofart, a dull man.
Dook, *douk*, to bathe, to douse.
Dool, *dule*, pain, sorrow
Doops, dives down.
Dorts, a vain girl.
Dorty, pettish, saucy.
Dosend, cold.
Dottar, to become stupid.
Douf, dull, sad.
Dought, could, availed.
Doun, down.
Dour, hard, severe, sullen.
Douse, grave, prudent.
Dow, to wither; to incline, to be able.
Dow'd, dead, withered.
Dowff, mournful, flaccid.
Dowie, sickly, melancholy.
Downa, unable; lacking heart to do a thing.
Dowp, end of an egg-shell or candle.
Dozen, to become torpid.
Draigle, to draggle.
Drammock, meal and water mixed.
Drant, to speak deliberately.
Drappie, a little drop.
Dree, to suffer, to endure.
Dreep, to drip.
Dreery, wearisome, frightful.
Dreich, *dreigh*, tedious, tiresome.
Dribs, drops.
Dring, the noise of a boiling kettle.
Dringing, delaying.
Droddum, the breech.
Droning, moving lazily.
Drouked, *drucket*, drenched.
Drouth, drought, thirst.
Drule, or *dool*, the goal in games.
Drumly, muddy, confused.
Dryster, a bleachfield-worker.
Dub, mire, small pool of water.
Duddy, ragged.
Duds, *duddies*, rags.
Dumpish, short and thick.
Dung, overcome, driven down.
Dunk, damp.
Dunkled, dimpled.
Dunt, to strike, to palpitate.
Durk, a dirk or dagger.
Dusht, driven down.
Dwam, a swoon.
Dwine, to pine.
Dyke, a wall, hedge, ditch.
Dynles, trembles, shakes.
Dyvour, a bankrupt, an idle fellow.

E

Eard, the earth.
Earn, to curdle, coagulate.
Eastlin, eastward, easterly.
E'e, the eye; pl. *een*.
Eerie, timorous.
Eident, diligent, wary, cautious.
Eild, age, old age.
Eildeens, of the same age.
Eithly, easily.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Elf, a small creature or fairy.
Elf-shot, bewitched.
Elritch, awful, hideous; uninhabited except by imaginary ghosts.
Elson, a shoemaker's awl.
Emmock, an ant.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Endlang, along.
Ergh, scrupulous, fearful.
Erls, earnest or hiring money.
Esthler, hewn or cut stone.
Ether, an adder.
Ethercap, *ettercap*, a venomous spiteful creature.
Ettle, to aim, to intend.
Even'd, spoken of, matched.
Evendoun, honest, downright.
Evens, equals, allies.
Evite, to avoid.
Eydent, industrious, diligent.

F

Fa', fall; autumn; a water-fall.
Fa'ard, favoured; featured.
Facing-tools, drinking-cups.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fadge, a spongy roll of bread.
Fae, foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown; abated.
Fail, thick turf.
Fair fa', well betide!
Fairin, a present at a fair.
Fait, *feat*, orderly, neat.
Fan, when.

Fand, found.
Fang, talons of a fowl; to grip.
Farder, farther.
Fardin, farthing.
Farer-seen, more knowing.
Farl, an oat-cake.
Fash, to vex or trouble. *Never fash your thumb*, be not the least vexed, be easy.
Fashious, troublesome.
Fasht, troubled, vexed.
Faugh, a colour nearly red.
Faugh-riggs, fallow ground.
Faught, a squabble or broil.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Fause, false.
Faut, fault.
Fawn, fallen.
Fawsome or *fawsont*, decent.
Fecht, to fight; life's battle.
Feck, the greatest part.
Fecket, a flannel under-shirt.
Feckfow, able, active.
Feckless, feeble, weak.
Feckly, mostly.
Feed, fead, feide, feud, quarrel.
Feg, a fig.
Feidom, enmity.
Feil, several, numerous.
Fell, hot, biting, clever.
Fells, a chain of hills.
Fend, to defend, to provide for.
Fending, living by one's industry.
Fere, entire; a dwarf.
Ferlies, wonderful things.
Fidgin', restless.
Fient a haet, deuce a bit!
Fike, fyke, to be restless; bustle about what is trifling.
File, fyle, to defile; to accuse, to pronounce guilty.
Fireflaught, a flash of lightning.
Firlock or *firlot*, four pecks—the fourth part of a boll.
Fistle, to move or stir.
Fit, the foot.
Fitted, marked by a foot.
Flae, a flea.
Flaf, to flap, to flutter.
Flags, flashes of fire.
Flane, an arrow.
Flate, scolded.
Flauchter, to cut turf.
Flaught, a flash of lightning.
Flaughter, to shine fitfully.
Flaw, a blast, a lie.
Fleech, to supplicate, to coax.
Fleg, a fright; a stroke, a kick.
Flegeries, gew-gaws.
Flewet, a cuff or blow.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter.
Fling (*to tak the*), to become unmanageable.
Flit, to remove.
Flite, or *flyte*, to scold or chide.
Flow, a fragment.
Fluff, to puff, to explode.
Flype, to ruffle the skin; to pull off anything by turning it inside out.
Fogie, a stupid old person.
Forby, besides.
Fore (*to the*), still remaining.
Forebears, ancestors.
Forefairn, distressed, jaded.
Forestam, the forehead.
Forfoughten, fatigued.
Forgainst, opposite to.
Forgather, to meet.
Forhow, to forsake.
Forleet, to forsake or forget.
Forra-caw, one that is not with calf and gives milk throughout the winter.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Fouk, folk.
Foumart, a pole-cat.
Fouter, to bungle.
Fouth, plenty, abundance.
Fowsome, loathsome, fulsome.
Fow-weel, full well.
Fozy, soft, spongy.
Frae, from.
Fraise, to make a noise.
Freath, froth, a slight washing of clothes.
Freenge, fringe.
Freik, a coxcomb or fool.
Fremmit, strange, foreign.
Fristed, trusted.
Frumpish, crushed, crumpled.
Frush, brittle.
Fud, a rabbit or hare's tail.
Fuffin', blowing.
Fuish, brought, fetched.
Fulyie, to defile; dung.
Fundling, foundling.
Furder, to prosper.
Furth, forth.
Furthy, forward, frank.

G

Gab, the mouth; to prate.
Gabbin, jeering, talking.
Gabbit, a person given to idle talk.
Gabby, having fluency of speech.
Gaberlunzie, a beggar's wallet, a beggar-man.
Gadge, to talk impertinently.
Gadman, a ploughboy.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen* or *gane*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gafaw, loud coarse laughing.
Gait, a goat.
Gamtrees, a stand for barrels.
Gang, to go.
Ganger, a pedestrian.
Gangrel, a vagrant.
Gar, to compel, to force to.
Gardy, the arm.
Gare, greedy, rapacious.
Gash, sagacious; to talk much.
Gashin, conversing.
Gate, gaet, way, manner.
Gaucie, or *gawsy*, jolly, plump.
Gaudamous, a feast.
Gauds, trinkets.
Gaunt, to yawn.
Gavel, a gable.
Gaw, a gall; a mark on the skin; to take the pet.
Gawd, a goad.
Gawkie, an idle foolish person.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to mock, to toss the head with disdain.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, the gentry.
Genty, genteel, handsome.
Gett, a brat, a child (in contempt)
Geyan, pretty, nearly.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gibe, or *jybe*, to taunt, to mock.
Gielainger, a delinquent debtor.
Gif, if.
Gift, a term of reproach.
Giggle, silly laughter.
Gillygapus, a staring gaping fellow.
Gilpie, a frolicsome boy or girl.
Gimmer, a young ewe.
Gimply, scarcely.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsy, a young girl.
Gird, to strike; a moment.
Girn, to grin, to snarl; a trap.
Girnel, a chest for holding meal.
Girr, a hoop.
Girse, grass.
Glaikit, foolish, giddy, light.
Glaiks, a good-for-nothing fellow.
Glaister, to bark or bawl.
Glamerie, the power of charming.
Glamour, influence of a charm.
Glaur, mire, oozy mud.
Glee, to squint.
Gleg, quick, active.
Gleid, a fire, a light.
Glen, a valley between mountains.
Glenlivat, whisky.
Glib, smooth, slippery.
Glint, a glance; to peep.
Glisk, a glance, a transient view.
Gloaming, the evening twilight.
Gloom, to frown or scowl.
Glower, to stare; a look.
Glum, gloomy.
Glunch, a sour look.
Goan, a wooden dish for meat.
Gorlins, young birds.
Gousty, ghastly, desolate.
Gove, to look with a roving eye.
Gowan, the daisy.
Gowd, gold, money.
Goweff, golf; a blow.
Gowk, the cuckoo; a foolish fellow.
Gowl, a howl; to threaten.
Grace-drink, drink taken by a company after the giving of thanks at the end of a meal.
Graff, a grave; coarse, vulgar.
Graip, to grope; a dung-fork.
Graith, household and other gear; armour.
Grane, to groan.
Grannie, a grandmother, an old woman.
Grat, wept.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Grecie, a small pig.
Gree, to agree; superiority.
Green, to long for.
Greet, to weep.
Grieve, overseer or factor.

Grist, fee paid for grinding corn.
Grit, great.
Groo, to shudder.
Grotts, milled oats.
Grouncho, to grudge, to murmur.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt.
Grun, ground, bottom.
Gruntle, to grunt, to coo.
Grunzie, nose, snout.
Grup, *grasp*.
Grusome, frightful.
Grutten, wept.
Gude, *guid*, good.
Gully, a large knife.
Gumption, common-sense.
Gurly, rough, bitter, surly.
Gusty, savoury.
Gutcher, grandfather.
Gutter, mud, wet dust.
Gysened, shrunk with dryness, as a tub.
Gyte, extravagant, mad.
Gytlings, young children.

H

Ha', hall.
Had, *hald*, to hold.
Haddin, a farmer's stock.
Hae, to have.
Haet, a whit, a thing.
Haff, half.
Haflt, the cheek, side of the head.
Haflt-links, a necklace.
Haflins, partly, half-grown.
Hag, a track, a peat-pit.
Hagabag, coarse table-linen.
Haggis, a kind of pudding made of pluck, suet, onions, &c., and boiled in the stomach of a sheep or cow.
Hag-raid, tormented by hags, witchridden.
Hain, to save, to preserve.
Hairst, harvest.
Hait, or *het*, hot.
Haith! a petty oath.
Hald, a possession.
Hale, whole, sound, healthy.
Halesome, wholesome.
Hallan, *hallen*, a screening wall in a cottage, the cottage itself; a seat of turf at the outside of a cottage.
Hallan-shaker, a sturdy beggar.
Hallion, an idle fellow.
Haluckit, giddy, hair-brained.
Haly, holy.
Hameld, domestic.
Hamely, frank, open, kind.
Hantle, a good many.
Hanty, convenient, handsome.
Hap, to cover from the cold.
Haps, outer garments, as shawls.
Harigalds, the pluck of an animal.
Harle, to drag.
Harn, coarse linen.
Harns, brains.
Harship, ruin, mischance.
Hash, a sloven; low raillery, to abuse.
Hashy, slovenly.
Haud, to hold.
Haudin, a holding, dwelling-house.
Haughs, valleys or low grounds on river-sides.
Hauslock, wool on a sheep's neck.
Haver, to talk foolishly.
Haverel, a foolish talker.
Havins, good breeding or behaviour.
Haw, the hawthorn-berry.
Hawick gill, double the ordinary gill.
Hawkie, a cow, a white-faced cow.
Haws, the throat or gullet.
Heal, health.
Heartsome, blithe, happy.
Heather-bell, heath-blossom.
Hech, oh! strange!
Hecht, called, named, promised.
Heeze, to lift, to elevate.
Heezy, a strong lift.
Heftit, familiarized to a place.
Heigh, high, tall.
Herd, to tend cattle.
Herried, ruined in property or estate.
Herry, to rob, to pillage.
Hesp, a hasp or bolt.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, ravine; a coal-pit.
Heuk, a reaping-hook.
Hidlings, hiding-places; privately.
Hie, high.
Hielan', Highland.
Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
Hinder, last.
Hinkum, put up in hanks or balls.
Hinnied, honied.
Hinny, a term of affection; honey.
Hip, fruit of the dog-rose.
Hips, the buttocks.
Hirple, to walk haltingly.
Hirsel, a flock of sheep.
Hirsle, a rustling noise.
Histie, dry.
Hizzie, a hussy, a careless girl.
Hoast, a cough; to cough.
Hobleshew, confused racket, uproar.
Hodden, a coarse cloth.
Hodden-gray, coarse gray cloth.
Hog, a two-year-old sheep.
Hoggers, coarse stockings without the feet.
Hool, husk, shell.
Hooly, or *hoolie*, slowly, leisurely.
Hoot! fy!
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, the devil.
Hotch, to move by sudden jerks.
Houp, hope.
Housie, diminutive of *house*.
Howdert, hidden.
Howdy, a midwife.
Howe, a hollow, low ground.
Howff, a rendezvous, ale-house.
Howk, to dig.
Howlet, an owl.
Howms, plains on river-sides.
Howp, a mouthful of any drink.
Howtowdy, a young hen.
Hoy, to incite, to urge.
Hummel, humble.
Humple, to walk lame.
Humplock, a small heap.
Hund, to incite.
Hunder, hundred.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the buttocks.
Hurkle, to stoop or bow down to.
Hussyfskap, housewifeship.
Hyne, hence.
Hyt, insane, mad.

I

I', in.
Icesbogles, icicles.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, *ilka*, each, every.
Ilk, estate or place.
I'll, for *I will*.
Ill-faurdly, ungracefully, clumsily.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, niggardly.
Ingan, onion.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle-side, fire-side.
Iric, fearful, melancholy.
I'se, I shall.
Isles, embers, ashes.
Ither, other.

J

Jack, a jacket.
Jad, or *jaud*, jade; also, a giddy young girl.
Jag, to prick.
Jauk, to trifle, to dally.
Jaw, or *jawp*, a gush of water.
Jaw-hole, a water-sink.
Jawpit, bespattered.
Jee, to incline on one side.
Jeel, jelly.
Jelly, pretty, worthy.
Jig, to crack, to make a noise.
Jillet, a giddy girl.
Jimp, neat, slender.
Jink, to escape, to avoid.
Jo, or *joe*, sweetheart, darling.
Jocteleg, a folding knife.
Jouk, to duck, to bow; to act deceitfully.
Joukery-pawkery, juggling.
Jow, to swing a bell or a door.
Jundie, to justle.
Junt, a large piece.
Jute, sour malt liquor.

K

Kae, a jackdaw.
Kail, soup, broth; cabbage.
Kaim, or *kame*, comb.
Kain, farm-rent paid in fowls.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keckle, to cackle, to laugh.
Keek, to peep.
Keek, dress for the head and neck.
Keeking-glass, looking-glass.

Keil, red clay used for marking.
Kelt, cloth with a frieze.
Ken, to know.
Kenspeckle, having a singular appearance, well-known.
Kent, a long staff used by shepherds.
Kep, to intercept, to catch.
Keust, to cast, throw off.
Kilt, or *kilted*, tucked up.
Kimmer, a female gossip.
Kintra, country.
Kip, to play truant.
Kipper, dried and salted fish.
Kirk, church.
Kirn, a churn; to churn.
Kist, a chest, a coffin.
Kitchen, anything eaten with bread, as butter, cheese, &c.
Kith, acquaintances, relatives.
Kitlin, a young cat.
Kittid, daubed with a viscous substance.
Kittie, a frolicsome girl.
Kittle, to tickle; difficult, uncertain.
Kiuttle, to cuddle.
Knacky, facetious.
Knoit, to strike or beat.
Knoosed, bruised, buffeted.
Knowe, a hillock, a knoll.
Knuist, a large lump.
Kow, a goblin.
Kurchie, a kerchief used as a cap.
Kye, cows or kine.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kyth, to appear, to discover.

L

Lad, a young man, a sweetheart.
Laddie, diminutive of *lad*.
Ladren, a thief, rascal.
Laggert, besmeared.
Laigh, low, obscure.
Lair, or *lear*, learning.
Laird, a landlord.
Laith, loath, unwilling.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lake, lack.
Lallan, Lowland.
Lamiter, lame.
Lammer, amber.
Lamp, to take long steps.
Lan', land, estate.
Landart, belonging to the country, rustic.
Lane, singly, alone.
Lang-kail, coleworts uncut.
Lang-nebbit, long-nosed, learned.
Langsome, tedious.
Langsyne, long ago, long since.
Lanlowper one who often flits from place to place.
Lap, leaped.
Lappered, clotted.
Lare, a place for laying.
Lass, a young woman, sweetheart.
Lassie, diminutive of *lass*.
Lave, the remainder.
Laverock, the lark.
Lawin, a tavern-bill.
Lawty, *lautith*, fidelity, justice.
Le, a lie; to tell a lie.
Leal, faithful, loyal.
Leasome, pleasant.
Lee, lonely, sheltered.
Lee, or *lea*, open grassy ground.
Leear, a liar.
Leen, cease!
Leet, to ooze very slowly; a list of candidates.
Leeve, to live.
Leeze-me! a term of endearment.
Leglen, a milking-pail with one lug.
Leifu', discreet, moderate.
Len, to lend; a loan.
Lendis, loins, buttocks.
Lerroch, the site of a building.
Let be, stop! cease!
Let na on, do not divulge.
Letten, permitted.
Leugh, laughed.
Lever, rather.
Lew-warm, lukewarm.
Libbet, gelded.
Lichtlie, sneering; to slight.
Lick, to whip, to beat; a wag.
Lift, the sky or firmament.
Lilt, a ballad; to sing.
Lilts, the holes of a wind instrument; hence, *lilt* up a spring.
Limmer, a strumpet.
Limp, to halt, to hobble.
Linder, a short gown, shaped like a man's vest, close to the body, with sleeves, worn by old women and children.
Link, to trip along.
Linn, *lin*, a cataract, water-fall.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
Lintie, *lintwhite*, the linnet.
Lippen, to trust to, to expect.
Lirk, a fold or wrinkle.
Litheless, listless.
Loan, *loanin*, the place of milking.
Loch, a lake.
Loe, or *loo*, to love.
Loof, *luif*, the palm of the hand; pl. *looves*.
Looms, tools, vessels.
Loopy, crafty.
Loot, did let.
Loot-shouther'd, round-shouldered.
Losh! exclamation of surprise.
Loun, *loon*, a ragamuffin, courtesan.
Lounder, to beat severely.
Loup, to jump, to leap.
Lout, to bow, stoop; a lazy fellow.
Lowe, a flame.
Lown, calm, serene.
Lowrie, *lawrie*, cunning (applied to a fox).
Lowse, to loose.
Luck, to fasten, to shut up.
Lucken, a bog.
Lucken-gowan, the globe-flower.
Lucky, grandmother or goody.
Luesomely, lovely.
Lug, the ear; a handle.
Luggie, a wooden dish with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to smoke.
Lurdane, a blockhead.
Lyart, gray, hoary-headed.

M

Mabbie, a woman's cap.
Mae, more.
Magil, to mangle.
Mahoun, Satan.
Maik, to match, to equal; a halfpenny.
Maikless, matchless.
Mailin, a rent, a rented farm.
Mailpayer, a farmer.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Mak, to make; *makin*, making.
Makar, a poet.
Makly, well-proportioned.
Maksna, 'tis no matter.
Malison, curse, malediction.
Mane, moan, complaint.
Mang, among; to become frantic.
Mangit, galled or bruised.
Mank, a want.
Manse, the minister's house.
Mansworn, perjured.
Mant, to stammer.
Mappie, name for a rabbit.
Marb, the marrow.
March, landmark or boundary.
Mark, *merk*, a coin = 13⅓*d*.
Marrow, mate, one of a pair.
Mar's year, year of the rebellion of 1715, headed by the Earl of Mar.
Mart, a cow or ox killed at Martinmas for winter provisions.
Mask, to mash, to infuse.
Mat, may.
Mauchtless, powerless.
Mauk, a maggot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Maut, or *mawt*, malt.
Mavis, a thrush.
Maw, to mow.
May, maiden.
Meere, or *mear*, mare.
Meikle, *muckle*, *mickle*, much, great, big.
Meith, limit, mark; hot.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to be intimate, to meddle; also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough, &c.
Meltith, a meal; a cow's milking.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mends, atonement, satisfaction, retaliation.
Mennin, minnow.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Mensefou, mannerly.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Merle, the blackbird.
Mes-John, the parish miniter.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.

Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Midges, gnats, little flies.
Milk-bowie, milk-pail.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mint, aim, endeavour; to hint.
Mird, to make amorous advances.
Mirk, *mirkest*, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Mishanter, misfortune.
Misken, to neglect, to let alone.
Mislear'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Mislippen, to neglect, to disappoint.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mistryst, to disappoint by breaking an engagement, to deceive.
Mither, mother.
Mittens, gloves without fingers.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moole, earth of the grave.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Moss-hags, pits and sloughs in a mire or bog.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, diminutive of *mouse*.
Mow, a jest; to mock.
Muck, dung.
Mucking, carrying out dung.
Mullin, a crumb.
Musie, diminutive of *muse*.
Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutch, a woman's cap.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mutter, the fee for grinding grain.
Mysel, myself.

N

Na, no, not, nor.
Nacky, clever, active.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, or *naigie*, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale; to be tipsy.
Near-hand, almost, nigh.
Neb, the beak, the nose.
Neebor, a neighbour.
Neese, nose; to sneeze.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neigher, *nicher*, to neigh.
Neip, a turnip.
Neuk, a nook, a corner.
Newcal, a cow newly calved.
New-fangled, new-fashioned.
Nick, to bite or cheat.
Nickie-ben, the devil.
Niddered, depressed; half-starved.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Nifer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Nifnaffs, trifles.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed cat, a hangman's whip.
Nip, a bite, a taste.
Nippen, carried off surreptitiously.
Nit, a nut.
Nocht, nought; not.
Noo, now.
Norland, belonging to the north.
Notour, notorious.
Nowte, black cattle; stupid fellow.
Nowther, neither.

O

O', of.
Ocht, aught, anything.
Oe, or *oye*, grandchild.
O'ercome, surplus.
O haith, O faith! an oath.
Ony, or *onie*, any
Oons, wounds.
Oot, out.
Opt, opened.
Or is often used for *ere*, before.
Orp, to weep with a convulsive pant.
Orra, odd, not matched; what may be spared.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or *ourselsl*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Out-owre, moreover, out of.
Outthrow, through.
Ower, over, to.
Owerword, burden of a song.
O-will, spontaneously.
Owk, or *ouk*, week.
Owre-hip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.
Ovreldy, a cravat.
Owsen, oxen.
Oxter, the armpit.

P

Pack, intimate, familiar; 12 stones of wool.
Paddock, *puddock*, a frog.
Paidle, to plash among water; also, short and irregular steps, such as of children.
Paiks, blows, chastisement.
Painch, paunch.
Paip, a child's game.
Pairtrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram, to squeeze.
Paple, or *pople*, the bubbling, purling, or boiling of water.
Paraitch, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish.
Parle, speech.
Parochin', parish.
Partan, a crab.
Pat, did put; a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly, witty.
Pay't, paid; beat.
Pech, or *pegh*, to fetch the breath short, as in asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the stomach.
Peer, pier, wharf.
Peerie, a spinning-top.
Peesweep, the lapwing.
Peet, peat.
Perk, a pole, a perch.
Perlins, women's ornaments.
Pet, offence, huff.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-staff.
Philabeg, the Highland kilt.
Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland war-tune.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pick-maw, a bird of the gull kind.
Pick-mirk, dark as pitch.
Pig, an earthen pot or pitcher.
Pimpin, mean, scurvy.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pingle, a difficulty; to strive.
Pint-stoup, a two-quart measure.
Pirn, a bobbin.
Pit, to put.
Plack, an old Scotch coin = ⅓*d*.
Plackless, without money.
Platie, diminutive of *plate*.
Plenishing, furniture.
Plet, plaited.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Plooky, covered with pimples.
Ploom, a plum.
Plotcock, the devil.
Poind, to distrain.
Poins your gear, distrains for rent.
Poke, *powk*, a bag.
Poortith, poverty.
Porridge, oatmeal pottage.
Posie, a nosegay.
Pou, or *pu'*, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare or cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Poutch, a pocket.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powsowdy, sheep's-head broth.
Powther, or *pouther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, to print; print.
Prie, to taste, to kiss.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Prin, a pin.
Prinkle, to thrill, to tingle.
Prise, to force open.
Prive, to prove, to taste.
Propine, a present, gift.
Propone, to lay down, to propose.
Provost, chief magistrate of a burgh.
Prym, to fill or stuff.

Puggis, a monkey.
Puir, poor.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Putt, to throw, to cast.
Pyat, the magpie.
Pyke, to pick, to make bare.
Pyle, a single grain, a little.

Q

Quaich, or *quegh*, a small drinking-cup.
Quair, a book.
Quak, to quake.
Quarters, lodgings.
Quat, to quit.
Quean, a young woman, similar to the English term *wench*.
Quey, a cow one to two years old.
Quo, quoth.

R

Racket, stretched.
Racket-rent, rack-rent.
Rackless, careless.
Rade, rode.
Rae, a roe.
Raffan, merry, hearty.
Ragweed, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ram-feezl'd, fatigued, overspread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, forward.
Randy, a scold, a shrew.
Rant, to be noisily jovial.
Ranty-tanty, broad-leaved sorrel.
Raploch, properly a coarse cloth; coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
Rate, to beat.
Rattleskull, one who talks much without thinking.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.
Raught, reached.
Rave, tore.
Ravelled, entangled, confused.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch, to reach.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reaving, open violent thieving.
Reck, to heed.
Red, to unravel, to separate, to put in order.
Red, *rad*, afraid, apprehensive.
Rede, counsel, to counsel; to guess.
Red-up, to put in order.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark-mad.
Ree, half-drunk; an inclosure.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Reel, a rapid dance.
Reel-rall, topsy-turvy.
Reenge, a loud clattering noise.
Reese, to praise, to extol.
Reesing, rousing.
Reest, to rust, to dry in the smoke; to rest.
Reil, a turmoil.
Reist (*to tak the*), to become restive.
Reist, to arrest (in law).
Reisted, stopped, stuck fast; also, smoke-dried.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Restricked, restricted.
Rever, a robber or pirate.
Rickles, shooks of corn, stooks.
Rief, *reef*, plenty.
Rief-randies, sturdy beggars.
Rifart, a radish.
Rig, a ridge.
Riggin, the ridge of a house.
Rigwoodie, deserving the gallows.
Rin, to run; to melt.
Ringe, a rumbling noise.
Rink, the course of the stones (a term in curling on ice).
Rip, a handful of unthreshed corn.
Ripling-kame, instrument for dressing flax.
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the *rock* or distaff; a friendly meeting.
Rocklay, a short cloak.
Rood stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon, a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roove, to rivet.
Roset, or *rozet*, rosin.
Roudes, an old, wrinkled, ill-natured woman.
Roun', round; in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Rousted, rusted.
Rout, to bellow.
Routh, plenty.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowan-tree, the mountain-ash.
Rowe, to roll, to wrap.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Ruck, a rick or stack of hay or corn.
Rue, or *rew*, to repent.
Rug, pull; a dog-cheap bargain.
Rummulgumption, common-sense.
Rumple, the rump.
Rundge, to gnaw.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stems of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, kind; sorrow.
Ryke, reach.
Rype, to search.

S

Sab, to sob.
Sackless, or *sakeless*, innocent.
Sae, so.
Saeviens, since, if so be.
Saft, soft.
Sain, to bless against evil influence.
Sair, to serve; a sore; sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sake, blame, guilt.
Sald, sold.
Sall, shall.
Samin, the same.
Sanet, or *saint*, a saint.
Sang, a song.
Sape, *saip*, soap.
Sapples, soap-suds.
Sark, a shirt, a chemise.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Sauf, to save.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, the soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saur, to taste, to savour.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow; any proverbial expression.
Sax, six.
Scad, or *scaud*, to scald.
Scadlips, thin broth.
Scaith, to damage, to injure; injury.
Scant, scarcity.
Scar, bare place on a hillside; a fright.
Scart, to scratch.
Scartle, a graip or dung-fork.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaup, the scalp, the skull.
Scaw, scab, scall.
Scawl, a scold.
Schule, the school.
Scone, a cake of bread.
Scour, to burnish; to run.
Scowder, to scorch.
Scowry, showery; shabby.
Scraich, to scream as a hen, &c.
Screed, to tear; a rent; a long sermon or story.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, scanty, narrow.
Scrimpit, did scant, scanty.
Scroggie, covered with underwood.
Scuff, to graze; to tarnish by frequent wearing.
Scug, *scoug*, to shade, to shelter.
Scunner, to loathe· disgust.
See'd, did see.
Seely, happy.
Seely Court, court of the fairies.
Seer, sure.
Seibow, a young onion.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.
Selcouth, wondrous.
Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send; send it.
Sets aff, goes away.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frightened into quietness.
Sey, to try.
Shachle, to shuffle in walking.

Shaird, a shred, a shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c., into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shangling, shambling.
Shanks, legs.
Shanks-naigie, to travel on foot.
Sharn, cow-dung.
Shathmont, a measure of about six inches.
Shave, *sheeve*, a slice.
Shaver, a lad.
Shavie, a trick or prank.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Shear, to reap with the hook.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank (to think one's self nae), to be conceited.
Shellycoat, a goblin, a water-sprite.
Sheltie, a horse of the smallest size.
Sherra-moor, Sheriff-moor, the battle fought there in 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shevel, to distort.
Shiel, *shieling*, a shed, a temporary cottage or hut.
Shill, shrill.
Shilpit, weak, washy, and insipid.
Shinty, a game like golf.
Shog, a shock; a push off at one side.
Shogle, to jog.
Shooken, shaken.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shouther, the shoulder.
Shuttle, a drawer.
Sibb, related to by blood.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Silken-snood, a fillet of silk, worn as a token of virginity.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, the sun.
Sin', since.
Sindle, or *sinel*, seldom, rare.
Singand, singing.
Sinsyne, since that time.
Skail, to disperse, to dismiss.
Skair, share.
Skelf, a shelf.
Skellie, squint.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.
Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
Skelpy-limmer, an opprobrious term applied to a female.
Skeps, bee-hives.
Skiegh, *skeigh*, proud, high-mettled.
Skiff, to move along smoothly.
Skink, strong soup made of cows' hams.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant; to deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skouth, vent, free action.
Skreigh, a scream; to scream.
Skrunt, to make a harsh noise.
Skyte, to slide rapidly off; a worthless fellow.
Slade, did slide.
Slae, sloe.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Sled, a sledge or sleigh.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sly, cunning.
Slid, slippery.
Sliddery, slippery.
Sloken, to quench, to slake.
Slotch, an idle lazy fellow.
Slype, to fall over, as wet soil from the plough; to strip off; aslant.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder; mettle; sense.
Smeek, smoke.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smittle, infectious.
Smoor, to smother.
Smout, any small creature.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, to stumble; to get into a scrape.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow; to snow.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sneck-drawin, crafty.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.
Snell, bitter, sharp, piercing.
Snib, bolt of a door.
Snicher, to titter.
Snod, neat; to make neat.
Snood, a young woman's fillet for tying round her hair, only worn by maidens.
Snool, to subjugate by tyranny, to submit tamely.
Snoove, to go smoothly and constantly; to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Socht, sought.
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks; lucky; jolly; fat.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth! a petty oath.
Sorn, to sponge or hang on others for maintenance.
Sorners, sturdy beggars, obtrusive guests.
Souf, to sing, whistle, or play on an instrument.
Sough, the noise of wind, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear; also, a rumour.
Soup, to sweep.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souse, a French sou; to beat, to punish.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Southron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Sowens, flummery, a dish made of the seeds of oatmeal soured and boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of anything liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spaen, to wean.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spang, to spring, to leap.
Spate, a swell in a river, an inundation.
Spaul, a limb, the shoulder.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Spill, to spoil; abuse.
Splatter, to splutter.
Spleughan, a tobacco-pouch.
Splore, a frolic, noise, riot.
Sporran, purse.
Sprachle, to scramble.
Sprainge, stripes of different colours.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spree, convivial indulgence, frolic.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like the rush.
Sprittie, full of spirits.
Sprush, spruce.
Spulyie, spoil.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit; a spark, a small portion.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o-wisp or *ignis fatuus*.
Spurtle, a stick used in stirring porridge.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeeb, a squib.
Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream.
Sta', stole.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of *stag*.
Staig, an unbroke-in young horse.
Stance, a standing-place, a site.
Stane, a stone; a weight of 14 lbs.
Stang, a pole or branch of a tree; to sting.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stant, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout, potent.
Starn, a star.
Startle, to run, as cattle stung by the gad-fly.

Staucher, stacker, to stagger.
Staumrel, a blockhead; half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Steek, to shut; a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compact.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.
Stend, to spring.
Stent, to restrain, to confine.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stern, a star.
Stey, steep.
Stibble, stubble.
Stibble-rig, a reaper who takes the lead.
Stick-an-stow, totally, altogether.
Stickit, stuck, spoiled.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a young cow or bullock; a stupid fellow.
Stirrah, a young fellow; a boy.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stock-and-horn, a shepherd's pipe, made by inserting a reed pierced like a flute into a cow's horn.
Stockin', stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoit, stoicher, to stagger, to totter, to tumble.
Stook, to make up in shocks, as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox; to rebound.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stour, stern, gruff; to move quickly.
Stoure, dust, dust in motion.
Stow, to cut off, to lop, to crop.
Stowlins, by stealth.
Stown, stolen.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed, a natural death.
Straik, a blow; to stroke; struck.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Strathspey, a dance so called from the district in which it originated.
Straught, straight.
Stravagin', wandering without an aim.
Strawn, the gutter.
Streek, stretched; to stretch.
Stress, hard pressure, straining.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily; *to tak' the strunt*, to take the pet.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Stumpie, diminutive of *stump*.
Stumple, to walk with a stiff and hobbling motion.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frighted.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sumph, a soft stupid fellow.
Sune, soon.
Sung, singed.
Sunkets, provisions, delicacies.
Sunkie, a low stool.
Swack, active, nimble; a gust.
Swaird, sward.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
Swap, an exchange; to barter.
Swarf, swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, treacle-ale, wort.
Sweaten, sweating.
Sweel, to bandage.
Sweer, lazy, slow, loath.
Swiggit, swallowed.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swink, to labour.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast or pool, a knot in wood, a whirl, circular motion.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swith, get away, quickly.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Sybow, a young onion.
Syke, a rill, usually dry in summer.
Synd, to rinse.
Syne, since, ago, then, after that, in that case.
Syver, gutter.

T

Tack, a lease
Tackets, a kind of nails for driving into the heels and soles of shoes.
Tae, to; a toe.
Taen, taken.
Taid, a toad.
Taigle, to detain, to tarry.
Tail, a chief's retinue.
Tairge, a target; to rate severely.
Tak, to take.
Tald, told.
Tane, the one.
Tangle, sea-weed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tappit-hen, a drinking-vessel with a nob at the top, containing a quart.
Tapsle-teerie, topsy-turvy.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-breeks, a sailor.
Tasse, or *tassie*, a cup.
Tate, tait, a small quantity, a small lock of hair, wool, or cotton.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish thoughtless young woman.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together: spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled: spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Taws, a whip or scourge.
Tawtie, the potato.
Ted, to spread, to scatter.
Teem, to pour out.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke in the forenoon.
Tent, a field, pulpit; heed, caution: take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Tether, halter.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Thare, there.
Theek, to thatch.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thie, the thigh.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited: spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thig, to beg or request.
Thir, these.
Thirl, to thrill.
Thirlin' mill, the mill to which a tenant was bound to take his grain.
Thof, although.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw; to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy, inactive.
Thrang, throng; a crowd.
Thrapple, the throat, the windpipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict, to oppose; an anger.
Thrawart, forward, perverse.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted.
Thrawn-gabbit, wry-mouthed.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thristle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise; a stroke.
Thumpit, thumped.
Tid, proper time; humour.
Tift, good order.
Tig, to touch lightly.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, twopence.

Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Titty, sister.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter, like the walk of a child.
Tooly, to fight; a fight.
Toom, empty; to empty.
Toop, a ram.
Tosh, tight, neat.
Toss, a toast.
Tot, a fondling name for a child.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-house; also a town.
Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet; to blow a horn, &c.
Touze, *tousle*, or *towzle*, to handle roughly, to rumple.
Touzie, rough, shaggy.
Tove, to talk familiarly.
Tovie, tipsy.
Tow, a rope.
Towin'd, tamed.
Towmond, a twelvemonth.
Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
Toyte, to totter like old age.
Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
Trantlooms, odds and ends.
Trashtrie, trash.
Trews, trowsers.
Trig, spruce, neat.
Trimly, excellently.
Troke, to barter.
Tron, an instrument erected in every burgh of Scotland for the weighing of wool and other heavy wares.
Trow, to believe.
Trowth, truth! a petty oath.
Truff, turf; to steal.
Tryste, appointment; market.
Try't, tried.
Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
Twa, two.
'Twad, it would.
Twal, twelve; *twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth. 1*d*. sterling = 12*d*. Scots.
Twa-three, a few.
Twin, to part.
Twitch, to touch.
Tyke, a dog, a common cur; a selfish snarling fellow.
Tyne, to lose.
Tyst, to entice, to allure.

U

Ugg, to detest, hate.
Ugsome, disgusting.
Unchancy, unlucky.
Unco, strange, uncouth, uncommon, very great, prodigious.
Uncos, news.
Undocht, a silly person.
Uneith, not easy.
Unkenn'd, unknown.
Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.
Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt.
Unsonsy, unlucky, ugly.
Unweeting, unwotting, unknowingly.
Up-bye, up the way.
Upcast, reproach.
Uphauden, supported.
Upsetting, assuming, conceited.
Upsides with, even with.
Urchin, a hedgehog.

V

Vap'rin, vapouring.
Vaunty, vain, boastful.
Vera, very.
Virl, a ferule, a ring round a column.
Vissy, to view with care.
Vougy, elevated, proud.

W

Wa', a wall.
Wabster, a weaver.
Wad, would; to bet; a bet, a pledge.
Waddet, wedded.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe; sorrowful.
Waefu', woeful.
Waeucks, alas!
Waff, *waif*, shabby, worthless.
Waft, the woof in a web.
Wag, to shake.
Waifu', wailing.
Waladay! well-a-day! alas!
Wal'd, chose, chosen.
Wale, choice; to choose; the best.
Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
Walloch, a Highland dance.
Wallow, to wither.
Wame, the belly.
Wamefu', a bellyful.
Wanchansie, unlucky.
Wandocht, a weak or puny creature.
Wanrestfu', restless.
Wanwordy, unworthy.
Ware, to lay out, to expend.
Wark, work.
Warkloom, a tool to work with.
Warl', or *warld*, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warly, worldly, eager to amass wealth.
Warran, a warrant; to warrant.
Warse, worse; *warst*, worst.
Warsell, *warstle*, to wrestle, to struggle.
Wa's, used for away.
Wastrie, waste, prodigality.
Wat, wet; *I wat*, I wot, I know.
Water-brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the addition of milk and butter, &c.
Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, a hearty draught of liquor.
Wauk, to shrink cloth; to watch.
Wauken, to awaken.
Waukit, thickened, as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Wauner, to wander.
Waur, worse; to worst, to get the better of.
Waur't, worsted.
Wayne, to remove.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wear, to drive, gather together.
Weasand, the windpipe.
Weaving the stockin'. See *Stockin'*.
Wecht, weight; to weigh.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weel-faur'd, well-favoured, good-looking.
Ween, thought, imagined, supposed.
Weeock, a little while.
Weet, rain, wetness; to wet.
Weir, a pledge; war.
Weird, fate.
Wersh, tasteless, flavourless.
We'se, we shall.
Westlin, westward, westerly.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string; a piece of cheese, bread, &c.; to cut down in large slices; to flog.
Whare, where.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
Whid, the motion of a hare running but not frightened; a lie.
Whidden, running as a hare or coney.
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whigmigmorum, political ranting.
Whilk, which.
Whin, furze.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whippy, active, agile.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
Whisht, silence! *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep; to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whissle, a whistle; to whistle.
White, to cut with a knife.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whomilt, turned upside down.
Whop, whip.
Whun-stane, a whin-stone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wi', with.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction (a term in curling).
Widdie, a rope, more properly one

made of withs or willows; the term used for the gallows.
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wifie, an endearing term for *wife*.
Wifukie, diminutive of *wife*.
Wile, choice.
Wull (*to gang*), to go astray.
Will-fire, wild-fire.
Willyart, wild, strange, shy.
Wilye-coat, *wylie-coat*, an under petticoat; a flannel vest.
Wimple, to meander.
Win, to winnow; to get; to dwell.
Win', wind.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay, engaging in manners or appearance.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wirricow, the devil.
Wiss, to wish.
Withershins, motion against the sun.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen, the throat.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Won, to be able; to dwell.
Wond, wind; to depart.
Woo', wool.
Woo, to court, to make love to.
Woodly, with vehemence.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.
Wooster-trystes, wool-markets.
Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow! an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wowf, deranged.
Wrack, to tease, to vex; confusion.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forebode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong; to wrong.
Wratack, a dwarf.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, *wood*, mad, enraged; *like wud*, *like mad*, eagerly.
Wullcat, a wild cat.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wuzzent, withered, dried.
Wyle, to beguile, to entice.
Wyse, to guide, to tend.
Wyte, blame; to blame.

Y

Yade, a worn-out horse.
Yaird, *yardie*, a garden.
Yald, supple, active.
Yammer, to complain peevishly.
Yamph, to bark.
Yap, hungry; to long for.
Yate, gate.
Ye. Frequently used for *thou*.
Year is used both for singular and plural *years*.
Yearlings, born in the same year; coevals.
Yed, to contend, to wrangle.
Ye'd, ye would.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yellow-yeldring, the yellow-hammer.
Yerk, to lash; to jerk.
Ye'se, you shall.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farmyard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth, soil; to plant.
Yirren, errand.
Yirthen, earthen.
Yokin, yoking; a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yorlin, the yellow-hammer.
Youdith, youthfulness.
Youff, a severe blow.
Youl, to yell.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, an ewe.
Yowff, to bark.
Yowie, diminutive of *yowe*.
Yuke, the itch.
Yule, Christmas.
Yumphing, noise made by dogs in hunting.

THE END.